

MODERN SCREEN

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MAGAZINE



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THE SECRET OF BOYER'S *Appeal!*

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YOU WERE BATHE!
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Your personality teases and thrills... when you're sweet all over with a fragrant veil of this enchanting talc. Lander's — the talc that feels so cool and creamy-soft on your skin! Lander's — the talc that's famous for its flower fragrance blends! There's Lilacs and Roses — like a haunting breath of romance from an old-fashioned garden. Or try Gardenia and Sweet Pea — a bit naughty but oh! so nice — for it's a fragrance that's both voluptuous and refined. And now — NEW — comes Spicy Apple Blossom... the tender lure of Spring blossoms, spiced — to invite adventure — the spice of life!



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Be luxurious—dash this exquisite
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**10¢
EACH**

It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!



Helen could win happiness — if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

ANOTHER WEDDING INVITATION! "So," thought Helen, "they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that *Helen* loved.

Yes—it happens! And it's so easy to blame *circumstances* for loneliness... so hard to admit that *you* may have been to blame. But a fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to keep you fresh all day! Bathing removes only *past* perspiration. *Future* odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum every day makes you *certain* you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so easy to use... so dependable... that women find it a "must" for day-to-day charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! You're through in 30 seconds with Mum.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm fabrics—the American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you that. Use Mum even *after* you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES POPULARITY! Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by at-

tempting to prevent the perspiration—but by neutralizing the *odor*. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. The daily Mum habit means that underarm odor can't spoil your charm!

* * *

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM— More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you sure you won't offend.

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Modern Screen

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Cover girl: Deanna Durbin, natural color photograph by Ray Jones

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One of the most famous novels...



One of the most famous plays...



You'll fall in love all over again with the romantic heroine of 'Goodbye Mr. Chips'

The dashing star of "Rebecca" handsomer than ever in an exciting new role!

And now, it will be one of the most famous pictures ever filmed!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

Pride and Prejudice

STARRING

Greer GARSON · *Laurence* OLIVIER

with

MARY BOLAND · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN · ANN RUTHERFORD · FRIEDA INESCORT

Screen Play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin · Directed by Robert Z. Leonard · Produced by Hunt Stromberg



★★★★ OUR TOWN



PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Sol Lesser paid Thornton Wilder \$45,000 for the screen rights, Sam Wood \$100,000 to produce it, and spent about \$500,000 more to produce it. . . . Heroine Martha Scott is a University of Michigan grad, taught in a small town school for a while and worked in a department store in Detroit for \$11.50 per week. She likes men named Bill if they smoke pipes, rarely smokes herself, can make dandy taffy and Yorkshire pudding, is thrilled when she meets movie stars, and can emote without a letdown for 18 hours a day. . . . Frank Craven's known as the "pipe-and-pants-pocket actor" and probably sleeps with his hand in his pajama pocket and his pipe in his mouth. His salary is \$1,000 a day (when working); he's careless about his clothes, and is slightly delirious about viewing sports. . . . Bill Holden wanted to be a bacteriologist, but got to be bugs about acting, instead. He plays a bit of violin and collects hot jungle recordings. . . . Thomas Mitchell's been "discovered" six times; now seems established at a bank president's salary. Fans advised him to give up drinking in pictures; so he drinks only coffee in this.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: "Young Tom Edison" got favorable reviews everywhere but was a box office disappointment. "Edison, the Man" which cost almost \$900,000, will have to gross double to defray Young Tom's shortcomings, its own publicity costs, etc. . . . Studio spent more than Edison, himself, to recreate Menlo Park Laboratories faithfully, 20,000 odd-sized chemical bottles, glass jar batteries, and jumbo dynamos. Henry Ford loaned M-G-M Edison's original ticker tape machine, phonograph and incandescent light—and everything still worked! . . . Tracy studied Edison's gestures from a movie made of the Great Wizard in his lifetime—watching him three hours a day for three weeks. . . . Clarence Brown has two engineering degrees, has made about \$20,000,000 worth of Hollywood pix, none small, and his only flop was "The Trail of '98," which cost about \$2,000,000. . . . Genuinely blonde Rita Johnson is from Worcester, Mass. She has violent claustrophobia, hates small swimming pools and automatic elevators, swims a mile a day to keep in condition and is a green salad fiend. . . . Edison never made that speech at the picture's end—Marc Connelly wrote it. . . . Will Rogers claimed Edison would have been a grand fellow even if he hadn't invented anything.

(More Reviews on Page 8)

REVIEW—Right here and now our own personal Oscar goes to Sol Lesser and all those involved in transferring Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize play to the screen. Admittedly, "Our Town" presented tremendous difficulties. As a play, it was enacted on an absolutely naked stage; the entire action was kibitzed by Frank Craven, who narrated the setting and the story thread direct to the audience over the footlights; and the play itself was a delicate, serious slice of life cut from a small, typical New Hampshire town.

The transference to the screen has been accomplished with great skill and sincerity: Sam Wood has directed with brilliant imagination; some of the photography and scenes are the most daring and revolutionary ever snapped by Hollywood; the small town characters and speeches are as if carved from Vermont marble; the New England atmosphere is as right as apple pie (with sage cheese); and the cast, especially Frank Craven, Martha Scott, Bill Holden, Guy Kibbee and a little girl newcomer named Ruth Toby, is a dream charm. If Martha Scott doesn't get a solid gold Oscar for her debut performance, I'll eat up all the Oscars Bette Davis now has in her attic. There isn't, in other words, a false note in it, and even the happy ending hasn't spoiled it.

Many of the scenes are memorable. I will never forget the adolescent love scene between Mr. Holden and Miss Scott; and the beautiful sequence in which Martha Scott makes her visit to the dead is one of the great scenes of the theatre or screen. Directed by Sam Wood.—United Artists Release.

Movie Reviews

★★★ EDISON, THE MAN

REVIEW—Obviously it's pretty hard to get a lot of good roundhouse drama into the life of any great inventor or thinker who spends most of his life in a chair thinking. However, taking the three climaxes of Edison's early manhood, starting with the invention of the stock ticker, the phonograph and winding up with the heart-and-headaches that went into giving us the first electric light, this blooms into a gripping and not too technical picture.

The theme of the visionary man of science fighting the unvisionary man of business is as durable as the hills and as inspiring; a story that can be told again and again. The uncertainty before the actual consummation of the first glowing bulb, the doubts that even Edison's wife felt in the dark moments of the gas-lit days when Edison was broke and the light refused to come—these build to a real lift when his dynamos finally make contact and light shines into an advancing world.

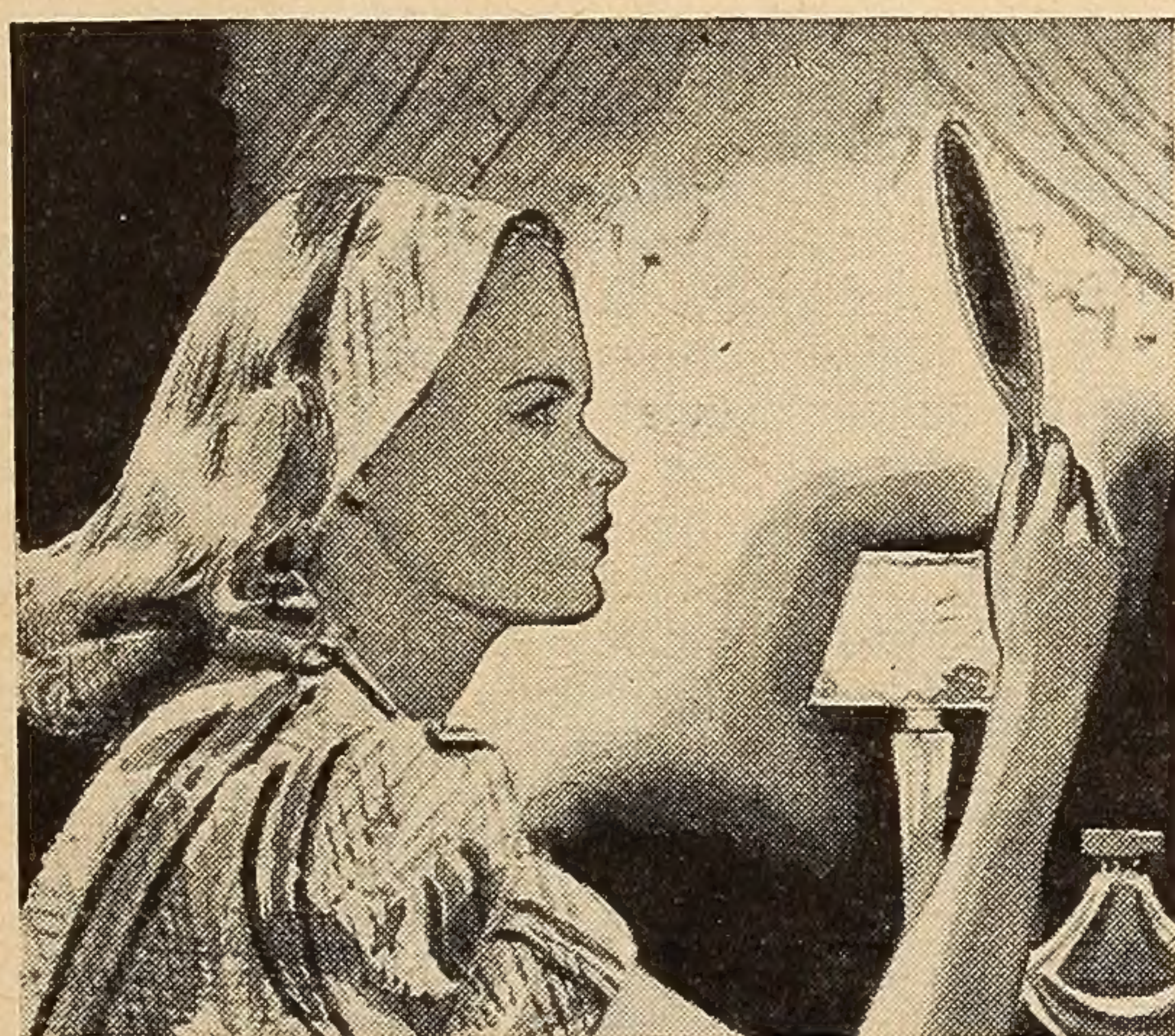
The cast, like the picture, is soberly capable, and Clarence Brown's settings and direction show his usual conservative workmanship. There is a magnificent speech at the picture's end on the relation between science and character, and it has a deep bearing on the world we live in—a world in which science is too often the tool of the Devil.—M-G-M.



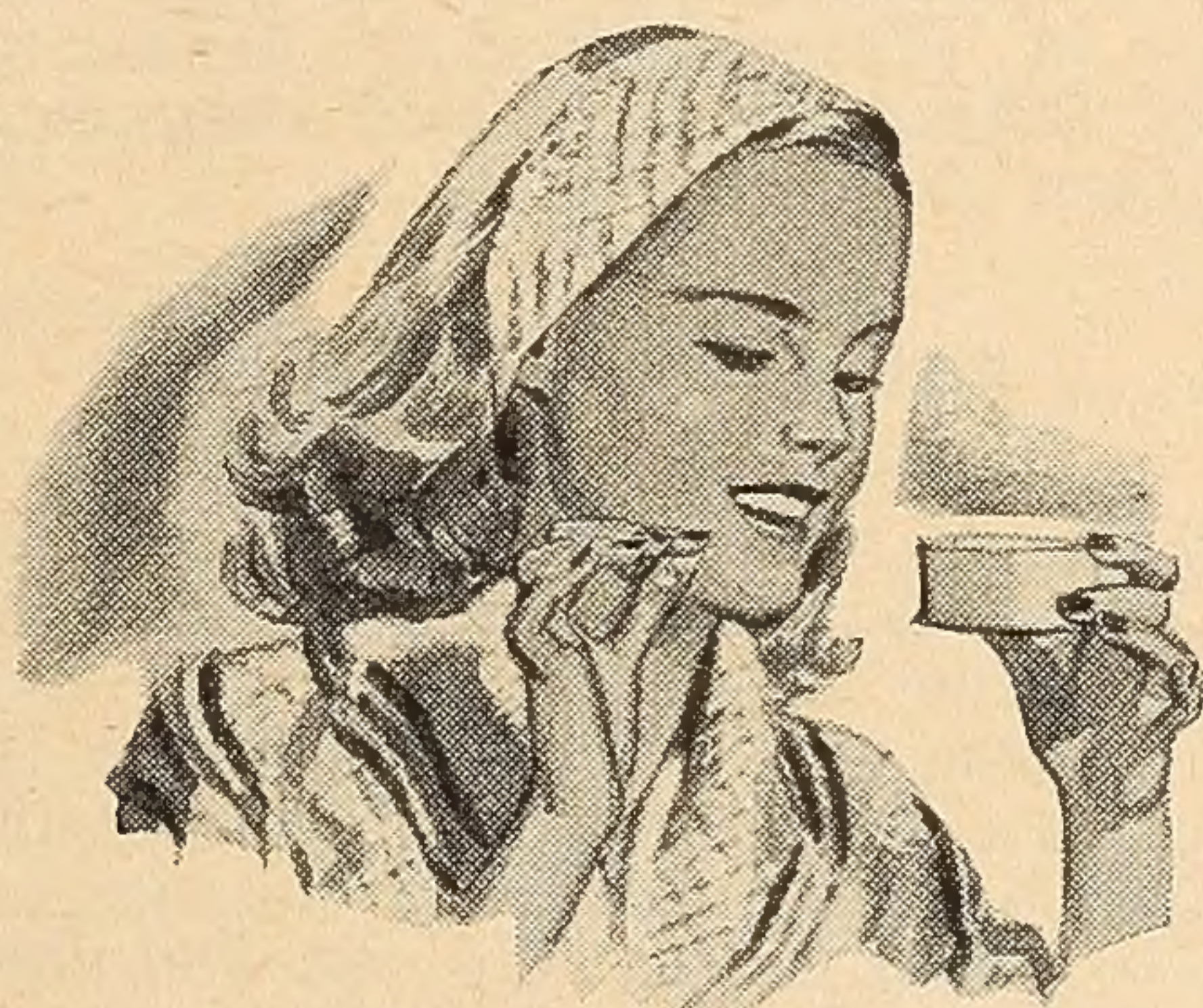
"Some Girls look Older in Summer - & GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!"

says Lady Esther

1. Day by day the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! You *should* look younger in summer, yet it is tragically true, says Lady Esther, that many girls *look older*. The reason may be a shade of powder that was all right for March but all wrong for July—or it may be a face powder that is wrong in texture—a face powder that contains GRIT.



2. Yes, grit in your powder can give your skin a "grainy" look, a "powdery" look . . . often mistaken for an *aged* look and much more noticeable in summer! So beware of gritty powder—test the powder you are using, and do it *right now*!



3. Make my famous "Bite Test!"

Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth—now bite hard and grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit—for *impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many expensive face powders...powders that cost \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00.*



4. But you'll detect no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. My powder is so smooth it clings 4 long hours. Put it on say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a "powdery" look that makes you *seem older*.

Are you using the **WRONG SHADE** for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today*.

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious

shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

* 10 shades free! *

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7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (58)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your
10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of
your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

Waterloo Bridge



Bob Taylor and Vivien Leigh discuss wedding plans with Ginny Field in "Waterloo Bridge."

★★★½★ Waterloo Bridge

Against a background of London during World War No. 1 and a present day air-raid, Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor co-star in a romance with enough tensely thrilling moments to please any audience. Vivien Leigh's performance is excellent, as might be expected, while Taylor turns in some acting that will surprise everyone. He proves himself eminently capable and, what's more, shows unsuspected charms.

The story concerns a ballet dancer, Vivien Leigh, and a young officer, Robert Taylor, who fall in love on the eve of his departure for France. Because of her negligence during their hectic courtship, the dancer loses her job. With a pal, Virginia Field, she combs the town looking for work and gradually becomes reduced to desperate straits. In the meantime, Taylor believes her to be in the safe-keeping of his mother, so is completely unprepared for the saddened and tragic girl he finds on his return. Fearing that she will bring disgrace to her fiancé and his proud family, the girl decides upon drastic measures to settle the situation. From the first, both Vivien Leigh and Taylor will hold your sympathies, and their tragic story will keep you engrossed to the end.

In the supporting cast, Virginia Field, Madame Marie Ouspenskaya and Lucille Watson give admirable performances. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: For the first time in his career, Robert Taylor appears as a middle-aged man in two sequences and also wears his first screen mustache. So well does he photograph that way, that he will also wear the mustache all through "Escape". . . . This is the second time that Vivien Leigh has played with Robert Taylor. They met while working in "A Yank At Oxford," which was made in England, and Bob is the only American star who knew her "when". . . . This picture is the first to reach the screen with a realistic portrayal of a London blackout. Both a 1917, and a 1940 type are shown. . . . Throughout the film, Vivien Leigh spent every free minute knitting one, purling two to make

Torrid Zone



Ann Sheridan, Jimmie Cagney and Helen Vinson share an exciting moment in "Torrid Zone."

★★★ Torrid Zone

helmets for the soldiers on the Maginot Line. Her average, since the war has started, has been one woolen helmet a day. . . . Vivien Leigh lost 1,800 pounds for her role. That was the difference in weight between the heavy costumes she wore in "G.W.T.W." and the light ones in "Waterloo Bridge." For Scarlett, she had 32 costumes, each one weighing from 30 to 60 pounds. She has only four costumes in "Waterloo Bridge," including a ballet number and all told they weigh less than 20 pounds.

By simple arithmetic, this banana epic of Central America deserves nine stars, being made up of "The Front Page," "What Price Glory" and the "Good Bad Man," neatly combined and streamlined. Cagney is giving up raising bananas forever to return to the Midwest and run a chain store. However, O'Brien, in the style of the Front Page editor, is trying to keep him in banana land, using the lowest forms of subterfuges known to man and author.

Meanwhile, Ann Sheridan, a whiskey-drinking, poker-playing dancing gal, and Helen Vinson, her rival, are slugging it out for Jimmie's favor. Further complications are added by the "Good Bad Man" antics of George Tobias who, as Rosario, a banana bandit, almost steals the show.

Though no harder to follow than your nose, the picture moves at marching speed with machine-gunned punch lines, gags that must have just missed Mr. Hays by a whisker, and lots of tropical love stuff that, truly, is temperature-raising.

The cast is both easy on the eye and ear. The Oomphashioned Ann Sheridan improves tremendously as an actress, and Helen Vinson, still unsympathetic, has the stuff men go for in carloads. As for Cagney, he knows how to move around in front of a camera, and Pat O'Brien has been the Front Page guy so often, he can make up the role as he goes along. Andy Devine, as ever, is very amusing. There is a nice tendency on the authors' parts to kid the script: as Cagney bends over the card-sharping Sheridan in the

Turnabout



You'll roar at the antics of Carole Landis and John Hubbard in the rollicking "Turnabout."

final clinch, he leers: "You and your 14-carat oomph!" 24-carat, Jimmie, 24-carat! Directed by William Keighley.—Warner Brothers.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This is the eighth film in which Cagney and O'Brien have played together, and the second one they've made with Sheridan. Jimmie was severely injured during the making of the picture when a blank cartridge exploded in his right hand. The entire production was held up for several days while his hand healed—costing the studio about \$25,000 cheerfully refunded by insurance companies. . . . A banana grove, a jungle and a tropical seaport were erected on an exterior location near the studio. More than 950 genuine banana trees were transplanted in the plantation grove, the trees being recruited from all parts of California. Unexpected California windstorms blew down all the trees directly after planting, and they had to be replaced. Then a phony hurricane, filmed at some expense, wound up on the cutting-room floor to make the picture the right length. The studio also bought an old narrow gauge engine, cars and tracks from an abandoned lumber camp in Northern California and built a two-mile railroad through a studio backlot swamp. The complete sets cost about \$200,000 but were cheaper to build than to ship the entire company and equipment to real banana country. . . . Before studio moguls would pass on Jimmie Cagney's mustache (which makes its debut) he was "kiss-tested" by Ann Sheridan and Helen Vinson in romantic scenes. Because neither of them voiced a complaint, bigwigs decided that the lip-piece did not take any of his glamour away. Ribbers sent Cagney mustache cups, hair restoratives, hunks of false hair and glue. . . . Neither Cagney nor O'Brien used doubles in the scene where knives are whizzed by their noggins. Each had faith in the accuracy of Hollywood's veteran knife thrower, Steve Clemento—though the scene was retaken seventeen times to get it right. . . . 35,000 lbs. of green fruit used as props, ripened and turned black and had to be replaced three times before the picture was finally completed. (Continued on page 15)

New Screen Triumph Wins Praise from Hollywood Stars . . .

THE AUTHOR OF "GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS" SAYS:

"'Tom Brown's School Days' was the first, and still is one of the richest, of all stories of school-boy life. I am delighted to see Tom and Doctor Arnold, the 'Mr. Chips' of Rugby, brought to warm-hearted, youth-loving America. We salute the film version of this completely delightful entertainment for old and young alike."

James Hill

"Don't miss 'Tom Brown's School Days.' Packed with dramatic punch . . . exciting melodrama . . . rousing humor. A full measure of enjoyment and laughter for every movie-goer."

Walter Berry

"Another great classic comes to the screen. I enjoyed myself tremendously and I know you will, too."

Joan Bennett

"'Tom Brown's School Days' is a great and different picture. Its charm and realism completely intrigued me."

Charles Boyer

"Exciting! Thrilling! This famous classic is at last brought to the screen in a way that will make you catch your breath. I loved every minute of it."

Ann Sheridan

GENE TOWNE PRESENTS

The greatest schoolboy thriller of all time . . . read and loved by over 50,000,000 people

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS"

with

Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Freddie Bartholomew • Jimmy Lydon
Josephine Hutchinson • Billy Halop • Polly Moran • Hughie Green
Ernest Cossart • Alec Craig • Gale Storm

Produced by GENE TOWNE and GRAHAM BAKER • Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON

Adaptation and Screen Play by Walter Ferris & Frank Cavett and Gene Towne & Graham Baker
Additional Dialogue by Robert Stevenson • Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures



SALAD SATISFACTION

Even the W. C. T. U. will sanction Otto Kruger's bar! Salads are the pièce de resistance and minors are welcome.



By Marjorie Deen

NEW IDEAS FOR SUMMER SUPPERS THAT WILL MAKE YOU EAT YOUR "GREENS" AND LOVE 'EM!

AROUND Hollywood, Otto Kruger is known not only for his sterling portrayal of sympathetic roles (remember him as Willie Baxter's harassed dad in "Seventeen?") but for his parties as well. So famous is Otto as a perfect host and a superior cook that the Who's Who of this cinema city angle for invitations to the Krugers' gay and informal gatherings. In warm weather guests know they will gather out by the barbecue pit in the loveliest of flower-filled gardens. Here long wooden tables are set up, spread with bright checked linen table cloths, and wooden bowls of fruit serve as colorful decoration. And here, in the long California twilights, friends will find Mr. and Mrs. Kruger presiding happily and efficiently over their justly famous specialties.

But before discussing them, a few words about the Kruger steaks on which Otto's high reputation as an outstanding amateur chef was originally founded. These steaks are of the thick-cut variety that men favor and are barbecued to the point where they are well blackened on the outside and rosy all the way through. They are served simply swimming in Otto's own Sauce Diable—as devilishly fine a concoction as ever originated in a gourmet's brain. A sauce, incidentally, which does not necessarily call for barbecued steak in order to delight the

discriminating. In fact, one well-known Hollywood restaurant now serves this very sauce with its plain broiled steaks, thereby adding to its already high culinary reputation! You, too, can now do likewise, thanks to "Chef" Kruger, who generously shares with you the secret of this sauce's success.

STEAK WITH SAUCE DIABLE

Soak thick steaks several hours in salad oil to which a clove of garlic (sliced thin) has been added. At serving time put the oil and garlic into a skillet, add a dash of A-1 Sauce and a dash of Worcestershire. Add a half pound of butter, season to taste with salt, black pepper and a very little cayenne. Heat slowly until butter melts, while steaks cook. When steaks are sufficiently "done," salt lightly and place them in the pan with the sauce, to which you add, at the last moment, a half cup of cream. Allow the meat to simmer in the sauce for a moment or two before serving.

This is enough sauce for a sizable gathering, of course. For a family of four, divide the recipe in half. For a gang of people increase it proportionately.

And now, if you're looking for real, honest-to-goodness

salad satisfaction, why not follow Otto's suggestion and set up a Salad Bar? For this you can use your buffet, the center of your regular dining table with a linen runner forming the "bar" down the center; or for porch, patio or garden simply a covered plank placed between firm foundations. The main idea is to have plenty of room for lots of little bowls and for one big salad bowl as shown in the illustration.

The large bowl holds a mixed green salad, moistened with a tasty salad dressing, while the small bowls hold an intriguing choice of cold foods. At the party, the host serves each guest from the main salad bowl into individual wooden bowls or onto chilled salad plates. Then each guest helps himself from the bowls lined up on the "bar." These are then blended with the greens, while additional salad dressing is provided for those who wish it.

You can readily imagine that, from the hostess' point of view, this would be the easiest of buffet and Sunday supper party ideas imaginable. It's a charming form of self-service which is perfect for the maidless home and so smart and effective that you are sure to start a vogue by trying it out on your crowd. One can readily believe that it allows for extravagance in ideas and expenditures; but, on the other hand, let me point out that it really can be more economical than the average form of entertaining. Why you can use up little bits of this and that of the left-over variety; you can fall back, conveniently, on an unlimited selection of appropriate canned and bottled goods; and best of all you can make your Salad Bar so complete that it becomes a summer meal in itself, when accompanied by bread and a beverage and followed by a dessert.

SETTING UP THE SALAD BAR

In the big salad bowl place crisp, thoroughly chilled salad greens selected with an eye to providing a contrast between light and dark shades of green.

Selection of Salad Greens: Endive, escarole, chicory, lettuce (either Boston or Iceberg) watercress, spinach, romaine, chard, and dandelion, in season.

Salad Dressing: At the last moment, add salad dressing made right on the spot. Use only half the salad dressing supply over the greens, placing the remaining dressing in a bowl on the bar.

Selection of Foods (with an eye to pleasing the men, and in amounts sufficient for a group of 8-10 people).

One pound of cooked shrimp, marinated in French dressing; 2 onions; 2 green peppers; 1 cucumber, sliced thin; 2 cups thinly sliced radishes; 1/2 pound cold boiled chicken or ham or both, cut into thin "julienne" strips; skinless frankfurters cut into inch-thick slices; salami cut into small cubes; cold cooked string beans or canned green asparagus tips, marinated in dressing; cauliflower flowerets served either cooked or raw; tomatoes, peeled and cut into eighths; chopped parsley; chopped chives; chopped fresh mint; celery, stuffed with cheese and cut into half inch pieces; hard cooked eggs, halved and stuffed with highly seasoned deviled egg mixture; stuffed olives and pickled onions; small cubes of Swiss cheese; crumbled roquefort cheese and grated American cheese. (These last two may be added to the extra dressing by those who like the idea—and that means most of the men!) Steadily increasing interest in herbs and spices suggests that you also include celery, onion and garlic salt, cayenne and chili powder (some like

(Continued on page 69)

"You little imp!

HOW DARE YOU MAKE FUN OF ME!"



HE'S A SCAMP, MOLLIE, BUT DON'T GET SORE. MY CLOTHES LOOKED WORSE THAN YOURS TILL I STOPPED USING WEAK-KNEED SOAPS AND SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPTHA!

TRY THE BIG BAR OR THE WONDERFUL CRINKLY CHIPS! EITHER WAY, FELS-NAPTHA BRINGS YOU RICHER, **GOLDEN** SOAP TEAMED WITH GENTLE, ACTIVE **NAPTHA**. AND THOSE **TWO** BUSY CLEANERS GET OUT **ALL** THE DIRT IN JIG-TIME!

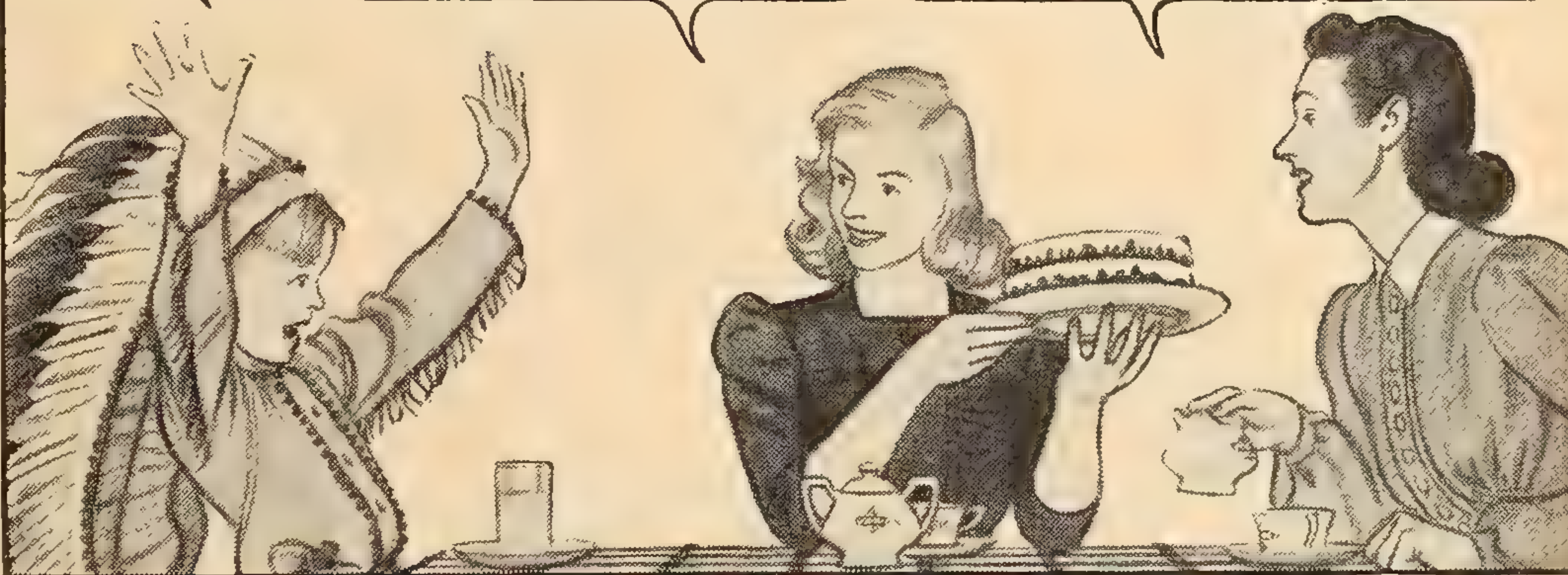


FEW WEEKS LATER

WHOOPEE! IS IT ALL FOR ME?

YES, YOU LITTLE INDIAN! MY WASH LOOKS SO GORGEOUSLY WHITE THIS WEEK I BAKED YOU A CAKE FOR TIPPING ME OFF TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. THAT BIG, **GOLDEN** BAR SURE IS A WONDER IN A TUB

AND FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS ARE GRAND FOR WASHING MACHINES. HUSKIER, **GOLDEN** CHIPS — THEY'RE NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. SO WONDERFULLY SUDSY, TOO, THANKS TO THAT NEW, ADDED SUDS-BUILDER!



**Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"**

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



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BE YOURSELF BE NATURAL!



★ In make-up, as in all things, it is best to "Be Yourself... Be Natural". Use Tangee for a glorious lip color which is *yours* and *yours alone*. Tangee changes magically from orange in the stick to the ONE shade of red YOUR skin-coloring demands. That's the Tangee way to—

Be yourself... Be Natural

★ Your Tangee lips will be smoother...evenly and beautifully made-up because there is NO grease-paint in Tangee...its pure cream base ENDS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" and helps you—

Be yourself... Be Natural

★ For complete make-up harmony use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you'll

Be yourself... Be Natural



TANGEE *Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MM80



A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Attention, Theatre Managers!

I'm not a squawking person. I can sit through hours of movies—good, bad or indifferent—and you won't hear a peep out of me. But the time has finally come when I must make myself heard!

We took our young 'un to "The Bluebird," as did a hundred other parents. The companion picture was "Congo Maisie." During "The Bluebird" everything was quiet, but during the other picture my child and ninety-nine other ones were squirming around, tripping up and down the aisle getting a drink! I chalked it up to experience!

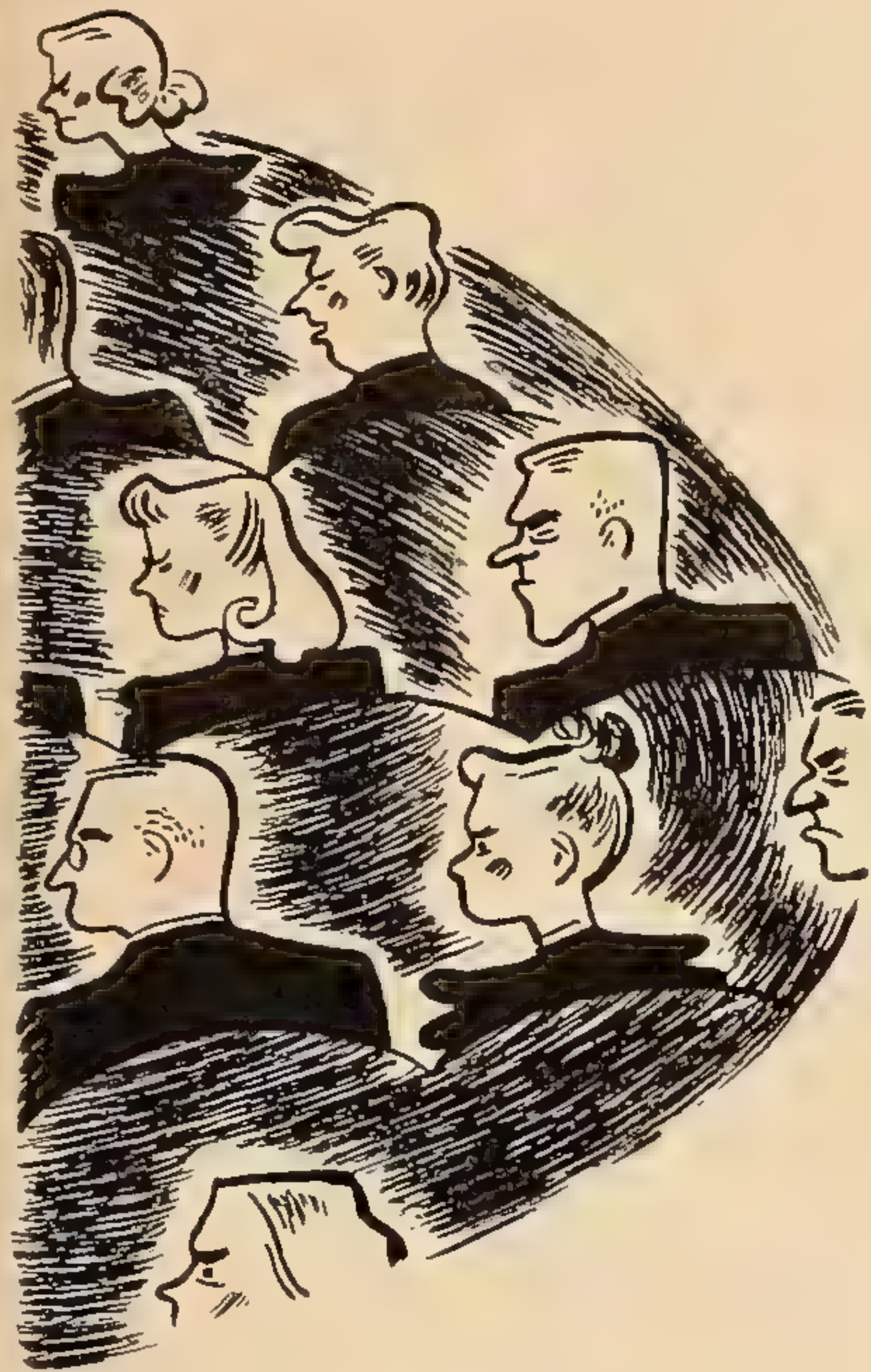
Then we took same young 'un to see "Pinocchio," and the companion picture was "Beyond Tomorrow," which I felt was even a little beyond me. Again ninety-nine off-spring and my own were wriggling, squirming and making trips up and down the aisle.

When showing children's movies, why don't theatres have suitable companion pictures? A group of animated cartoons or some of those animated songs would solve harried parents' problems beautifully.—Mrs. John Ruppel, Kohler, Wisconsin

Immortalizing Modern Literature

I believe I but echo the views of a great many picture-goers when I point out that I often see a great picture before having read the book from which

YOU'LL ENJOY THESE FRANK, UNCENSORED OPINIONS



it is made, thus having my impressions of the characters formed by the screen version. I am glad to be able to add that, almost invariably, I have found the picture to be superior to the book and certainly more compact. For example, take "Rebecca," a lengthy, rather morbid tale on paper, but on celluloid a drama filled with interest, suspense and a certain macabre feeling—in a word, a wow.

Having viewed the picture, I flew to the novel, and all through it my imagination was colored and stimulated by the still-fresh memory of the Hollywood interpretation. This seems to confirm the long-held suspicion that Hollywood wields an incalculable influence on the fan mind. "The Grapes of Wrath" is another biggie that lost nothing and gained (Continued on page 75)

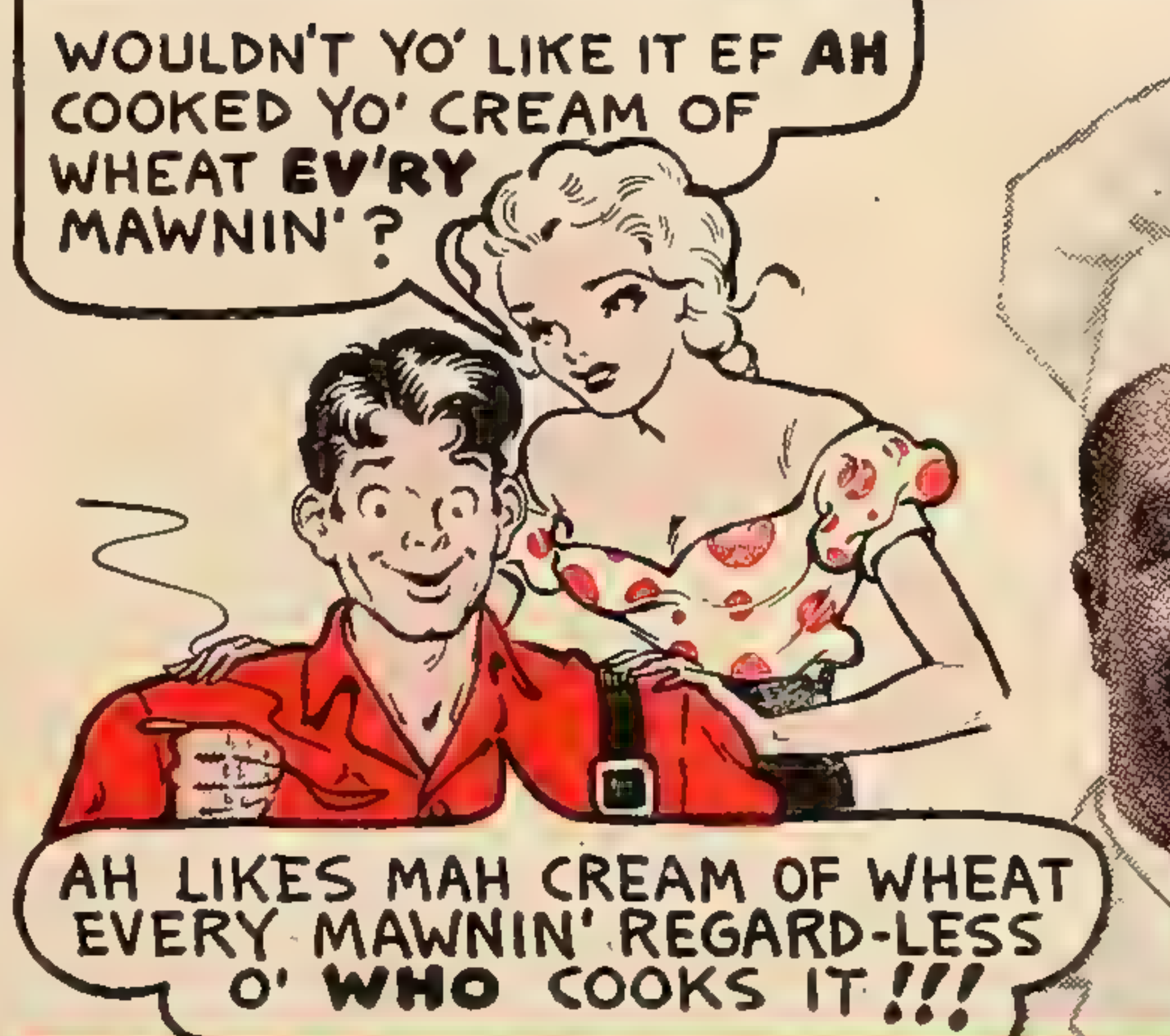
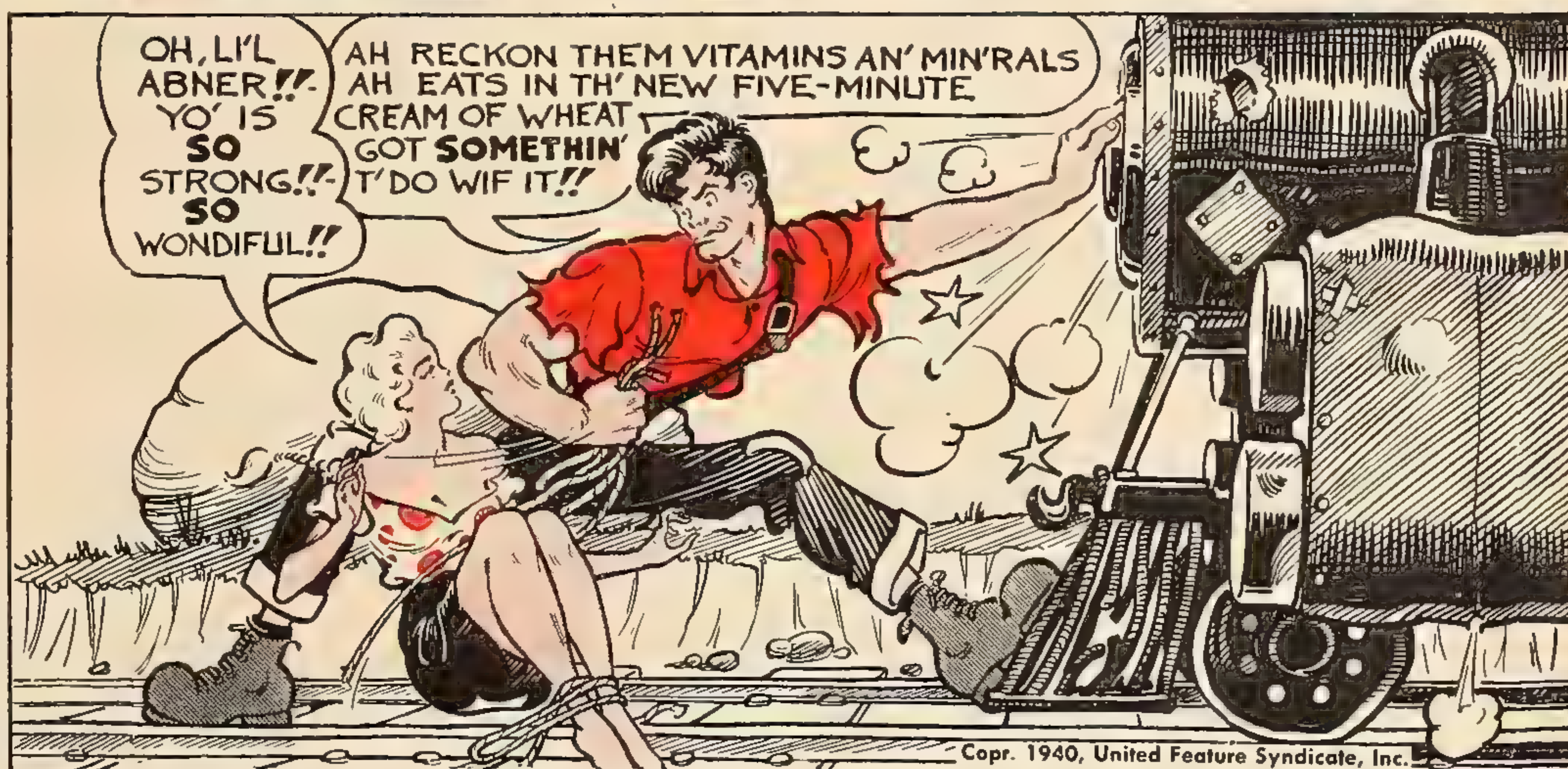
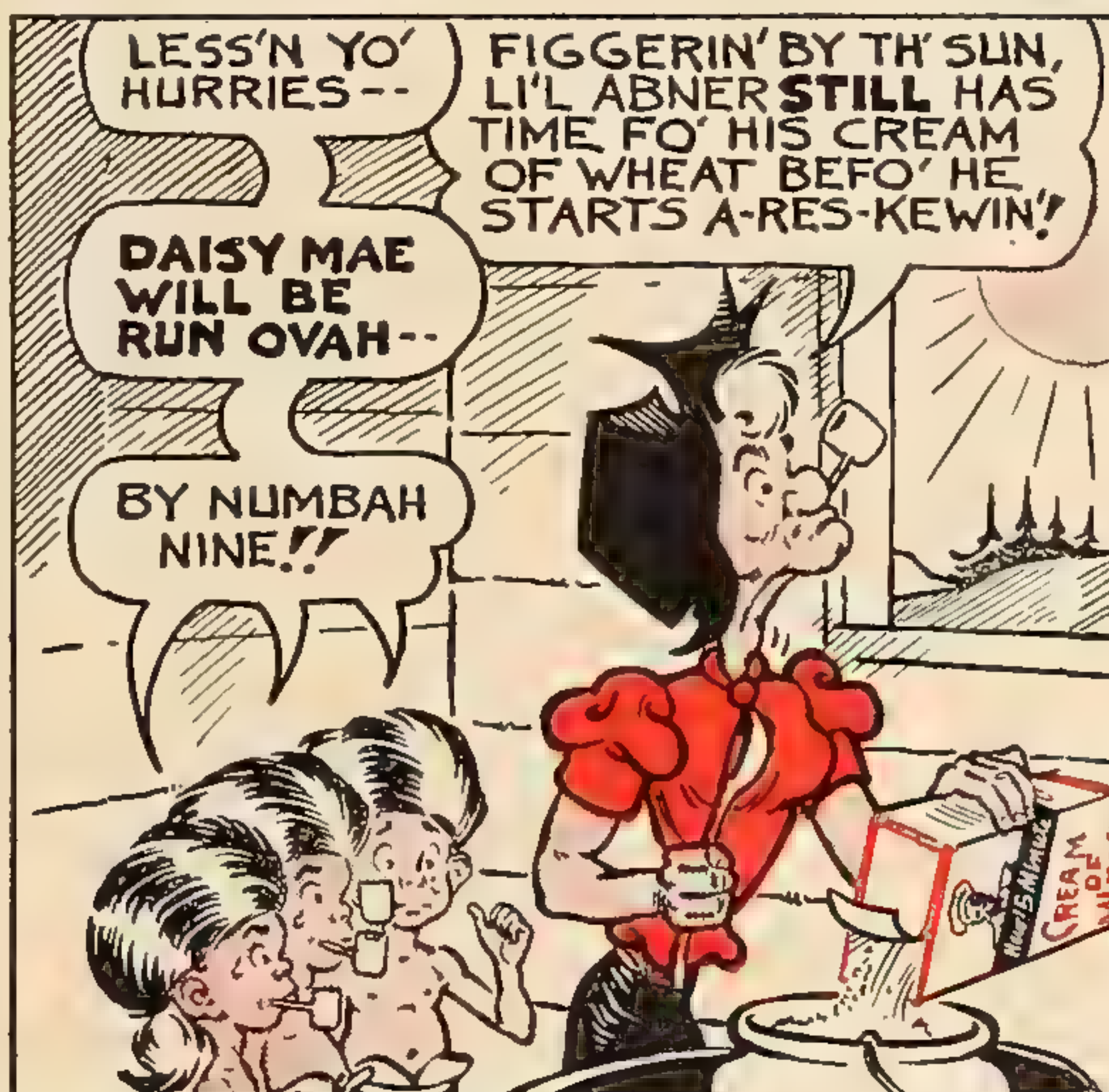
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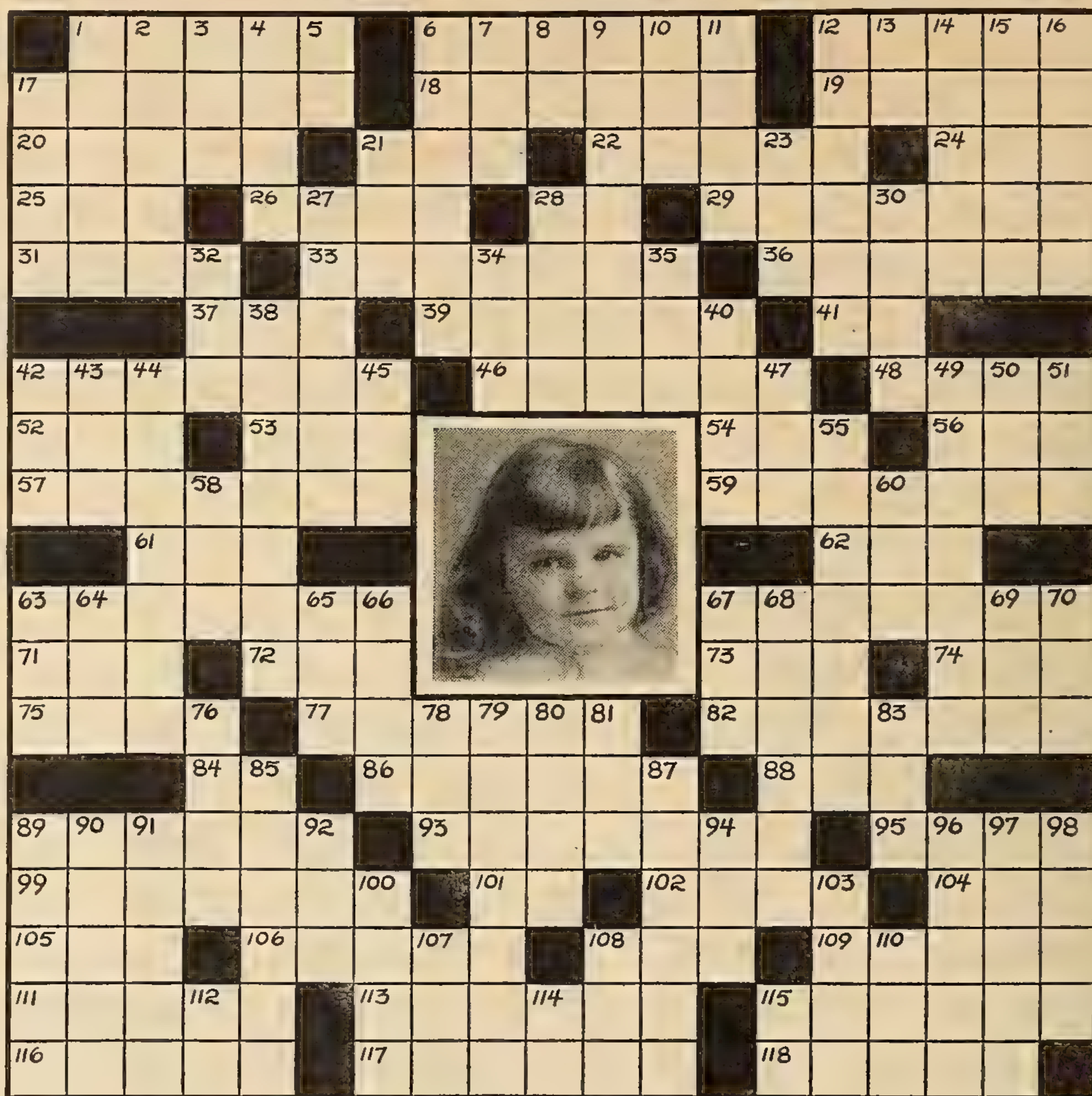
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 83

ACROSS

- 1 & 6. Character actor
12. Star of "Charlie Chan in Panama"
17. "The Westerner"
18. Father of "My Son, My Son"
19. She's in "My Favorite Wife"
20. Actress in "Pride and Prejudice"
21. M-G-M's motto: " - - Gratia Artis"
22. - - - - - Stewart
24. Eleanor Powell's kind of dance
25. "Little Acc - - - nt"
26. " - - - - of Mrs. Cheyney"
28. Four: Rom. num.
29. Novelist in "The Doctor Takes A Wife"
31. Ken May - - - -
33. Girl in "Henry Goes Arizona"
36. "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"
37. Arabian garment
39. Bette Davis' ex-hubby
41. Southern state: abbr.
42. Femme in "All This, and Heaven Too"
46. Regard
48. Milland's rival in "Irene"
52. Silkworm: var.
53. "Waterloo Br - - - e"
54. Small tag
56. Japanese herb
57. Permit
59. Great actor in "Boom Town"
61. Skill
62. Portuguese coin
63. Andrea Leeds' sister-in-law
67. Actress in "Way of all Flesh"
71. Queer
72. Scarecrow in "Wizard of Oz"
73. Director of "Our Town"
74. "Rosa - - -"
75. Cad
77. Hero in "I Was an Adventuress"
82. Oldest
84. L - - n Errol
86. Detective in "Til We Meet Again"
88. - - - O'Connor
89. Our star's son in "The Crowd Roars"
93. Prettier
95. "It's a - - -"
99. Father in "Bill of Divorcement"
101. Therefore
102. Goldfish in "Pinocchio"
104. - - - La Rocque
105. Bow
106. Danielle Darrieux's hubby
108. Word of triumph
109. Meek
111. Great Swedish star
113. Dedicate
115. Hard
116. Prussian city
117. These make up a film
118. Nobles

DOWN

1. One of "Lillian Russell's" husbands
2. His last name is Pryor
3. "Tarzan's" jungle friend
4. " - - - Gwynn"
5. Author of 51 down: init.
6. Popular male singing star
7. Exclamations of wonder
8. " - - union in Vienna"
9. Most serious
10. Daughter in "The Ghost Comes Home"
11. - - - - Hamilton
12. Crowns
13. "The Emper - -'s Candlesticks"
14. Latvians
15. Growing out
16. Refund
17. Abel's brother
21. "The Ware C - - -"
23. Actor in "Sandy Is a Lady"
27. Prizes
28. Misfortunes
30. " - - - - - pade"
32. Small lump
34. Joel McCrea's lovely wife
35. Eggs of fishes
38. Grand actress in "Our Town"
40. Traps
42. Ralph - - - lamy
43. "Naughty M - - - etta"
44. Former film menace, now director
45. To become old
47. Chart
49. Wise-cracking comedienne
50. "Broadway Seren - - -"
51. " - - - thwest Passage"
55. She's scheduled for "Joan of Arc"
58. Go astray
60. Born
63. Comic in "Road to Singapore"
64. Fuss
65. Label
66. Novice
67. "Disputed P - - - age"
68. Character
69. "The N - - - ance"
70. Film stage
76. Length of film
78. " - - - Tide"
79. Tending to wear away
80. Who sang in "Music for Madame?"
81. Evening: poet.
83. Boy
85. Mickey was this in "Boys' Town"
87. Recesses
89. Gene Autry is "at home" here
90. Scents
91. Portends
92. "The Shop Around - - - Corner"
94. B - - - Lugosi
96. Furnished with weapons
97. Labors
98. Our Star managed him in "Sweethearts"
100. Concludes
103. Mr. Kruger's first name
107. "Off the - - - ord"
108. Consumed
110. "Oklahoma Front - - -"
112. Bob - - - eele
114. Upon
115. Co-star of "Two's Company": init.

(Continued from page 8)

★★★ Down Went McGinty

Having made himself genuinely disliked for some years now, Brian Donlevy, the World's Toughest Guy, shows pleasing signs of softening into a very likable human in this solid little political travesty. As Dan McGinty, fugitive from a breadline who plays ball with the crooked politicians and rises to be Governor of a State, Brian gives as sympathetic a hard-guy performance as you've ever seen this side of Edward G. Robinson. One or two more roles like this may yet place Mr. Donlevy's name on the theatre marquee.

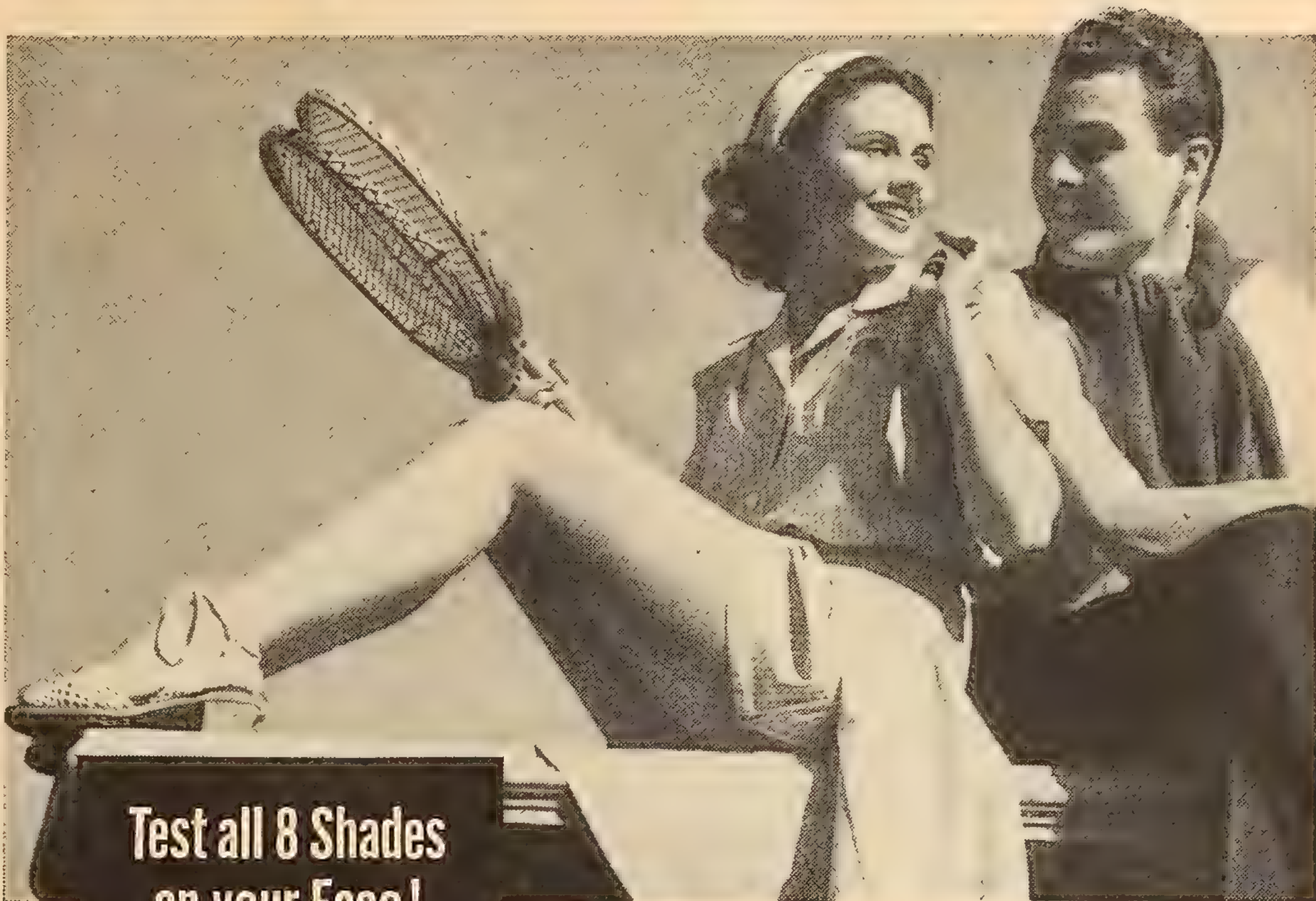
Also headed for stardom (and you can remind us about it next year) is Akim Tamiroff, the Amazing Russian who seems to be able to play anything on two or more legs, standing, sitting or lying. In this case, the lusty Akim plays the political Boss, and Donlevy, his stooge. The pushing around these two insensitive lugs give each other throughout the fast-moving action is taken out of the banal feud class by their capital performances and the fresh slant provided by the story.

Undoubtedly the picture isn't in the "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" class—but misses by only a single star. There are some unbelievable bits, such as tossing the Governor into jail and refusing him a writ of habeas corpus, but the low-down into smelly politics is timely and authentic; the heartclutchings engendered by McGinty's ruinous reformation, thanks to quietly blonde and lovely Muriel Angelus whom he married purely on a business basis, are pretty clutchy; and it all proves you don't have to spend a trillion to make a good entertaining picture—if your yarn and actors have what it takes. Written and directed by Preston Sturges.—Paramount.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This started as a B picture, and wound up an A. Usually it's the reverse. . . . When the studio realized what it had, \$150,000 was added to the original \$250,000 schedule—for added glamour, election crowds, etc. . . . Brian Donlevy, who bites off babies' heads and spits spikes, was born in Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, where his father manufactured Irish whiskey before immigrating to Sheboygan Falls, Wis. At 13, he bugled for the Wisconsin Nat'l Guard, chasing Villa around Mejico; at 14, he'd fibbed his way into the Lafayette Escadrille; at 17, he was dog-fighting over the Western Front in World War No. 1, and has two wounds, one in the head to prove it. He's married solidly to Marjorie Lane, leads an unsensational, hobbyless life, and is so broad and thick-necked you wouldn't believe he measured 6 ft. His middle name's Waldo, and if you call him that—duck! . . . Blondly maturish, Muriel Angelus was born into the London middleclass, is convent-bred and was a child dancer for Fokine along Piccadilly, winding up in the music-comedy chorus when she rounded 17. She's been drop-kicked between London and Paramount for the past three years and hopes this second "discovery" by Paramount will stick. . . . Preston Sturges, who wrote and directed this film, has made 45 trips to Paris, where his mother used to manufacture cosmetics. He's beautifully and internationally educated, Chicago-born and was once a Wall Street runner. He got drunk the night his play, "Strictly Dishonorable," opened because it seemed a flop. Next a.m. his mother wakened him and read the rave notices and he's never touched a drop since. He's yacht-nuts, owns the Holly-

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wood Green Hat cafe, has been married three times, now happily to Louise Sargent. . . . Akim Tamiroff worked in this, "Untamed" and "Way of All Flesh" at the same time. He and Donlevy lost ten pounds in their rough-and-tumble feud fights, broke no bones, each being pretty solid, but really wrestled!

★★★ My Favorite Wife

Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are together again in one of the hilarious comedies in which they excel. And with Garson Kanin directing, you can bet your last cent that this picture's put over with a punch that will hang grins on every last sour-puss in the audience.

The story concerns a young man, Cary Grant, who has wife trouble. This is not unusual in itself, but Cary's main trouble lies in the fact that he has one wife too many, and trouble with both of them. Irene Dunne, Wife No. 1, has been dead, supposedly, for several years and takes her husband's second wedding day, of all days, to put in her belated reappearance. Wife No. 2, Gail Patrick, cannot imagine why her brand-new spouse suddenly loses all interest in her when they arrive at their honeymoon hotel, little dreaming that poor Mr. Grant has just spotted Wife No. 1 in the lobby.

From that moment on, Mr. G. has one terrible time. Irene Dunne is still his favorite wife, but Gail Patrick is not a girl to be trifled with—and before the harassed hero can muster up enough courage to confess, several reels of the most hysterical situations have gone by. Chief among them is when Grant discovers that Wife No. 1 had not been alone on the desert isle for all these years as he supposed, but had been kept company by handsome Randolph Scott. You'll just have to see this yourself to really believe that a happy ending can be worked out from all the confusion and mix-up. Directed by Garson Kanin.—RKO-Radio.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: When this picture went on location for a scene at the swank Pasadena Vista Del Arroyo Hotel, staid millionaires and retired Iowans besieged the gates to watch the scene in which Irene Dunne was dunked in the pool—the rough-and-ready treatment now prescribed for glamour girls. The cost to the studio amounted to \$400, for three costumes were used before the scene was okayed. . . . Cary Grant, Randolph Scott and Director Kanin spent their location week at the hotel, which caused a record-breaking turn-out of Pasadena debts for teas, luncheons and dinner-dances. . . . Leo McCarey's debut as a full-fledged producer got off to a bad start when, returning from location-hunting at Lake Arrowhead at the start of the picture, the car in which he and Author Gene Fowler were riding overturned, and both were seriously injured. McCarey conducted much of his work from a hospital bed and, against doctor's orders, showed up on the set for the final scenes.

★★★ Turnabout

Sally and Tim Willows, being very scrappily married, were getting along as well as could be expected, until one day a Magic Widget switched them into each other's bodies—by request. Tim became Sally in Pants, and Sally became Tim in Brassieres.

That's the gist of this screwball extravaganza, another of the late Thorne Smith's nuthouse farces. Thorne also

gave us the delirious "Topper" series, and while "Turnabout" doesn't have the punch satire that underlay "Topper"—it has its points.

Ordinarily the situations would point to another of those stories about a husband and wife who fight because each feels the other is leading a life of ease. But when Tim Willows (John Hubbard) goes swish, putting his hand on his hip and throwing his tonsils in high; and the eye-filling Carole Landis (as Sally) becomes deep bass with manly muscles, it gets pretty delightfully hilarious. Carole's take-off of her husband's mannerisms proves Miss Landis doesn't have to get by in Hollywood on her figure alone.

Since that eminent doctor of prattfalls, Hal Roach, produced and directed "Turnabout," the entire picture skids along on a banana peel and is choked with gags.

The settings are pretty terrific, being very Apartment-of-Tomorrow, with linoleum walls, transparent doors and windows that open at the touch. Even Tim's office has patent leather chairs. As for the clinch closing gag, it is north of terrific. After the Nasty Widget restores them to their original selves, he neglects to transpose the baby Sally was, as they say, expecting! And to Sally's great amusement, Tim finds that he is to be the mother of their child! Directed by Hal Roach.—United Artists Release.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: John Hubbard is from East Chicago, Indiana, pilots his own plane, and is practising bull fighting—to his wife's horror. Says she: "John may throw the bull in Hollywood, but not in Mexico!" When the picture was completed, Hubbard asked Hal Roach for the nightgown he had to wear in one sequence, then tore the dainty feminine tidbit into tiny pieces. "That restored my self-respect," he explained. . . . Carole Landis, who last wore six sea shells and a postage stamp in "1,000,000 B.C.," dons mental pants in this—has no idea what the future will bring. She's quite an athlete and had little trouble aping John Hubbard's manly gestures because she insists she was a tomboy when a gal. Offstage, she holds hands continuously with Alan Gordon. . . . Margaret Roach is Hal Roach's daughter. After finishing the picture, she left for a sanitarium to reduce. She's been seen around with Edgar Bergen. . . . Carole Landis, Mary Astor and Joyce Compton generously loaned \$112,632 worth of their jewels to the studio for this. It cost \$4,000 to insure them for one day! Gosh, times are hard around Hollywood! . . . Mary Astor's romantic life is most subduedly serene these days and she shows it. . . . Everyone on the set went nuts trying to describe the plot of the picture to each other. . . . Director Hal Roach is a crack polo player, owns banks, says he carries his office in his hat, and ribbed players throughout the filming. . . . Dapper Adolphe Menjou and his missus upstaged each other all through the film, trying to steal scenes from one another, Verree usually winning. Miss Teasdale's related to Edith Wharton and Sara Teasdale, is known as Voo-voo to friends but can do nothing about it. She likes popcorn, ice cream, bum puns, good books, L'il Abner, baby pictures, dogs and Menjou. She hates cats, cigarettes, umbrellas, tub baths, germs and snooty waiters. She and Adolphe make about \$6,500 a week when both work. They just struggle along. . . . Franklin Pangborn's screen name in this is Pingboom; Will Gargan never got it right, calling his Penguin, Pingpong or Pinball. Gargan, by the way, ropes calves for exercise. The four-legged kind, that is. He is also an expert at tennis.

★★★ The Doctor Takes A Wife

When a beauteous spinster who lives alone and loves it gets mixed up with a doctor who loathes career women, the fun begins. And with Loretta Young and Ray Milland as the aforementioned parties, you can be assured that the situations are handled with as much finesse as frivolity. It's Loretta Young's best role in a long time, and the leading man comes through with a performance which will undoubtedly leave feminine fans screaming for more Milland. Reginald Gardiner, Gail Patrick and Edmund Gwenn are additional money-back guarantees for this picture.

Reginald Gardiner falls heir to the meanie role of the heroine's publisher who is more interested in her ability to make money than in the little matter of whether that ability wreaks havoc with her personal life. The fact that she has to put up with a sham marriage to Milland to hold her public doesn't concern Reg the least bit. However, when it looks as if Milland is really going to get Loretta for his own, Gardiner tries to throw a monkey wrench in the happy ending. Gail Patrick is the villainess of the piece—a dangerous dame from the deep south, who intends to grab off Dr. Milland if it's the last thing she does. But after the fair Loretta brings her forgotten feminine wiles into play, the southern charms of belle Patrick look mighty sick. Edmund Gwenn gives a grand characterization of the sentimental, muddling pater of the hero. The rest of the cast is completely satisfactory in every respect. Excellent entertainment. Directed by Alexander Hall.—Columbia.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: It took the city of Escondido, California to be prudish enough to refuse to allow part of the picture to be shot in that town. Director Alexander Hall wanted to take his company to Escondido, California, for location, but its Chamber of Commerce refused on the grounds that the film was indecent. The reason? The script calls for Ray Milland and Loretta Young to live together without benefit of clergy... It took a stuffed dummy to get more closeups than Loretta Young. The dummy was used for the medical scenes... Nineteen-year-old Maurice Max, messenger boy on the lot, was technical adviser for the jitterbug scene in the film. He's an amateur who has won numerous cups for his Terpsichorean efforts... The foreign countries were well-represented in this picture, with Ray Milland, Reginald Gardiner, Edmund Gwenn and George Metaxa all from across the ocean.

★★★ If I Had My Way

More like a vaudeville show, with song and dance acts appearing as frequently as they did in the good old days B.C. (Before Cinema), "If I Had My Way" has little to offer in the way of a plot. But, what it lacks in story, it more than makes up for in cast. With Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean, the picture can't help but be entertaining.

The trouble with the film lies in the fact that you know exactly what is going to happen from one reel to the next. You're sure that Gloria Jean's father will be killed in the beginning of the film, leaving Bing and El Brendel to take her to her wealthy New York uncle. You know that the uncle will pack Gloria off to her great-uncle, a vaudeville has-been with a heart as big as the salary checks he once received. You realize that the

restaurant Bing and Brendel are stuck with will turn out to be a whopping success—saved from the clutches of the Friendly Finance Company in the nick of time.

Gloria Jean is excellent; Bing Crosby is his same, easy-going self, crooning and clowning his way through a galaxy of songs. The Swedish comedian, El Brendel, is good for numerous chuckles, while Charles Winninger is the lovable character you always expect him to be. Blanche Ring, Trixie Friganza and Eddie Leonard are a few of the old-timers who revive their acts successfully on the screen. The director, David Butler, helps the story by handling it with a deft and sure touch.—Universal.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Gloria Jean is Bing's twenty-first leading lady and the third one to sing with him in pictures. Her favorite dessert is ice-cream, in any shape or form. She has three sisters, ranging from a high-school sub-deb to Baby Bonnie, now two years old. None of her sisters long for movie careers, in fact, her oldest sister is so shy, she won't even pose with Gloria, without terrific urging. Sister Lois is Gloria's stand-in at the studio—work which she regards as "all right" but not too glamorous... If you're familiar with old-timers, you'll spot Blanche Ring in this film. And you can't miss her ex-husband, Charles Winninger, who also appears in this. For the first time in its long and illustrious screen career, the famous Bing voice had to have a "double." In one scene Bing was supposed to give out with a low and guttural chuckle. Take after take was made, but Director Butler just didn't think Bing was low or guttural enough. Finally the actor suggested that the director do it himself—which is exactly what Mr. B. did—and on the first "take."

★★ Untamed

Well sir, it seems that after all these years the big clean Northwest still has its healing power. But even up thar whar men are men and grizzly ba'rs ain't white mice, you certainly cannot take the oldest formula in the world and get a modern up-to-date picture, even though you throw in Technicolor.

All the ancient ingredients are here: the good-natured French-Canadian trapper (Akim Tamiroff), with the lovely blue-eyed, black-haired young wife (Patricia Morison); the gossip strait-laced neighbors at the Factor Post; and the young doctor who has come north to regain his soul (Ray Milland).

And you can call the shots as they come. The doctor and the repressed young wife will fall in love. You know that when they are about to separate forever he will have to go out into the raging blizzard and bring back the sulfanilamide; that she will follow to save him; and that Akim, conveniently away until this moment, will return and misunderstand. Why they didn't call this "Old Faithful" instead of "Untamed," I will never know and will give an old set of encyclopedias to find out.

The Technicolor works hard to take the eye off the stodginess of the going; Pat Morison's fresh loveliness lends well to the color cameras, too; and the rest of the cast does its best to fan life into lifelessness. Though their work is untiring, the patient dies. Ray Milland's operations and love-making show experience, but I can't understand why, living in the rugged, healthful North, so many of the trappers and their families needed medical attention. Directed by George Archainbaud.—Paramount.



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"Kentucky's" great star

Joyce • John Payne • Charlie Ruggles

Marjorie Weaver • Hattie McDaniel

of "Gone With The Wind" fame



Directed by **HENRY KING**

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Original
Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews
A 20th Century-Fox Picture





CLAUDETTE COLBERT

In M-G-M's "Boom Town"



ERROL FLYNN

Soon to be seen in Warners' "The Sea Hawk"



JOAN CRAWFORD

Currently starred in M-G-M's "Susan and God"



RICHARD CARLSON

Now appearing in Paramount's "The Ghost Breakers"




LINDA DARNELL

Will next be seen in 20th Century-Fox's "Brigham Young"



GREER GARSON

In M-G-M's "Pride and Prejudice"



If you're a ghost
then I want to be
haunted!

The two stars of "The Cat and
the Canary" find love and
laughter in a haunted house!

BOB HOPE

PAULETTE GODDARD in

"THE GHOST BREAKERS"

A Paramount Picture with

**RICHARD CARLSON · PAUL LUKAS
ANTHONY QUINN · WILLIE BEST**

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** • Screen Play by **Walter DeLeon** • Based on a Play by **Paul Dickey** and **Charles W. Goddard**



PAULETTE SETS BOB'S HEART A-DANCING WITH SOME VERY UN-GHOSTLIKE ROMANCING!

SOME years ago I interviewed John Barrymore. I was lucky to find him in rare good humor, brilliantly loquacious and witty, even willing to grow confidential. The subject slipped into forbidden territory: women. "You know," he suddenly confided, "I've never married a woman—they have all married me!"

Well, it's all changed now. For if Love hasn't finally come to the Great Profile, it most certainly is a very reasonable facsimile thereof. Having spent his entire life defending himself against women, marrying only those whose assaults have been too determined to resist, he has finally fallen as desperately and as deeply in love as only a battle-scarred Great Lover can, with Elaine (Blitzkrieg) Barrie.

Not that Barrymore hasn't had genuine passions before, often leading to marriage. But thus far no woman has been able to hold the romantic fortress after storming it. The Barrymore temperament has been too complex for any of them to grapple with successfully. That is, any of them except Elaine Barrie. For Elaine, though she is most heartily disliked by all the able-bodied females of the country, has so far been thoroughly equal to the task. She cannot be underrated.

Today, as I write, she is in full command of the situation. John literally eats out of her hand. Elaine has become a sort of wife-mother to him. She has straightened him out physically and has dashed the bottle from his lips. He has his occasional beer and once in a while he gets tight, but he seems to me to be in the best physical condition in years. Elaine has yanked his foot

out of the grave, his step is jaunty as of old and his eyes have lost that pair-of-poached-eggs-swimming-in-milk look. He bathes regularly, his clothes are clean and well-pressed, and they say he has money in his pocket. At least it is certain he has money in Elaine's. He even has an overcoat, not to mention a car, and he is attacking his enormous debts with some systematic plan.

On the motherly side, Elaine keeps house, lays out his clothes, fights his business fights and may even yet wangle a cherished yacht from the financial wreckage in which he has lived for years.

Now, were Elaine content to take a place in the back-ground and manipulate her

fascinating clown prince, all might be well. A patient wife, sitting at home knitting socks and sweaters for her lover, mixing hangover juice to soothe his aching brow, softening the blows of unkind press notices, might earn the grudging credit of the world.

But no. Elaine burns with a great ambition. She wants to be an actress. And not an ordinary actress. She has a firm belief that she is a genuine Barrymore (look at the name she had assumed even before she knew John), and she has an undying ambition to be recognized as such.

It was Elaine who talked Barrymore into appearing in "My Dear Children," a cute, if sappy, little play, written to suit (and about) Barrymore's talents and life. Elaine's purpose was threefold: (1) She wanted to get away from the process servers who literally lived in and around the grounds of their \$100,000 Hollywood estate (registered in her name); (2) she wanted to get John out of Hollywood, which she thought was killing him, and have him all to herself in the top of a theatrical trunk; and last, but not least, she had visions of becoming another Bernhardt. Had she not just finished a triumphal tour of the burlesque houses in something by Ibsen called "How to Undress in Front of Your Husband?"

But it took a lot of talking to lure John from his Hollywood discomforts to the discomforts of the road which he hadn't visited for 17 years. His health at the time was none too good, he was making a comeback around Hollywood, he wouldn't read the play (he never reads anything), and he had no illusions about Elaine's acting ability. But John is like putty, actually. You can talk him into anything. Elaine put on a successful assault and, before he could say,

What love has done to

BARRYMORE

"To hell with William Shakespeare," Barrymore was back on the boards, hopping about on jitter-producing one-night stands.

Opening cold in the Midwest Bible Belt, the show was received most icily. Either out of jealousy for Elaine or genuine shock at the gradual inception of off-color ad libbing Barrymore began injecting into his part, the women's clubs all but succeeded in closing the show in Davenport, Iowa. Yet, despite all the newspaper attacks, crowds always managed to collect by the hundreds outside the stage doors, to wait patiently for John. Most of them were women. They cheered Barrymore and gave Elaine the feminine equivalent of the bird.

Meanwhile, all was dissension and ill temper backstage. Barrymore and Elaine weren't getting on too happily (her reception bothered her), the cast reflected the general jitters, Barrymore was beginning to consult the scotch for relief, and the play producers were about to say, "The devil with it!" Then, suddenly, came a blessing in disguise.

It happened in St. Louis. The play had been granted another life by an angel appearing with a much-needed \$1500, and Barrymore had consented to fight it out despite everything. Just before performance time our hero sat in his dressing-room, drinking a highball. Elaine walked in without knocking and cried: "John, don't drink that highball!"

"Why not?" Barrymore said coldly.

"Because it will kill you!" Elaine answered.

Barrymore replied by draining the glass, then refilling it. Calmly he raised it to his lips, and calmly Elaine walked over and struck it out of his hands. He ordered her out furiously. As she left, a wicked gleam came into his eyes.

There is a well-known scene in "My Dear Children" in which John upends and spansks one of his three daughters. (He never remembers by which of his three wives he had them.) Elaine played one of the daughters. That night, when it came time to spank Elaine, John hit her so hard he split her panties. She, called on to bite him in retaliation, bit him so hard the green sleeve of the doublet he was wearing for the scene was dripping blood when he went offstage. That there was no further bloodshed was remarkable.

Instead, John played the rest of the evening and week ignoring Elaine who in turn froze him. They went to separate hotels, not a word passed between them, except on the stage and you could defrost them only with a blowtorch. The spanking scene was delivered with much restraint and not even the few under-the-breath words of hatred with which John had occasionally let off steam towards Elaine in the past, were heard. The only difference was, Elaine got her notice.

As she left for New York, her parting shot was a note from a local lawyer reminding the producers that Elaine had a run-of-the-play contract calling for \$500 a week. John, who was getting a ten per cent cut of the gross, replied "Nuts!" or words to that effect. Later when Equity clamped down in Elaine's favor, either through remorse or relief, Barrymore announced dramatically: "I'll pay half!" The producers, pleased with Elaine's exit, willingly agreed to pay the other half.

From that night on, a strange thing happened. The play, about to lay an egg, became a tremendous success. And John, left alone, fell off. For, on moving into Chicago, word had got around by feminine news express that the Great Lover once again was free, hanging there lusciously on a vine, a slightly fermented grape vine perhaps, but free again for the plucking. With a tremendous sigh of relief, Chicago womanhood threw off its restraint and attended en masse. "I'm seeing John Barrymore's, show tonight," one matron summed it up, "and I do hope he's drunk!"

Free of Elaine, John sought the comforts of the bottle, and at the theatre everyone (Continued on page 77)



By Ted Shane

**HANDLE
WITH CARE**

**IT'S JOAN FONTAINE WHO
HAS THE UPPER HAND
NOW AND SHE DEMANDS
THE BEST IN TREATMENT!**

By

Kirtley Baskette

Though Joan was a British citizen until two years ago, she's never set foot on English soil—except technically, at the Tokyo Embassy.

NOT LONG ago a pretty, sensitive-faced girl walked into a Hollywood preview with a serene smile and high hopes. She was wearing a brand new evening gown. There were orchids at her throat and a handsome young man at her side. She had come to see herself in the picture which, her studio had assured her, was to be her big chance at last.

When she walked out, the smile and the orchids were both wilted, the hopes were shattered and the young man was trying awkwardly to be comforting. Even her friends felt so embarrassed they turned their faces as she passed. What had happened in "Gunga Din" had happened before—time and again. Her part had been pared to practically nothing. But this time was the last time.

Joan Fontaine knew that night she was through sticking her pointed, determined little chin out for Hollywood movie-makers to bat around. "I am tired of being told I'm unpretty and unwanted," she thought bitterly. "I'm sick of being too young, too English, too easily slighted, too readily hurt. No one will ever take me seriously. I'll always be Olivia de Havilland's little sister!"

Quite suddenly the screen career she had sought so fiercely through four years and fourteen pictures became unimportant. "I don't understand this business anyway," reasoned Joan Fontaine. "I don't like it. I'm through with it." And she meant it.

All of which makes it the more surprising that today Joan Fontaine is acclaimed one of the two genuine stars "discovered" by Hollywood in recent years. The other is Vivien Leigh. Joan's picture, "Rebecca," is chasing the astounding attendance records of "Gone With the Wind," around the nation. The White House has commanded it for a third showing. Critics hail Joan as a remarkable dramatic "find", and everyone pictures a thrilled Miss Fontaine, with a seven-year contract with Dave Selznick,

basking in a state of delirious career rapture at long last.

That's not exactly true. She's pleased, of course, but she's not too impressed. In fact, Joan Fontaine has yet to see herself in "Rebecca." She has never seen "The Women" either. She has never viewed herself in any picture since she walked out, sick and disheartened, from the preview of "Gunga Din." Something happened then, as I said, and something else a little later—something called love. Together they have switched Joan Fontaine's ambitions around just when reluctant fortune beamed her broadest smile.

Some day, when Hollywood scenario writers run completely dry of ideas, I suggest they pry into the personal saga of Joan Fontaine. It has about everything a story should have—heart throbs and heartbreaks, the struggle of a strong will in a frail body, triumphs, disappointments. It has the drama of a rival sister act. It has recurring, incurable romance. It has a sprinkling of Cinderella. It even has that Hollywood specialty, the happy ending.

Joan Fontaine's happy ending is not, however, her "Rebecca" success. It's her home and her husband, "Mr. A.," as Joan calls Brian Aherne. Joan Fontaine can take movie success or leave it at this point. She may do either, by the way. What really counts in her life is the modest, but pretty, home in Beverly Hills where I saw her the other day, shared an excellent lunch in her garden and talked over the epic struggle of Fontaine versus Hollywood which she now recalls with a decided twinkle in her grey eyes.

Incidentally, the general impression of Joan Fontaine around Hollywood, I regret to say, for too long has been that she is a driving, ambitious, career-obsessed young lady with about as much sense of humor as a time clock. That's not only too bad, it's utterly untrue. I can personally swear that "Mrs. A." is gracious, vivacious, voluble and extremely swell company. She (Continued on page 70)

The 15-year age difference isn't an impediment to marital happiness for the Brian Ahernes, who will be first anniversary-ing it on August 20th.



Ladies' Man

WHEN OLD maids look under their beds at night, they hope to find Charles Boyer.

When statisticians pore over figures (feminine and financial), they learn that the number of women suing for divorce doubles after the release of each new picture starring Charles Boyer.

In brief, and though it'll make him wince to hear it, Charles Boyer, a perverse gentleman who hates hats, neckties and spats, is the "reel" reason ladies leave home.

He is a legend with a French accent. And, since the death of amorous D'Annunzio, the Italian famed for his affair with Actress Duse, Charles Boyer is now the only authentic, two-legged, full-fledged "Ladies' Man" in captivity.

Such are the facts. Unfortunately, the facts do not make Monsieur Boyer very happy.

"Do I mind being labeled a Ladies' Man?" he will repeat slowly, seriously. "Truthfully, I don't like it. I don't consider it complimentary. After all, the term is used so much, and I've been around this business long enough to know that three or four new heart-throbs are born every year in the movies."

And having stated his mind in so frank a fashion, Monsieur Boyer, who is a nervous chain smoker, will puff clouds of smoke from a slender cigarette. From behind this protective smoke screen, he will attempt to point out that, not only does he dislike being called a Ladies' Man, but that—and his sincerity is such that you almost believe him—he is really not that kind of creature at all.

He will speak thus and so—and most emphatically:

"Actually, I have no romantic illusions about myself. I don't mind wearing a scrawny beard, or being bald, or having a club-foot—if my characterization calls for it. But, frankly, I am not pleased when my scripts consistently demand me to play a lover.

"Indeed, it would be most sad to be famous merely because women considered you attractive. I should never want to depend upon my appearance, which really isn't much, anyway. Moreover, I know that appearance changes, that you grow older, that you can't possibly last. Besides, I'm too realistic."

BOYER will then glance at the dressing-room mirror, stare at himself critically, and then wag his head disapprovingly.

"Yes, I am realistic," he will confess. "I know that if I happened to be a bond salesman or a drugstore clerk instead of an actor, and I strolled down Broadway today amid hordes of women, none would even bother to give me a second glance, except to say, 'God, look at that thing passing by.'"

"So, if women consider me romantic, it is merely because they fall under the spell of the characters I portray. I am identified mainly with romantic roles, so they get the impression that I am that kind of person in real life. Which, as you see, I am not."

However, all of this conceded persuasiveness on the part of Monsieur Boyer, does not alter the facts of the case. He has made passionate love, on the screen, to most every great or glamorous actress in

JUST ONE DREAMY GLANCE, ONE SOFTLY-SPOKEN WORD AND, IN SPITE OF HIMSELF,

By Irving Wallace

Filmdom. Hedy Lamarr, Jean Arthur, Bette Davis, Greta Garbo, Irene Dunne, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert—all have succumbed to his cinematic appeal.

Moreover, all of these women admit that Monsieur Boyer is ever so much the Ladies' Man. Hedy Lamarr says, "He is tender, so sensitive, so gallant." Bette Davis adds, "He is utterly charming." Irene Dunne confesses, "He has strength, vitality, a dark attraction."

We sat with Charles Boyer in his portable dressing-room, as he slumped in a wicker chair, resting from a strenuous five-hour tussle with Warner Brothers' "All This, and Heaven Too." We sat across from him, and passed the compliments of his leading ladies on to him.

He chuckled pleasantly. Then, suddenly serious, he wrinkled his brow. True, American women might consider him a Ladies' Man, because they were hypnotized by the fiction of his roles. But Hollywood actresses couldn't be fooled that way.

"Why, I can't understand it," he said. "I'm very intense and serious on the sets. I can't imagine how the actresses playing opposite me can consider me (*Continued on page 86*)

BOYER WINS ANOTHER HEART



WHAT HAPPENS TO MOVIE STARS' CLOTHES?



WHILE Hollywood women feud and fume over men, servants and pets, there is one point on which they all hang together. That point involves their unanimous belief that death itself is a happier fate than being seen twice in the same outfit. Exactly nine years ago, a bright, young stenographer named Patsy Brogan recognized this unique Movietown precept and, being of a practical and inquisitive mind, began to worry about what happened to a \$400 Schiaparelli after it had made a single night club appearance. A bit of investigation answered her question. The gorgeous creation hung in a closet between an Adrian gown and an Irene suit—and no one but the camphor balls ever looked at any of them!

The hideous extravagance of this practice hit Patsy Brogan right between the eyes—and then gave her a great idea. Why not, she wondered, ask the stars for their neglected clothes and sell them, at muchly-shrunk prices, to skimpily-paid girls like herself? Then, the stars would receive a return on their huge outlays, and she, as middleman, would profit also! Two months later, after frantic negotiations, "Patsy Brogan—Picture Stars' Garments" opened for business. Since that big day more than 1,200 movie personalities have become "clients" and, through the years, have always been the same. When Hedy Lamarr, for example, appears at the shop with an item she wishes sold, regardless of their importance, Patsy's arrangements have become "clients" and, through the years, gown, coat, wrap, bag, gloves, costume jewelry or shoes (all of which are to be found in the store) to Patsy, and agrees to tote the article home again if it isn't sold in six months. Also agreed upon in this session is the sales price of the item, usually 10% of the original cost, and Patsy's commission, usually half of that. All things considered, it's a very strange shop, but the strangest thing about it is the fact that, though it carries every kind of feminine apparel, there isn't a stitch of underwear in the place! "I can explain that," confides Patsy. "Most stars don't wear any!"

SOMETIMES THEY GO TO CHARITY AND POOR RELATIONS, BUT MORE



Many of Joan Crawford's gowns are sold at Patsy Brogan's, but some stars buy their clothes in this bizarre shop!

Ann Sothorn's daring dresses are easily recognizable on the racks. They're all a-way, way down in



OFTEN YOU CAN FIND THEM FOR SALE IN THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY DRESS SHOP IN THE WORLD



Madeleine Carroll dieted heavily after making "My Son, My Son" and had to sell the apparel of her heftier days.



Joan Bennett brings in 100 items every six weeks. The average star brings in 15 to 20 items every two months.



Paulette Goddard's cast-offs keep the sports department well-stocked, although most stars' clothes are very simple.

Dolores Del Rio's \$200 gowns are priced at \$20, but are wide-shouldered and -hipped and therefore hard to sell.





DON'T GET HIM WRONG!

By Ben Maddox

Very much at home on the range are the Mc-Creas, and why not? Both have dozens of pioneer ancestors.

RECENTLY Louella O. Parsons, veteran Hollywood observer, admitted in her daily newspaper column that she couldn't be more surprised. What astonished her most on that particular morning was her discovery that Joel McCrea is one of the richest actors in Hollywood.

Now, in these perilous times, no sensible star wants excessive publicity about the dough he may have managed to sock away as a gesture toward security. Least of all a man like Joel, who is no blasted plutocrat by any stretch of anyone's imagination. He has no delusions of grandeur, no feeling that he is set apart from the common crowd. He never thinks the other fellow, who may be broke, depressed, and near to defeat, is an inferior human being just because of his predicament.

Joel, himself, was even more amazed at reading this news. Before nightfall a stranger had insisted that the McCrea wealth finance a giant munitions factory; several newsboys had cracked, "Lend me a dollar"; two of the really rich men in Hollywood had kiddingly branded him an impostor; and his wife had floated in with three new John Frederics hats, "because I've just heard. . . !"

Besieged and bewildered, Joel finally found out how the story got started. Because he is conservative and has arrived at a position of independence, because he doesn't accept every picture offered him, folks began to gossip.

He has always turned down radio shows when he is making a film, asserting that he can't do justice to both, at once. This rare confession added fuel to the fire.

Investigation proves that he has never

bought a town house, a limousine or a yacht. He owns no race horses. He is never the life of the party at expensive cafés like Ciro's, nor has he ever entertained lavishly at home. He hasn't committed even a minor splurge.

He is one of the "easiest to meet" persons in Hollywood, because he is intensely interested in practically everyone regardless of age, sex, creed or temporary position in life. If a contest were ever held in the studios for the most popular actor, the one face that wouldn't be red would be McCrea's. Literally, hundreds of people in Hollywood, from big shots to would-be's, will boast of his friendship at the slightest opportunity. Yet, actually, there are a great many facets to Joel's personality that have been constantly overlooked. He loves to talk, but he is so consistently sympathetic that he is usually talking vividly about the break a mutual friend deserves. You learn that Joel is his attractive, competent, thoroughly masculine screen self, plus a lot more, if you dare to ask him a flock of personal questions, point-blank. We did, in the name of the public, on one of his busiest afternoons.

He was being guided through an explosive scene with Laraine Day in "Foreign Correspondent" by short, portly Alfred Hitchcock, who is much in demand since directing "Rebecca." They repeated it four times, an hour's stint, before he returned to his set dressing-room.

Immediately you are struck by Joel's size. Extremely broad-shouldered, he is six-feet-three and wears a thirty-eight-and-a-half sleeve, which gives you an idea. You (Continued on page 84)

JOEL MCCREA'S GOTTEN A LOT

FROM LIFE, BUT NOT AT THE

OTHER FELLOW'S EXPENSE



"If a contest were ever held in the studios for the most popular actor, the one face that wouldn't be red would be Joel McCrea's."

HER THREE SINGING IDOLS ARE LAWRENCE TIBBETT,
WHOM SHE HAS NEVER MET,
JOHN CHARLES THOMAS AND HELEN JEPSON.

SHE NEVER WEARS ROUGE
OR LIPSTICK
OR POWDER.

CURRENTLY, HER TWO
FAVORITE SONGS ARE
"SAY IT"
AND "SHAKE DOWN THE STARS."

OFF SCREEN, DEANNA REFUSES TO PAINT HER NAILS.
THE ONLY THING SHE DOES TO HER NAILS
IS BITE THEM WHEN NERVOUS.

DEANNA DURBIN ISN'T PLUMP,
AS MANY FANS BELIEVE.
HER BUST IS 33½ INCHES,
AND HER WAIST ONLY 25 INCHES—BOTH AVERAGE.

SHE ALWAYS ADDRESSES PEOPLE
BY THEIR GIVEN NAMES.
SHE REFUSES TO CALL ANYONE "DEAR"
OR "HONEY" OR "DARLING."



SHE DRIVES A GREY-COLORED,
LOW-SLUNG LA SALLE COUPÉ.
THE DASHBOARD GAUGE SHOWS
SHE HAS DRIVEN EXACTLY 3,698 MILES TO DATE.

SHE WOULD RATHER LISTEN TO DICK JURGENS
PLAY HIS SWING ARRANGEMENT OF "CECILIA"
THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON THE AIR.

Strictly Personal



Her present contract expires in 1943. By that time she will have earned a salary of \$1,600,000—an amount so stupendous that it would take the United States Mint ten days and nights of labor to turn it out in separate dollars.



She saw "Naughty Marietta" seven different times! And she read "Gone With the Wind" twice—from cover to cover—"because it was so sad."



She's wild about new shoes, especially anything cute or tricky. She prefers sandals, pays from \$12 to \$22 a pair, and wears size 6, which isn't bad. After all, Greta Garbo requires size 7 AA, and Deanna's girl friend, Helen Parrish, sports a 7½ A.



Before a scene, when the wooden slate with the scene number on it is held up in front of the camera, Deanna will always lean forward and knock wood for good luck. Otherwise, she has no superstitions. "I haven't been in show business long enough to acquire any," she admits.



Her mother still calls her Edna Mae, which was her monicker before publicity people tagged her with Deanna. Her married sister calls her Eggnog, and studio folks call her Dee.



Deanna's favorite dish is spaghetti. Her second favorite dish is another helping of spaghetti. However, she can't stand mushrooms; the sight of cauliflower makes her ill; and chewing vegetables, she says, nauseates her.



Deanna has never kept Vaughn Paul waiting on a date. Nine out of ten times she is absolutely punctual. Neither dressing nor excessive primping ever delay her. "When he's downstairs, I whip through my make-up like mad," she explains.



She wears a jeweled wrist watch which Vaughn Paul, whose father is general manager of Edward Small productions, gave her last Christmas.



Charles Previn, pudgy studio musical director, used to puff cigarettes while Deanna Durbin sang for him. He knew the smoke wasn't good for her, but wished to teach her to warble under any conditions, and to grow up without prima donna fussiness.



By George Benjamin

Our Cover Girl's the prep schoolers' dream girl, and even their mothers and sisters approve! What's she got, anyway? Any number of "sterling qualities," but it's those "little things" like her salary that really set her apart.

EXCLUSIVE! A "TRUTH SESSION" WITH DEANNA, DIVULGING DOZENS OF FASCINATING QUEERIOSITIES!



At home, she keeps a diary, a drawer full of licorice sticks, a wig-stand upon which to practice coiffures, and three midget turtles named Penny, Joan and Kay.



When she is worried about her personal problems, or aggravated, or angry—which is extremely rare—her speaking voice, as caught by the microphone, becomes a mumble.



Once a week she reads her most interesting fan mail. She answers the best letters, but does not correspond with fans regularly. She now replies to notes from French soldiers in the trenches, and has authorized the studio to send 500 of her records to the American Red Cross in Europe.



A couple of years ago she gave Joe Pasternak's secretary an autographed portrait of herself. It was autographed with her first poem: "To Eleanor—Our friendship still lasts, though two years have slipped by; I hope it continues, at least till we die—Lovingly, Deanna."



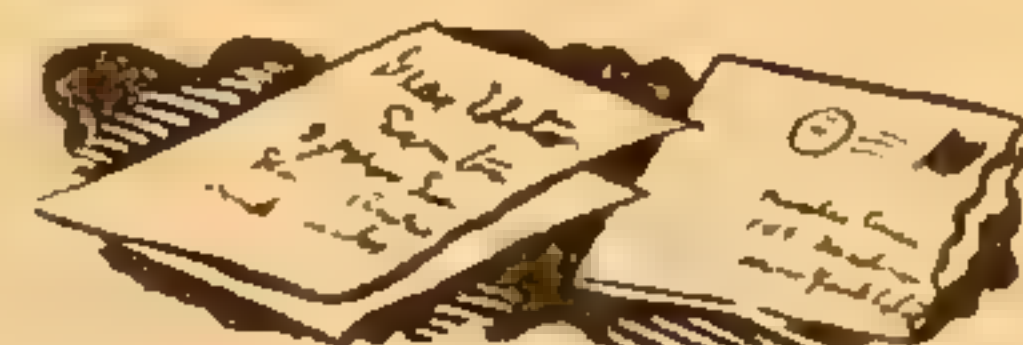
Mrs. Kellephene Morrison, her tutor, admits that Deanna doesn't take to mathematics at all. However, she can't get enough of French and history! Mrs. Morrison says that her beautiful 17-year-old pupil is a better than average student, although she hasn't much time for studying. After completing her high school courses this summer, she'll take up operatic Italian and German, and take a strum at the harp. But the payoff is this: The California state law demands that Deanna continue studying—of all things—music appreciation! A snap for her!



She can't stand people who are too meticulous, people who, for example, after using a towel, fold it neatly and hang it up. She always stuffs her towel back into the rack.



She never has trouble falling asleep. She wears a plain nightgown to bed, sleeps very soundly for eight hours—and has dreams about twice a month.



A White Russian named Alexis Holmonsky, who resides in Shanghai, China, writes her a ten-page fan letter every month. He believes Deanna is the reincarnation of a Saint. He thinks it is her mission to bring peace and light to a world filled with darkness, and feels she should be kept pure—and not be embraced or kissed on the screen. (Continued on page 88)

JACKIE OF ALL TRADES

**AND DEFINITELY THE MASTER
OF THE WOMAN SITUATION, TOO!**

By James R. Scheer

SHE'S a sweet kid, isn't she?" Jackie Cooper's grey-blue eyes followed the shapely form of the young girl exiting from the sound stage at Paramount Studios. The "she" to whom he referred was Leila Ernst, his leading lady in "The Aldrich Family in Life With Henry," blonde honey and a deb from Boston.

"Now don't get the idea that I'm in love with her! Sure, I like her! What guy wouldn't? But, honest, I've never really been out on my feet—in love, I mean."

When Jackie says something is true, you needn't bother putting a stack of Bibles under his left hand, and asking him to raise his right, for those grey-blue eyes spell honesty.

And the Hollywood girls who go out with him know there's not an ounce of conceit in him. Jackie is the same fellow



Jackie has gone conservative in all but sports coats. They're his one weakness.



Leila Ernst, Jackie's favorite leading lady, has rejoined "Too Many Girls" on tour.

whether he's wearing loose fitting polo shirts and cool gabardine slacks, or his tux. Once a month he likes to dress—to get all formed up. But, invariably, the stiff collar wears red streaks in his neck, and he's glad to closet the regalia when the evening is over.

On date nights he always shaves. Which proves that he has a great deal of imagination, since his beard is very much like the little man who wasn't there.

His address book includes the names and phone numbers of Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, Leila Ernst, Jimmy Rogers and, recently penciled out, that of Diana Lewis, now Mrs. William Powell. On going-out nights, his wallet usually contains \$10.

"None of the girls I take out are gold diggers, so \$10 is a pretty safe sum. Actu-

ally, there aren't many places to go. We either go bowling or dancing at Ciro's, the Beverly Wilshire or the Victor Hugo. I never like to take a girl to a dive. And this will probably surprise you, but I usually have a dollar or two left when I come home. What's more, my date and I have never had to wash dishes to pay the check."

Most of the economy comes from the fact that neither Jackie nor his dates drink liquor—partly because of lack of desire and partly because of city ordinances.

At the risk of making Jackie sound like the pride of the W.C.T.U. and a simon pure piece of male virtue, it must be said that he's not a prude and doesn't drink because, as he says, "I don't like the stuff. If others want to drink, it is entirely up to them. I like beer, (*Continued on page 74*)



Jackie's never co-starred with Judy Garland but he thinks it would be fun.



Coop's band, "The Clambake Cats," hopes to swing an engagement in the East.



By
James Reid

Jean's is the reverse of the usual Hollywood story. The more successful she has become as an actress, the more self-conscious she's grown as a person.

THE STRANGE CASE OF JEAN ARTHUR

IT TAKES A "PEEPING TOM" OR A CLAIRVOYANT TO GET THE LOWDOWN ON JEAN

ONCE UPON a time—around the year 1925—several promoters banded together to start a club at Encino, the San Fernando Valley spot. Ten miles from town, it was unknown territory to Hollywoodites and the promoters faced the problem of getting the moneyed movie crowd interested in a place "so far out in the country."

They decided to make a two-reel movie of the club's attractions and exhibit it in a sales office in town. They didn't want to spend much money, so scouted around till they found two unemployed, but ambitious, young men willing to do the job for \$200. For this sum the two men agreed not only to make the picture, but to furnish the camera, the film and the girl to portray the happy club member.

The boys managed to borrow a camera, rent free. They also managed to get some free film—never mind how. And one of them knew a girl so ambitious to have a screen career that she would work for nothing, on the gamble that she would be "discovered" in the movie.

The "happy club member" put in such a strenuous day enjoying, for the benefit of the camera, every sport the spot offered, that she couldn't eat the free dinner the club had agreed to provide. After the third course, she had to be taken home, exhausted.

That girl, so willing to work for nothing to become a part of Hollywood, was Jean Arthur. Yet today, well-established, she has a reputation for being that town's most "difficult" star.

Three years ago, she went on a one-woman strike against the studio that had made her name important. Perhaps she was justified, perhaps not. Anyway, after a year, the studio wanted her back—at her terms. The way was wide open for harmony at last between star and studio. She came back, but still with a large chip on her shoulder. She said in effect, "I don't want to be bothered by your publicity department."

People assigned to interview her made the discovery that they had to work through the publicity chief of a rival studio at which her husband, Frank Ross, Jr., was then an associate producer. They made the further discovery that they were expected to interview Frank, ask him what they wanted to ask Jean and quote his answers as if the words were hers. They had to join in the conspiracy or go without stories. Jean Arthur "interviews" couldn't be had any other way.

The writers wanted to know why she had to have her husband talk for her. Why couldn't she talk for herself? They were told that interviews made her a nervous wreck. She went through agonies of self-consciousness, being asked to talk about herself.

Few of the press believed this explanation. What they believed was that Jean probably fancied she didn't need stories written about her and that Frank was trying to cover up her attitude. Certainly press agents thought she fancied she didn't need publicity, the way she resented items they cooked up to get her (*Continued on page 82*)

SHOULD HOLLYWOOD

John Payne



The Paynes haven't spent a split second repenting their hasty marriage! He proposed on one week's acquaintance; they were married after 3.

Allan Jones



Both the Joneses were married before to non-professionals and are sold on the idea of two film careers under the same roof.

Louis Hayward



A first for both is the Hayward-Lupino merger, and their advice to would-be happily marrieds is a long engagement. Theirs lasted about 3 years!

Dick Powell



Dick Powell is a good pal of Joan Blondell's ex-husband, George Barnes, and is now the legal father of Joan's and George's little son, Normie.

Yes!

"Shall women remain slaves?

Of course not. Women are the equal of men, and they deserve the right to succeed at career . . . "

Victoria Woodhull, 1872

LISTEN, LADY, if your husband or boy friend becomes too violent, just remind him that women were freed only fifty-seven years after the slaves.

This freedom business took a lot of effort. Susan Anthony was jailed for casting a ballot; Mrs. Amelia Bloomer was pelted with mud for wearing panties in public; Victoria Woodhull was cursed because she ran for President, and Emmeline Pankhurst went on a hunger strike to prove women were citizens.

In brief, lady, all this happened to free you. And today, if you're married and don't want to be a feminine frozen asset—well, feel at liberty to go out and get a job. And if you're not yet married, but intend to be, and feel you have career talents beyond massaging the laundry twice a week, get busy and further that career.

Listen to these film idols who, with wives exactly like you, are authorities on the subject. They'll convince you.

John Payne, grandnephew of the man who composed "Home, Sweet Home," does not believe it has to be home, sweet (Continued on page 65)

By James

WIVES WORK ???

No!

"In the career of a female there are few prizes to be obtained which can vie with the obscure state of beloved wife or happy mother . . ."

Jane Porter, 1840

BUT WAIT a minute, lady. Before you go running off to get a job, chisel out a career and sign your own checks, you'd better think it over carefully. Because, when all is said and done, maybe there's no place like home.

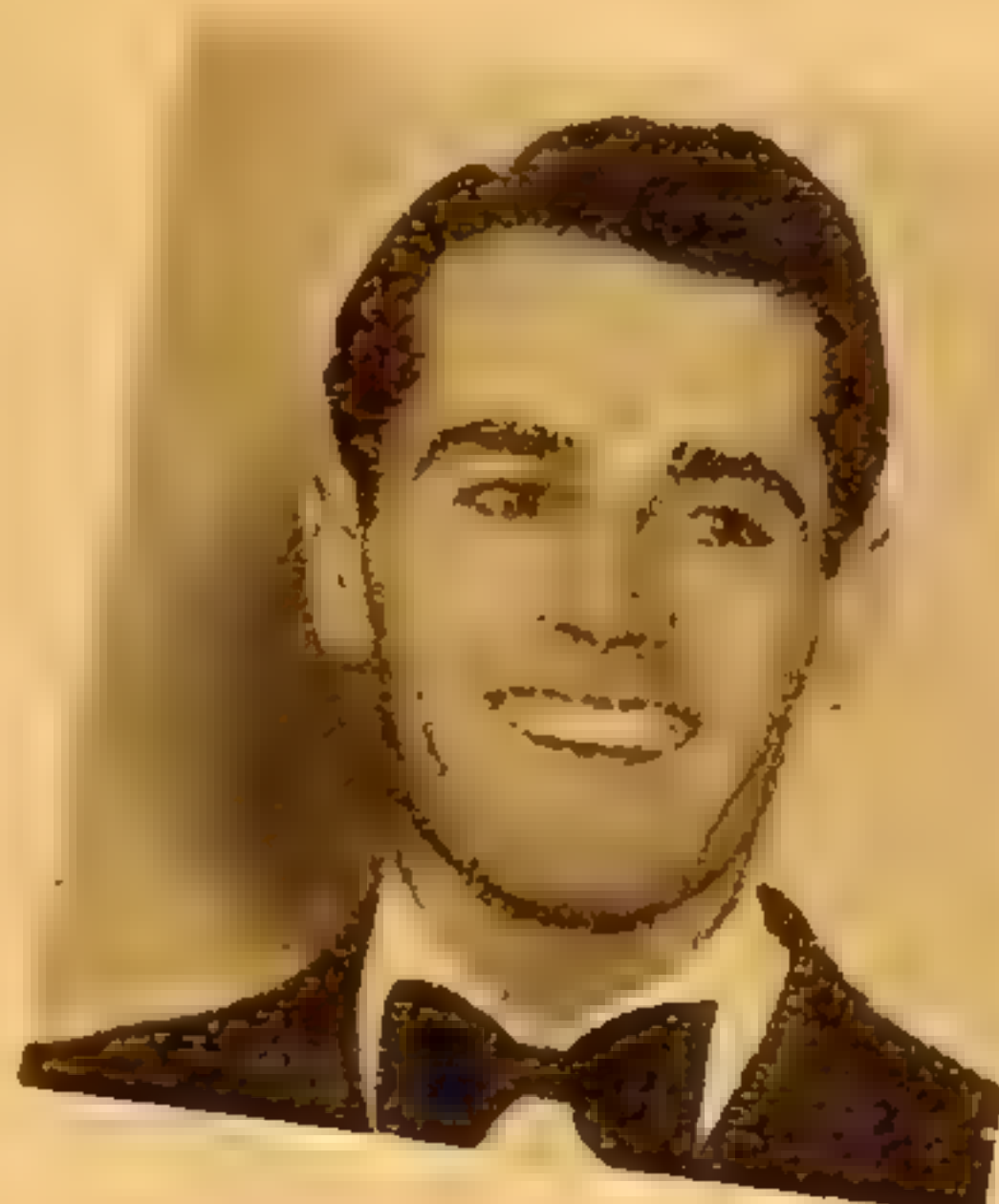
Sure you're free and independent. Sure you've got a right to live your own life. But maybe being a career woman isn't all it's cracked up to be. And maybe there's something to this soft stuff about a stove on payments and a trundle bed with someone in it.

Think it over. Maybe the twenty-four hour a day job of being a housewife and a mother won't ever get your name in bulbs—but it'll keep you from acquiring callouses while punching a time clock, or suffering a pretzel spine while hunched over a secretarial typewriter, or getting a mechanic's wrist while taking shorthand.

In fact, there are plenty of men, important men, who'll trade you ten career girls any day for one peaceful and efficient limper lily whose talents are wholly confined to burning toast, tending the baby and warding off collectors. (Continued on page 62)

Carson

Henry Fonda



Hank and Peg Sullivan didn't get on at all during their 2-year marriage; now, wed to new partners, they couldn't be friendlier!

James Cagney



An unseverable tie binds the Cagneys. In a dozen happy years of marriage, these two have fought their way up from nothing, together.

Gary Cooper



After being pursued for hectic years by Clara Bow and Lupe Velez, Gary fell in love with "Rocky" for her quietness.

Fred MacMurray



Fred MacMurray's been married for 4 years to gorgeous ex-show girl, Lillian Lamont, who was his first and only love.



Beauty

UNDER THE SUN

By Carol Carter

DO YOU take to sunshine like a duck to water or do you spend your summers dodging from one shadow to another, trying to escape the havoc that Old Sol wreaks upon your sensitive complexion? There really are two types of people, you know: those who should sun-tan and those who should not. So this month we're going to outline two campaigns of summer beauty strategy—one for each of you.

Time was, when Hollywood was new, that every girl who hit the camera coast had to expose herself indiscriminately to the mercies of the sun, and bake and broil before she could expect to be taken seriously by anybody in that fabulous film capital. Now, however, everybody from Hollywood Boulevard to Housatonic Falls and back again knows very well that some skins just have no business being sun-tanned at all.

How can you be sure about yours? Well, here's one pretty safe test. If the pigmentation (coloring, to you) of your skin is evenly and uniformly distributed, and if you belong to the brown or dark-haired persuasion, with medium to dark eyes, you will, almost invariably, have a skin of a depth and thickness that will hold its own with Old Man Sunshine. On the other hand, if your hair and eyes are light, or if you are a natural red-head, you will almost certainly be the possessor of a skin low in pigmentation—thin, light and sensitive to even slight exposure to the sun. You in this group may find it, not only unsafe, but impossible to tan and you're likely to do your skin irreparable injury if you try.

If you decide to go in for tanning, do, no matter what



**SWING INTO SUMMER CONFIDENT
THAT YOUR MAKE-UP IS ALWAYS
RIGHT. AND WHETHER YOU SUN-TAN
OR WHETHER YOU DON'T, HOLLYWOOD
HAS SOME HELPFUL TIPS FOR YOU**

your coloring, take it easy on the first few exposures. Otherwise, you achieve nothing but an ugly burn that will not only ruin your appearance, but also dry and harden your skin so that it won't absorb any of the sun's ultra-violet or other beneficial rays. You doubtless know that sun rays, acting upon the sterols in your skin, produce a natural vitamin D which, in turn, is absorbed and acts on the calcium in your foods. This is what builds sturdy teeth, bones and nerves. We all need sunshine—either direct or indirect—for health as well as beauty, and it behooves each one of us to get it in the way that will do the most good. When you first start to sun-tan, protect your skin with copious and frequent applications of one of those special creams, oils or sun-tan lotions that are now available everywhere. Use these both before and during exposure.

Five minutes on each side is plenty of direct sun for blonde beginners. Ten minutes on each side will be just about right for darker sun worshipers. Increase each side's exposure five minutes a day and, before you know it, you'll have a smooth, golden, even tan and, besides that, your nerves, digestion and general health will improve. Did you know that a tanned person can actually withstand more heat or cold than one who is not tanned? It's true.

You blonde beauties ought to know about sky shine, too. That is sunlight *reflected* from the sky. It penetrates your skin, even when you are in the shade—if you are outdoors. For you super-thin-skinned lassies, sky shine will provide all the tan you ought to have. Try it and see for yourselves. (Continued on page 80)



BRENDA JOYCE

A 20th Century-Fox Player

Photos by Jules Buck



Lipstick kisses were planted on the bride and groom when the ceremony ended.

Ann Rutherford wants a man! She battled for, and won, Anita's beautiful bridal bouquet.



Three years ago, at a cocktail party, a mutual friend introduced Buddy Adler to Anita Louise—and this is what happened! They're shown above with their attendants, among whom were Ida Lupino, Wendy Barrie and Greg Bautzer.

WHEN Anita Louise became the flustered but beautiful bride of blushing Buddy Adler, the movie colony heaved a sigh of relief that bounced from the wedding place to the sea. Not that the colony was especially perturbed about Anita's protracted spinsterhood. They knew she'd marry *some* day. But for three long years her romance had inched along, blocked by parental objection and Buddy's

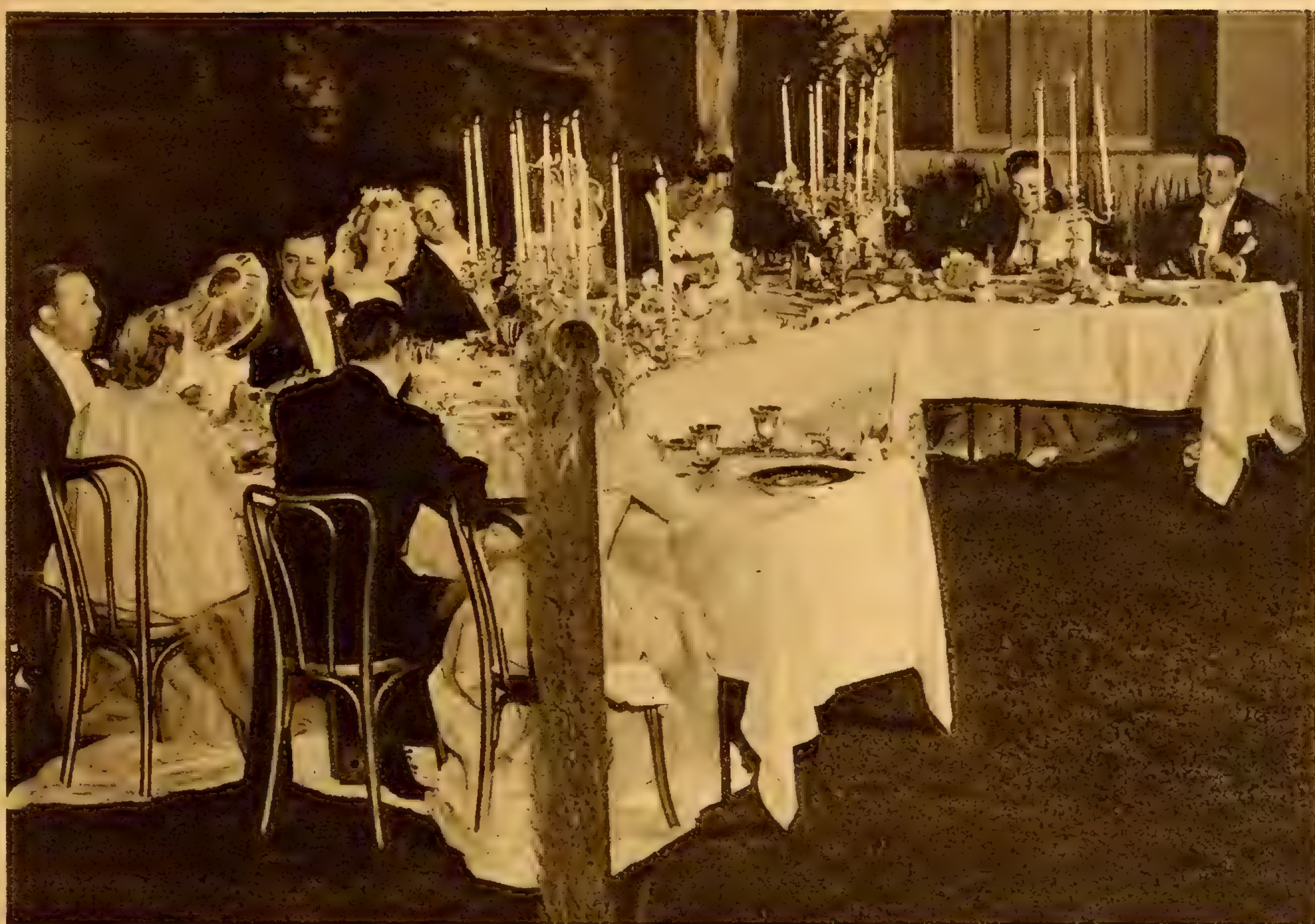
inability to support her in the Hollywood manner, and the town had been growing anxious.

On May 18th, at exactly 8 P.M., the long wait was ended. The 25-year-old actress and the 32-year-old script writer-theatre owner were finally and securely bound in holy matrimony. The wedding took place in the pretentious Los Angeles home of the Socialite Ray Dodge. There, before Judge Thurmond

and so they were married



An avalanche of rice followed Mr. and Mrs. Adler to their waiting Cadillac limousine.



The wedding supper was served in the brilliantly lit garden of the Ray Dodge estate. Drinks flowed freely and, according to the waitresses, Buddy and Anita Adler ate much more heartily than any bridal couple they'd ever seen!

Clarke and fifty invited guests, Anita appeared, clad in an ivory moiré and slipper satin period gown adapted from the one worn by Martha Scott in "Our Town." In her hand she carried a white Bible that closed about a spray of lilies of the valley, and beside a white satin kneeling bench she accepted the plain, gold band that made her Mrs. E. Maurice Adler. Immediately after the ceremony the entire

gathering spilled into the garden for refreshments which consisted primarily of stuffed squab and chicken for the wedding party and chicken à la king and scotch for everyone else. Not until the last man had eaten did the festivities halt and then, making a quick switch to street clothes, the happy couple faced a barrage of rice and dashed away for a four-day, destination-unannounced honeymoon.



I HAVE SEVEN WIVES !

**DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR?
NO—THE STRAIGHT FACTS
ON MRS. TYRONE POWER**

By Gladys Hall

IT ALL began by my saying idly to Tyrone, "Supposing you had twenty-seven wives, like Brigham Young. . . ."

There was a slight widening of those Power eyes, an imperceptible pause, a quick thrust of laughter, and Ty wowed me by saying, "But I have!"

"Maybe it's wishful thinking," I said soothingly, "or maybe it's the altitude."

We were sitting on a fallen ironwood log up in the wild and piney heights of Big Bear, where the "Brigham Young" company was on location. In the distance we could see tepees of the Indians, the covered wagons of the early Mormons, oxen, horses, cows, children scuffling in the dust and women preparing the evening meal over fires. In the foreground was the six-feet-three figure of Dean (Brigham Young) Jagger, completely surrounded by twelve of the wives he has in the picture.

"It's well for me, though, that I'm not Brigham Young," Ty went on. "I have claustrophobia and can't stand elevators, small rooms and crowds. If I had twelve wives, let alone twenty-seven, I'd smother!"

Catching my inquiring eye he continued, laughing. "When I said I had twenty-seven wives—well, I was exaggerating. I should have said that I have *seven* wives. But, happily for my claustrophobia, they are all neatly packaged and combined in the person of Annabella.

"Back in the days of Brigham Young, a man probably needed twenty-seven wives to get one good, well-rounded companion out of the lot of them. Now it's completely different. The girl of today is a composite of all the girls the imagination of a man can conjure up.

"For instance, when I was very young and dreaming about my ideal girl, I got myself into a lather because my tastes and preferences would change from month to month. One month I'd decide that



she should be a domestic girl, a housewife, a girl who would be the clinging vine to my sturdy oak. The next month that idea would bore me and I'd visualize a vital, forceful Dorothy Thompson type, a girl who would give me mental companionship. Then I'd decide I wanted to marry the athletic type, a young Amazon, a girl keen on sports and the out-of-doors. The business girl would get my next vote—someone who would be a partner to me, someone who would share my interests; understand my problems.

"I'd dream of the pioneer woman, who followed her man into the wilderness, meeting hardship and disaster, and taking whatever came on her sporting chin. I'd imagine how nice it would be to be married to the old-fashioned girl, the kind of girl who would faint at the sight of a mouse, be insulted if you offered her a cigarette and swoon if you offered her a drink. Next I'd go for the idea of the ultra-sophisticated girl, veddy smart, the good sport, shock-proof. In sequences as rapidly shifting as the pattern in kaleidoscope, I'd fancy myself married to a country girl, a city girl, a girl who would give me laughs, a wise girl, a play-girl. Well," said Ty, "today a fellow gets all of those in one girl." He added "I did."

I'LL PROVE it. Annabella, for instance, is the Home Girl, the domestic girl. She not only plans all our meals, knows food values and food combinations, does her own marketing thriftily and tastily, feeds her family as wholesomely and efficiently as any Mrs. Brigham ever did, but what is more, if she has to go into the kitchen and cook our food herself, she can and has.

"There was a night when guests, eight of them, were expected for dinner. The servants were taken ill. But at eight, our eight guests sat down to a dinner which would have given any chef the medal

for distinguished service. And from the shrimp cocktails to the marron glacé, Annabella did it all!

"Other times she goes into the kitchen just because she feels like it. The added attraction," Ty laughed, "is that she never looks kitcheny. I mean, those trick French and ruffy aprons she wears when she whips up a little something. And the dash of lipstick and the hair thingumdo! Annabella in the kitchen looks like a scene from a Lubitsch picture.

"As for being feminine—well, Annabella, like most girls of today, can shake a mean niblick, draw a pay-check as big as any man's or discuss the international situation, man to man. But, in the last analysis, I am the Lord and Master in our house. I dare to make this brash statement," laughed Tyrone, "knowing that Annabella will read it. I have enough faith in her femininity to know that she would be the last to deny it, or want to deny it. By being the Lord and Master I mean that, though nothing is ever said about our relative status, marriage being a partnership these days, money matters, decisions about trips, plans for the future, investments—all those things are my domain.

"I also married the forceful, vital type," said Tyrone. "Annabella has a heart as stout, a spirit as steel-strong as any woman of the pioneer days. She proved that when, at sixteen, after having been sheltered like a hothouse flower all her life, she ran away from home, went to Paris and lived through poverty, loneliness and discouragement until she got what she wanted, her chance in pictures.

"My hat is off to the girls of today," said Ty, doffing his broad-brimmed felt hat of the Mormon scout, "who go out and earn their livings, keeping their chins up, keeping themselves well-groomed and alert, physically and mentally. No, I don't admire the women of the 'good, old (Continued on page 67)

WITH A FLIP OF HER WRIST

THE MAGNIFICENT MARLENE

BRINGS MEN A-RUNNING



WHEN DIETRICH BECKONS

MARLENE has the situation well in hand. With allure perched on every eyelash and enticement written into every curve of her beautiful face and body, she is probably the only woman in town qualified to laugh at the touchy subject of escort-scarcity in Hollywood. Her problem is never one of nabbing a companion, but rather of finding time to see all the men who want to see her.

Just what *has* she got that brings them running? She is the adoring mother of a 15-year-old daughter. She is a rabid stamp collector. She is a devout Clark Gable fan, and she is on friendly terms with her husband. Certainly none of these points can be the basis of her appeal. What is it then that wins her four escorts an evening while others sigh for one?

Some observers say, vaguely, that she has a knowledge of every feminine wile employed

since the days of Mother Eve. We think it's something more tangible. We think it's her amazing intelligence, her scissor-sharp wit, her exquisite grooming and her native genius for making the man she is with seem important to himself.

Last year, a group of college boys elected her the world's "most escortable" woman, elaborating on the obvious advantages of having her beauty and charm dangling from their willing arms for an evening of gadding about. Though their judgment is not to be sniffed at, they, too, missed the real Dietrich. They ignored the fact that she is a superb cook, that she has a wicked sense of humor, that she thoughtfully sends flowers to her friends whenever *she* leaves town and that she is an easy touch.

And if you think such characteristics aren't worth having, just look at a list of her escorts.





Erich Maria Remarque, forty-three years old, shy, elusive, fascinating, is best known for his authorship of "All Quiet on the Western Front." A native of Germany, he was driven almost to madness by the horrors of the first World War and sought respite from torment by joining a gypsy troupe, by becoming a country schoolmaster and, finally, by obtaining a job as an organist in an insane asylum. Following the appearance of "All Quiet" in 1929, he divorced the woman he had married after the Armistice, gave her his home and became a recluse in Switzerland. Today, no longer the embittered man of the past, he finds happiness in the Hollywood hills and in the company of the ravishing Marlene.



Suave, witty and not-too-wealthy Tim Durant arrived at the West Coast a little more than a year ago and immediately settled himself on the top of Hollywood's social crust. Just turned forty, and an Eastern socialite, Durant is the former husband of Barbara Hutton's cousin, lovely Adelaide Devart. The two were divorced in 1932 when their daughter was only a few months old. By occupation a gallant and a sportsman, Tim Durant divides his waking hours between racing his handsome string of horses and acting as charming three times-a-week escort to Dietrich.



Marlene is famous for her brilliance in maintaining amity among her numerous companions, even when she has several in a single evening. Newcomer to the ranks of "extra" men is Spencer Tracy. A close friend of Tim Durant, forty-year-old Spence joins him and Dietrich on those occasions when Mrs. Louise Tracy is busy or out of town. Never present in Marlene's retinue is her husky, blonde husband, Rudolf Sieber, who is employed by the same studio as his gorgeous wife—but in an office 3,000 miles away!



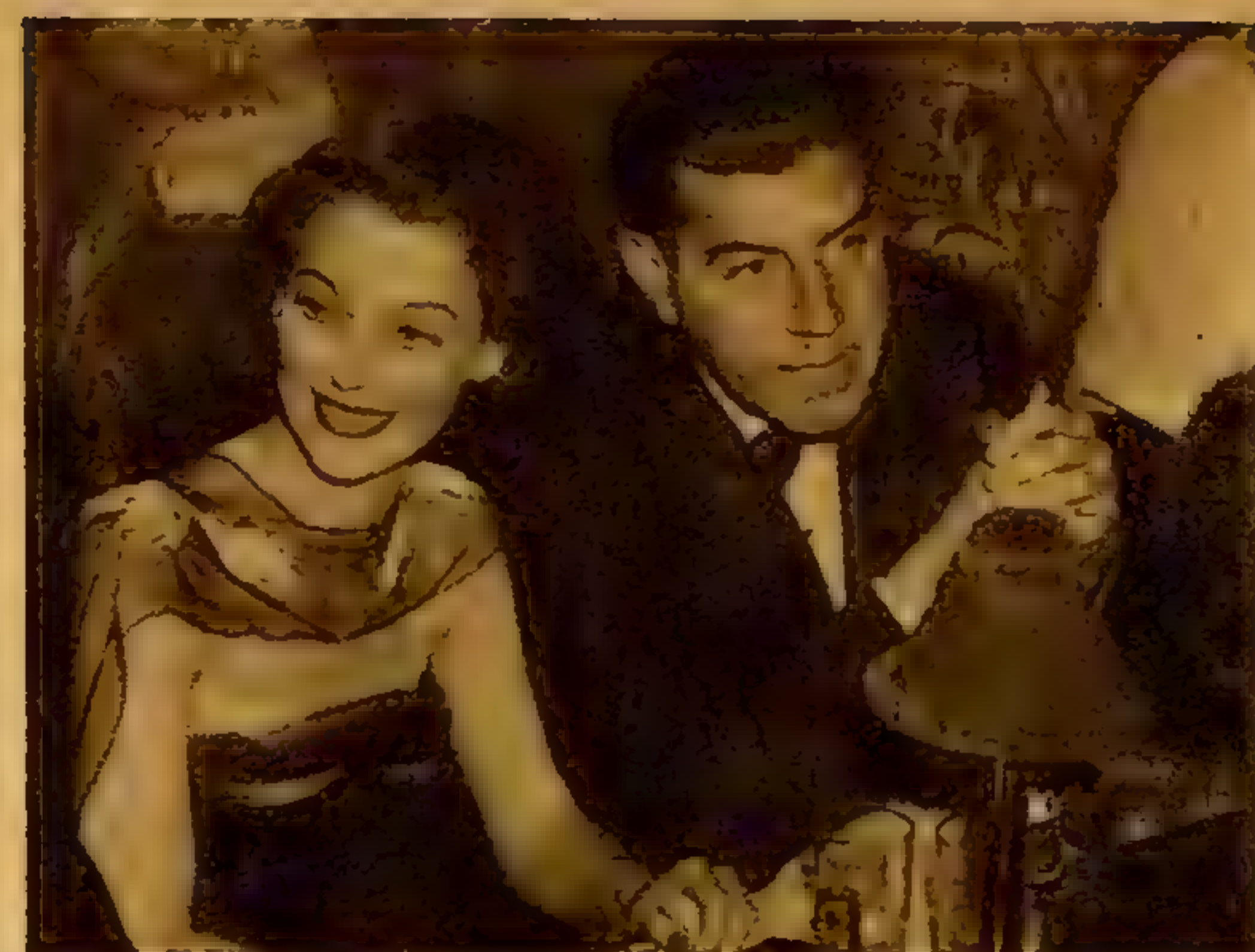
Josef von Sternberg, a small, heavy-set man with a sharp face and Mephistophelean mustache, was born forty-six years ago in Vienna. Originally a film cutter, he saved his money and then gambled his last cent on the production of a free-lance picture which turned out so sensationally well, it made him famous. He topped that fame by discovering Dietrich, and in his years as her manager was her tender friend (to the vehement objection of his wife), and a ruthless taskmaster when her work was involved. At present, his glory dimmed, von Sternberg lives quietly in a smallish Hollywood house, not far from Marlene's own. Despite the proximity of their homes, they are not neighborly and now meet less and less frequently.

At thirty-two, Jimmy Stewart is four years Marlene's junior and one of the youngest men who has ever paid her court. Jimmy and Marlene had never met before they appeared on the set of "Destry Rides Again," but while the introductions were still being performed, Marlene's eyes sparked interest. Jimmy, enormously flattered but greatly surprised and instinctively wary, held back at first. Then, according to some, he became more than mildly infatuated with the Dietrich glamour. Though their romance has blown cold and they greet each other only politely, it has been noted that the Stewart orbs still light up at the mention of Marlene's name—much to the glee of the gossip columnists who find his behavior spicy food for fat paragraphs of speculation.

TABLE-TRAVELING NIGHT
 OWL, JULES BUCK, SNAGS
 SOME NEW SHOTS OF THE
 LATE-TO-BED BRIGADE



Lovebirds George Raft and Norma Shearer, who're thinking of doing a play together, razz Gary Cooper for using a cigarette holder.



Loretta Young out-Fraziers Brenda in a strapless black chiffon. How Tom Lewis, advertising executive, can talk shop, we don't understand!



Portrait of a starving man and his wife. The Humph Bogarts are exhausted from arguing over whose idea it was to dine out, anyway.



Anna Neagle helps her Svengali, Herbert Wilcox, celebrate his birthday at a fabulous \$3000 party which RKO gave at Ciro's t'other night.



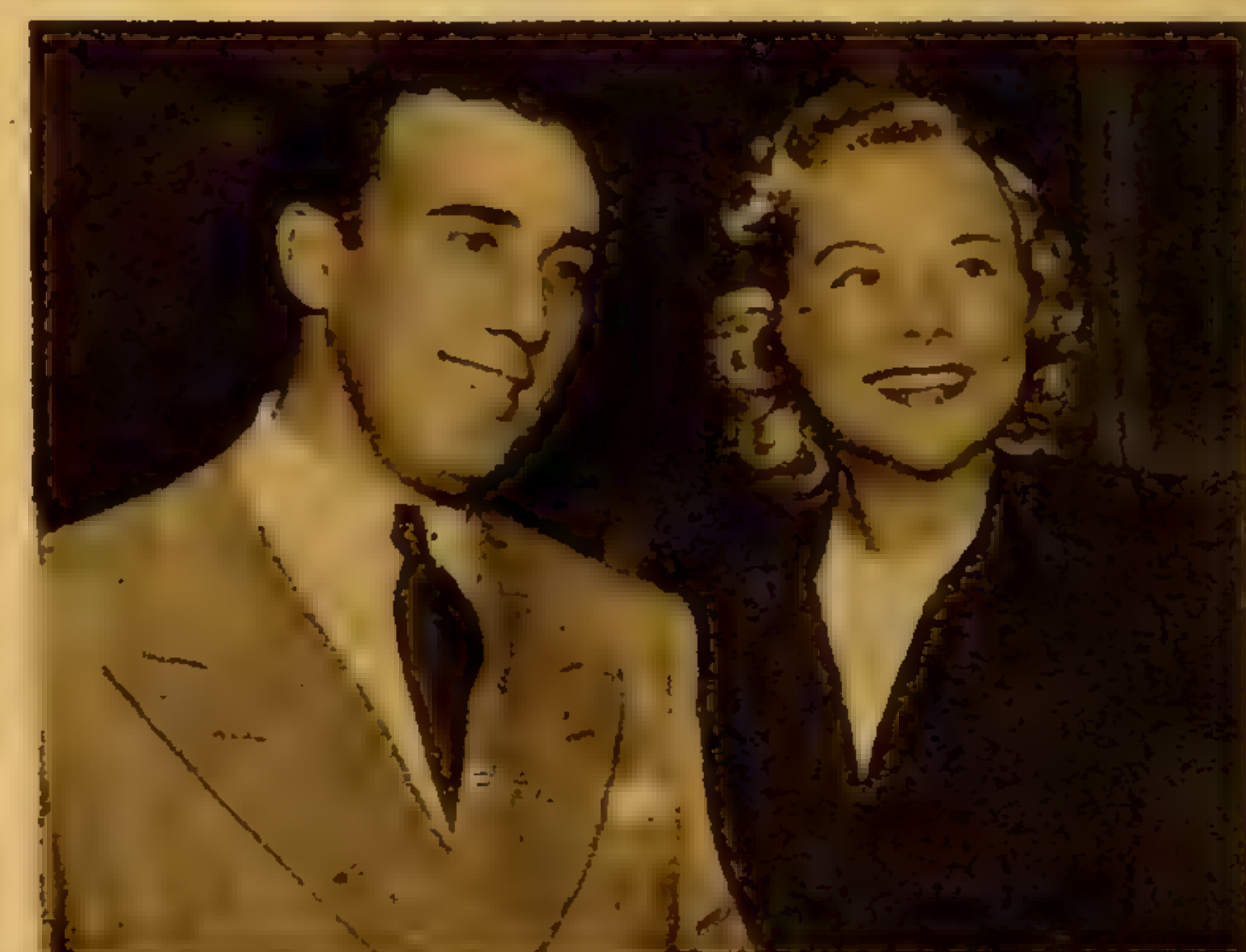
When Virginia Bruce teased Hubby J. Walter Ruben about looking so "sour-pussy" in public, she didn't bargain for this sort of reaction!



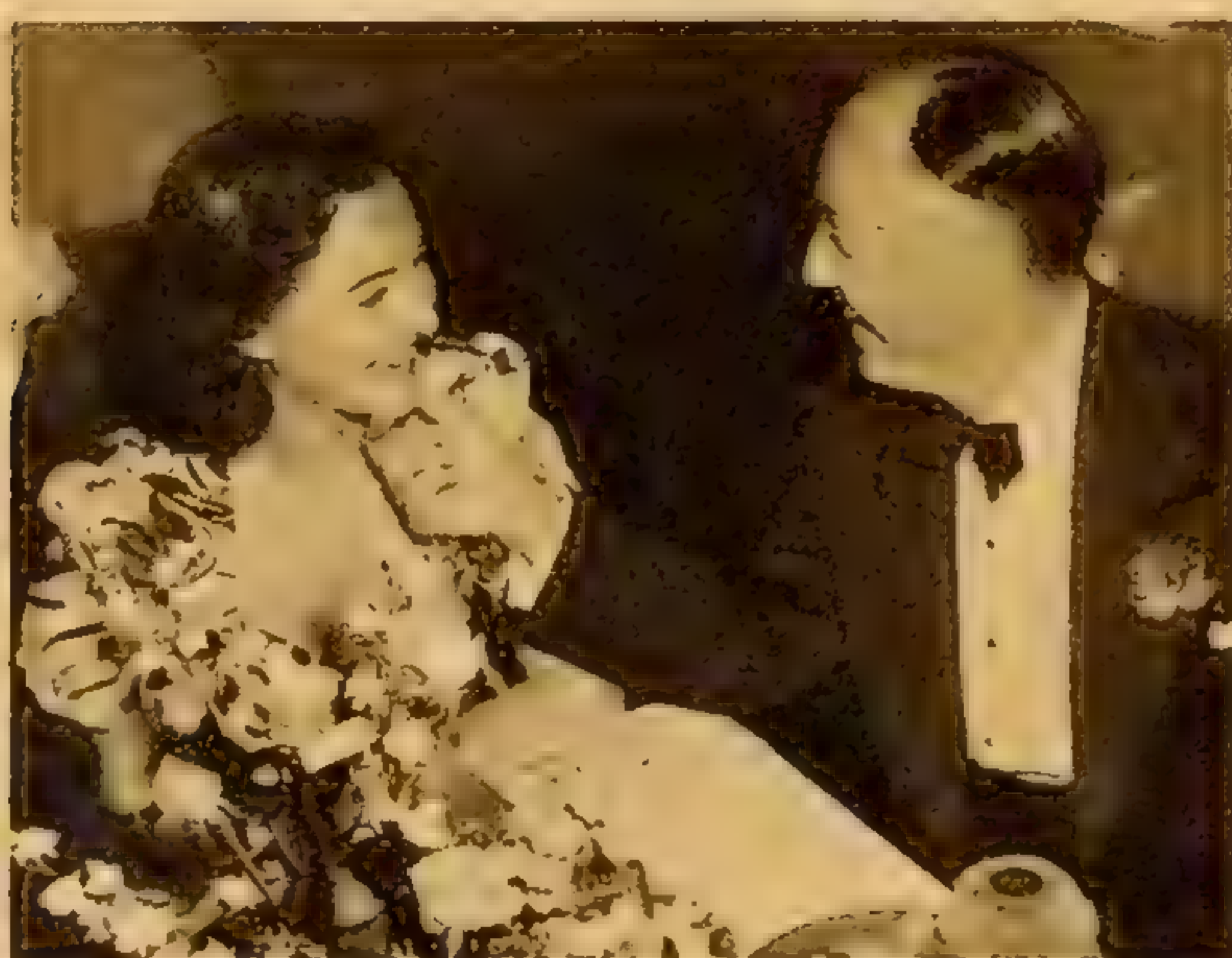
Irene Dunne is still being scolded for those hunches she played at the Derby. Well, lucky in love, unlucky at pony-playing, Dr. Griffin!



Charlie McCarthy has to be nailed into bed the nights Eddie Bergen dates June Duprez, the lovely English actress. He's that jealous!



As love-lit a pair of "just friends" as we've seen—Dan Topping and Sonja Henie. They go everywhere together—from Honolulu to Ciro's.



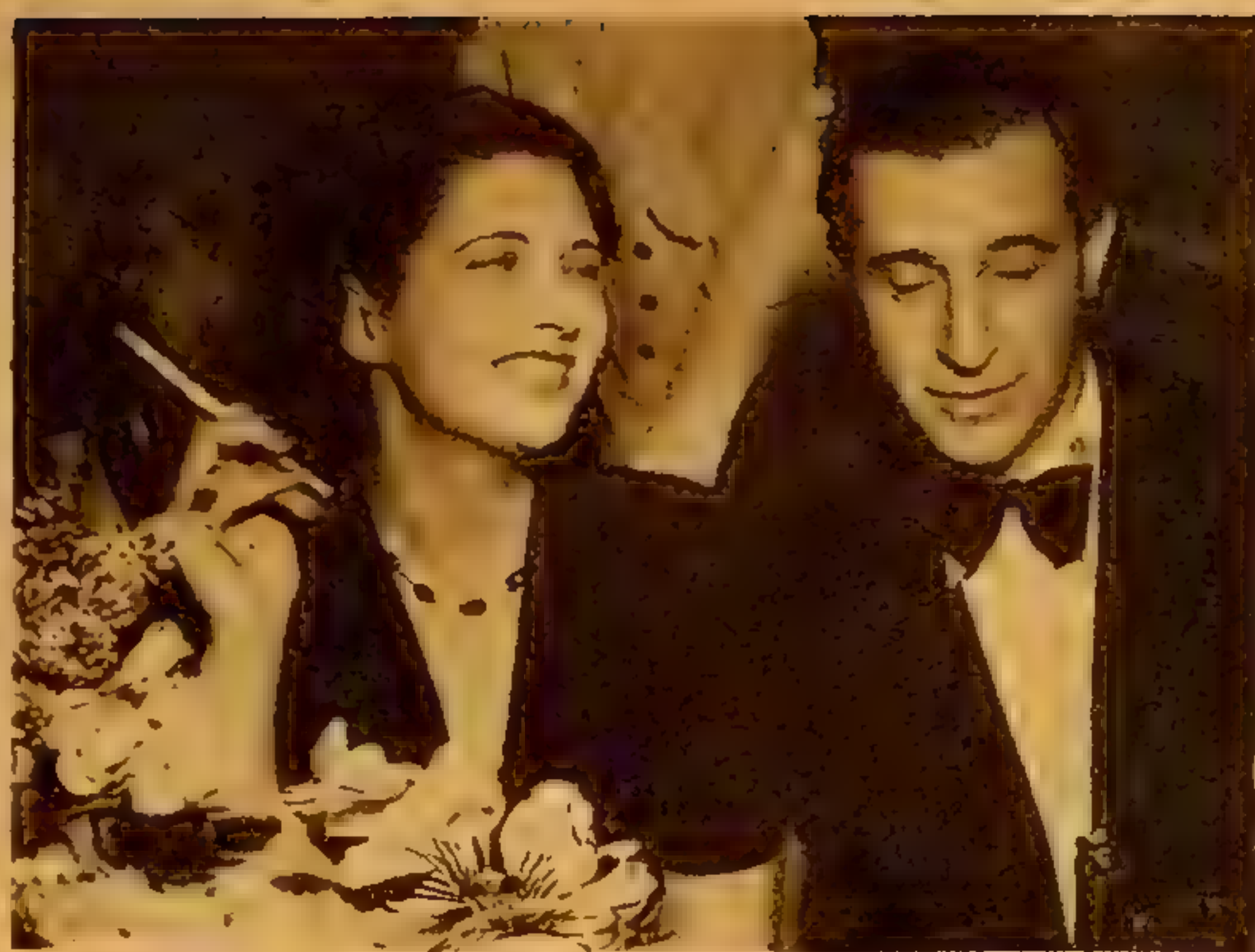
Pat Paterson, who's succumbed to the dark-hair trend, gets chucked under the chin by Jack Warner, Husband Charles Boyer's ex-boss.



This Nick Grinde-Marie Wilson thing goes on and on, but it's not fazing their appetites—the strawberry sun-dae's are the last of seven courses.



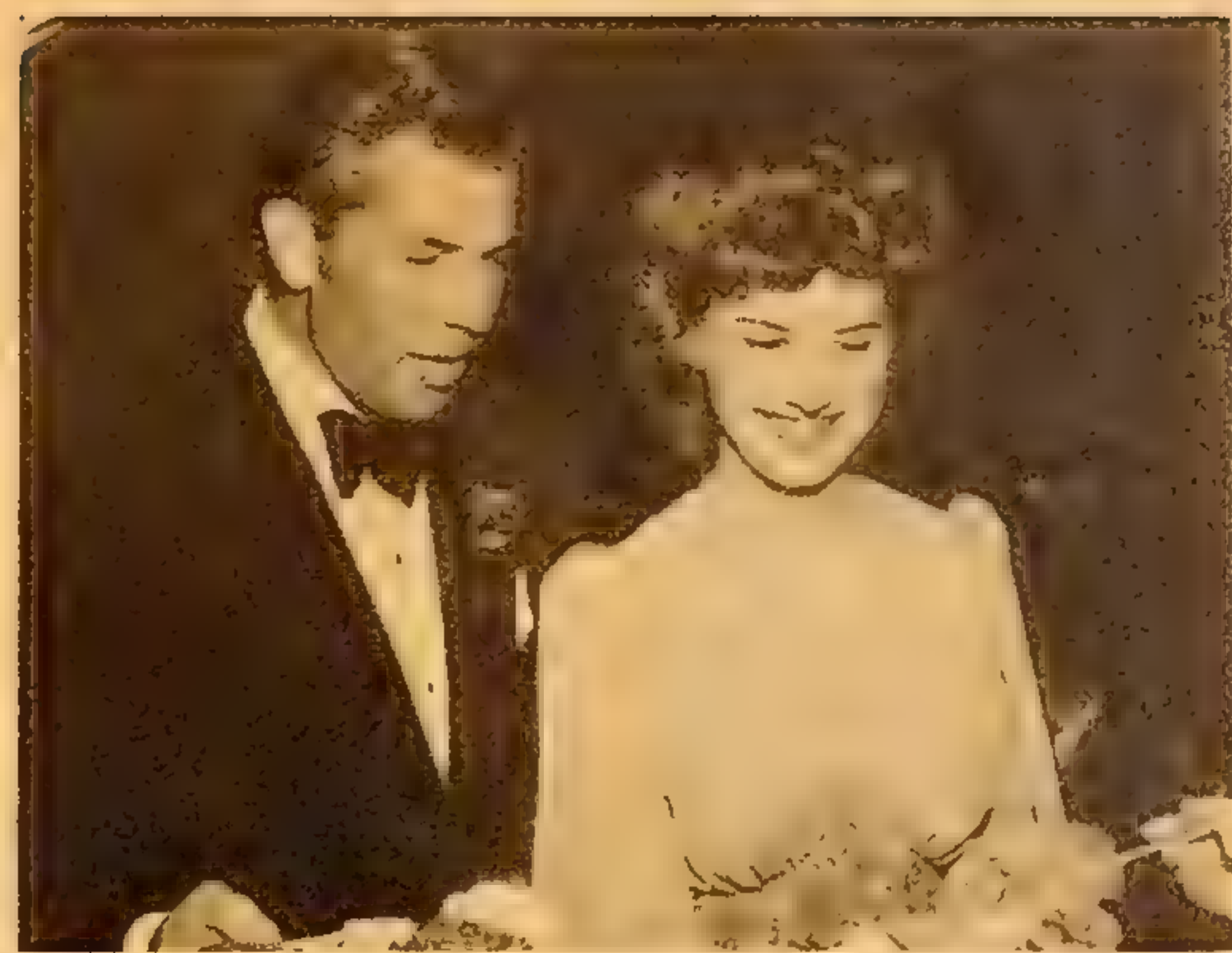
Myrna Loy, decked in a peppermint-striped silk crêpe gown of red, white and blue, trips the light La Conga with Writer Jean Negulescu.



They're dubbing Kay Francis' producer-escort the "French Orson Welles." Has a million films up his sleeve, but none ever materialize.



The biggest menace around is Ann Rutherford. We caught her at Ciro's "snaking" Bonita Granville's one and only, Rand Brooks.



Bruce Cabot, who's taken an option on Socialite Frances Robinson, supervises her calories at Hal Roach's elaborate buffet supper.



Mrs. Massey, snacking on bacon and eggs with Hubby Raymond, confides that she'll brain the next person who calls her Mrs. Lincoln.



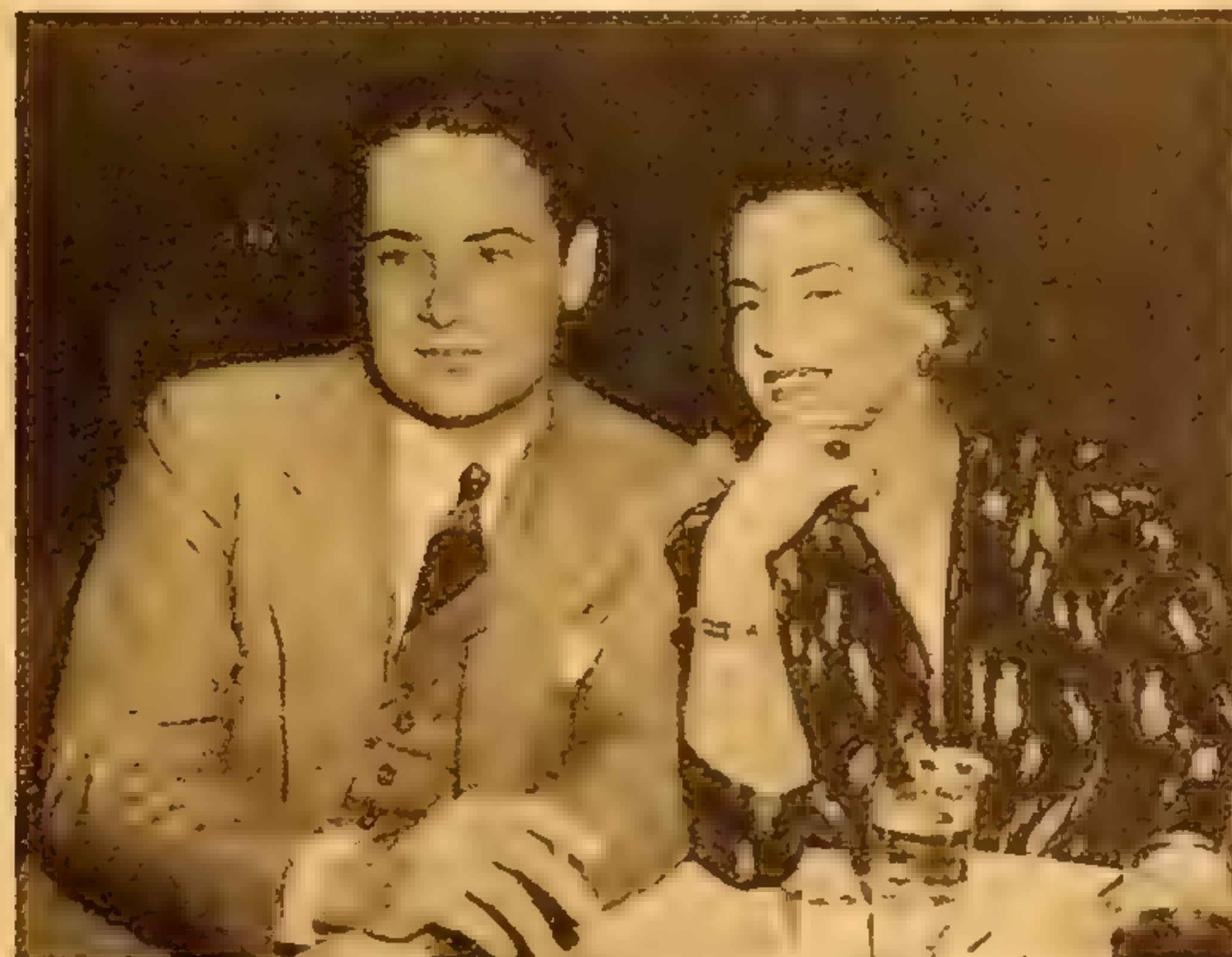
Nothing blasé about the Louis Haywards when they go night spotting. They do it so seldom, it's still mighty thrilling business.



Spencer Tracy takes "Mama" (that's what he calls Louise) to a preview to celebrate her return home, after a month in the hospital.



Imagine Roz Russell in a movie called "No Time For Comedy!" She and Cary Grant, of "His Girl Friday" fame, are Hollywood's gayest pair.



Claire Trevor is glowing from radio producer-hubby, Clark Andrews', slightly prejudiced praise of her air-wave Duse-ing in "Big Town."



Hollywood's best dressed couple, the Adolphe Menjous, have just seen themselves in the movies and couldn't be more pleased!



New England champion half-miler, Jeff Lynn, side-burning it for "All This, etc.," sprints Pat Stillman to the nearest jitterbuggery.



George Brent and Ann Sheridan (they're Brenty and Annie to each other) are hot 'n' heavying—and it's not a publicity stunt either!



CROONER COLMAN

Hollywood's newest song-bird is Ronald Colman. Think we're kidding? In his new picture with Ginger Rogers, Colman will warble a selection called, "Say When." Asked the other day for more details concerning his musical debut, Colman shook his head and refused to commit himself beyond, "The less said about it, the better." However, according to ear-witness Ginger, there's no need for his modesty: she says he's as hot as they come!



JUDY ENTERTAINS

Judy Garland's favorite form of entertainment these evenings is "record parties." The welcome to come for a dip in rather 'round the barbe- and listen to her ranges from numbers.



TEA ROSES

You're apt to run into all sorts of odd things around Ginger's set. We came across the star and her maid carefully plucking the petals off several dozens of American Beauty roses. It looked a little zany to us, but we found the method in the madness. Ginger dries the petals in the sun and uses them with a very special blend of tea. We haven't heard of such an exotic touch since Dolores Del Rio went on her famous reducing diet of gardenia petals.

THERE'S LOTS NEW UNDER

GARBO—PLAYGIRL!

According to Garbo's close friend and Dr. Hauser's publisher, Frey Brown, the Silent One is a great gal. "There's nothing high-hat about her," he claims. "Why, like as not, five minutes after you meet her you'll be on the floor playing games. She's that simple." We don't doubt that Miss Garbo's that simple, but how about the games? The intricacies of leap-frog never came easily to us.

SURPRISE VISIT

The other day Irene Dunne was working in the garden that is her pride and joy. Ordinarily she keeps to the fenced-off section, but this day she had wandered, trowel in hand, to work on the petunias bordering the front walk. A sight-seeing bus suddenly careened around the corner and, before Irene could scramble to her feet and make a getaway,

the driver had spotted her and megaphoned the news to his gaping passengers. The bus came to a stop with a screech of brakes. In answer to the cries of "Hello, Miss Dunne!" the star could only manage a weak, "Well, this is a pleasure!" and, smiling and waving, backed away slowly until she made the hedge where she disappeared from view.

STANDING DATE

May Robson has one date with which nothing can interfere—that's her Saturday afternoon appointment at the beauty parlor. According to Miss Robson, two hours in the hands of a good beautician before every Saturday night rolls around does any girl lots of good.

BLITZKRIEG

On the set of "I Love You Again," William Powell and Director W. S. Van Dyke are

waging daily battles. No, it's not a case of temperament, since Powell thinks Van Dyke is tops as a director, and "Woody" feels the Powell histrionics can't be beat. The two just like to argue—about anything and everything. Of course, the fact that Van Dyke is a violent Roosevelt booster, and Powell is equally vehement in upholding the Republican party, gives them plenty of material for discussion. But the other day the fur flew hot and heavy. Only this time the argument concerned itself with whether a dash of cream should be added to scrambled eggs. Powell, of course, was the one who was all for the dash.

ROMANCES AND REBOUNDS

Linda Darnell and Bob Shaw are still smitten with one another's charms, but now are spending all their evenings teaching Linda's young brother and sister, Calvin and Monte, how to skate at the Tropical Ice Gardens



FAIR EXCHANGE

Clark Gable's such a successful farmer that his Valley neighbors often drop by for advice on their alfalfa crops. Mrs. G. gets their wives into a huacale and begs them for "recipe counsel." Seems that Clark, proud of his record-laying hens, likes the fruits of their labor used for his own table. "After you've fried, boiled, scrambled, baked and even eaten them raw," Carole moans, "then what's to do?" And don't think she doesn't slip them a dozen or two!

GOOD NEWS

THE HOLLYWOOD SUN! AND OUR ACE REPORTER, LOIS SVENSRUD, FERRETS IT OUT!

... Connie Bennett still goes places with Robert Akeley while ex-heart Gilbert Roland looks mighty happy in the company of Frances Robinson. . . . Deanna Durbin's needle-pointing like mad between scenes. The handiwork will develop—she hopes—into dining-room chair seats for her new home. . . . The Buddy Adlers (Anita Louise) say they wish they'd taken the great step months ago and not wasted so much time finding happiness. . . . William Powell and the bride are on a steady diet of night clubs, and Bill's showing more vim, vigor and vitality than he has in years. . . . George Brent gets positively poetical when the subject of Annie Oomphie Sheridan is brought up. . . . Loretta Young is still dividing dates between writer Robert Riskin and radio producer Tom Lewis. . . . Lana Turner and Artie Shaw have patched up their differences and claim the dove of peace has settled in their honeymoon cottage to stay. . . . Nancy Kelly and Irving Cummings, Jr., have never

been more serious in their lives. . . . Martha Scott and Perc Westmore looked awfully pleased in one another's company, while ex-Mrs. Westmore (Gloria Dickson) and Ralph Murphy are holding hands in every dark corner in town. . . . Tyrone Power and Annabella have had to give up their South American jaunt, but haven't given up the idea of second-honeymooning there as soon as the Power heir puts in an appearance. . . . Alice Faye and Tony Martin are having secret rendezvous and may patch it all up. . . . Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden are promising in front of a preacher as soon as her divorce papers are signed on the dotted line.

COMPETITION FOR NORMA

George Raft and Norma Shearer may be as inseparable as ham and eggs, but—if the truth were known—Norma hasn't supplanted the Number 1 girl in Mr. Raft's life! At the

Brown Derby the other evening, Raft was showing a picture he'd just received of his real heart-beat. She's Joanie Peine, six-year-old daughter of Virginia Peine. "Prettiest picture I ever saw," said George proudly.

BARGAIN HUNTER

Martha Scott had just one day's notice before going into Joan Fontaine's role in "The Howards of Virginia." That one day was jammed with a hair-dresser date, an agent's appointment, a check-up with the dentist, and even, mind you, a luncheon interview. She arrived at the appointed place, much out of breath. "I just couldn't help being late," she explained. "On the way up, the elevator boy said something about a sale on the third floor and—well, gosh, I'm only human—I just had to stop off and go through all the racks. I didn't buy anything," she said, but added with true feminine pride, "but you can bet I didn't miss anything, either."

Jimmy Stewart blows out his 20 candles (sheer flattery) at the hilarious surprise party Roz Russell planned in his honor.

It was on the "No Time For Comedy" set—a misnomer if there ever was one! Here's the first of thirty-two hard whacks.

After yelling about the atrocious service, cast and crew fired Jimmy and Roz and helped themselves to colossal slices.



MAUREEN'S NO CLOTHES-HORSE

Maureen O'Hara is the despair of her studio when it comes to clothes. No one looks lovelier in the latest gowns than she does, but no one cares less about them! She has three outfits—a slack suit, a tweed street suit and a brocaded white evening dress. They were all made by her mother, and Maureen's so fond of them that she sees no need for other clothes. "They're nice outfits," she says, "but of course, they won't be at their best until they're about five years old. That's the English idea, you know, so unless I go Hollywood in the next four years, I'll still be wearing them—and liking them!"

TRACY'LL FIX HIM

Maybe you've doubted that Spencer Tracy really packs the punch which you've seen him deliver on the screen. But it happens to be a fact that extras shy away from the job of having a screen fight with him. They just can't take it. So in "Boom Town," you'll see Frank Hagney at the receiving end of the Tracy wallops. Hagney's the man who made his reputation years ago as the only man in pictures who stood up for ten rounds with Jack Dempsey!

THAT'S RISING TO AN OCCASION

Lots of cracks have been made about Elsa Maxwell since she landed in Hollywood, but out on the "Public Deb No. 1" set, the lady would win any popularity poll. In the words of cast and crew, Elsa's a "good egg"—and that's top movie-lot praise. Just for instance—the other day a wardrobe girl called up Maxwell's home and left word that she should appear for work in a dinner dress. Elsa, you know, wears all her own clothes in pictures. She turned up in a beautiful Paquin gown of swirling black crêpe, only to learn that the wardrobe girl had made a mistake and that it should have been an afternoon dress. For a moment, it looked as if production costs would zoom to the skies while a messenger went to the Maxwell home for another dress. It also looked as if the wardrobe girl would be invited to leave the studio's employ. But only for a moment, for Elsa boomed, "What's all the fuss about? We'll just chop this off to an afternoon dress length. Gimme a pair of shears, and let's get going." With the help

of the same wardrobe girl, the actress snipped off and basted up her dress and was on the set in fifteen minutes.

MAXWELLIAN RHUMBA

Tyrone Power dropped by on the set another day when La Maxwell was going into a rumba scene. "Are you going to gag it?" he asked politely. "Honey," said Elsa, "with my figure, there's no choice!"

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

For a scene in "Dance, Girls, Dance," Lucille Ball has to do a strip-tease act. She did it several times, and each time the sequence was rejected by the Hays' office. When the director called Lucille and told her to report for another retake of the same number, Lucille said plaintively, "Hey, what is this? I'm beginning to think the boys at the Hays' office are having me do all these versions of the strip-tease just for their entertainment."

SCARE-PROOF

The other evening Lucille and her current steady, Director Al Hall, took a busman's holiday and went to a theatre where "Rebecca" was showing. Lucille was so in the mood of the play that she was still shivering when Al bid her good-night at the door of her apartment house. Once inside the door, she noticed how dark the hallway was and got a violent case of the jitters. Naturally, when a figure loomed up out of the shadows, she let out a blood-curdling scream. "Oh, gosh," she apologized, when she recognized her harmless next-door neighbor, "I'm terribly sorry to have scared you, but you see I've just been to a movie and . . ." "Perfectly all right," said the lady from next door. "Just tell me the name of the picture. I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

JIMMY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

On the "No Time For Comedy" set, Jimmy Stewart was given a surprise party by the cast and crew—and Olivia de Havilland, who came over from Set 7 on the same lot to help celebrate Jim's "32nd."

The Stewart face gets fed!
Later, Jimmy confessed he'd
eavesdropped and the party
was no surprise to him at all!



The whole thing was Roz Russell's idea and she had a huge cake made, with "Happy Birthday, Jimmy, from the Gang" embroidered handsomely mid garlands of roses. She hired three Western Union messengers, dressed them in grotesque masks from the make-up department and, at the proper moment, had them rouse Jimmy from deep study of his script with the high-pitched strains of "Happy Birthday to You!" With this as a start, production stood still while much went on behind the scenes!

NOT TY'S BEST

When the "Brigham Young" company went on location at Lake Arrowhead recently, Annabella went along for the ride. The script that day called for a love scene between Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell and, after Ty had kissed his leading lady, Director Henry Hathaway asked Annabella just what she thought of the scene. "Very nice," said young Mrs. Power. "But—" she hesitated, "I've known him to kiss better."

DIDJA KNOW?

That Spencer Tracy spends every lunch hour visiting his polo ponies . . . That Claudette Colbert is a candid camera fiend and loves to snap as she goes around the studio lot, of all places . . . That Gene Raymond spends eight hours a day practicing the piano when not working on a picture—and if working, makes up for lost time on Sundays . . . That Laraine Day and Sidney Guilaroff may decide to make a life partnership of their friendship . . . That Genevieve Tobin is taking orders from her husband, William Keighley, on the "No Time For Comedy" set, and she loves it . . . That Luise Rainer is back in town, looking for a new picture career . . . That Ann Sothern has given up keeping her husband company when he goes bowling. Says it isn't worth the finger-nail havoc . . . That Helen Parrish and Forrest Tucker really mean it about "going steady" for the next two years . . . That Virginia Field and Richard Greene are buying kitchen ware for their new home and will name the day any minute now . . . That Lana Turner's hair is now a dark red and that Hedy Lamarr's wearing a very short bob . . . That Mary Martin had quite a time on the set of "Rhythm on the River" the day

following her elopment. Everyone wanted to kiss the bride . . . That Maureen O'Sullivan has taken a house in Canada for the rest of the summer in order to be near husband John Farrow, who's there in training . . . That Olivia de Havilland will take out a pilot's license one of these days and show Jimmy Stewart how flying's really done . . . That Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are contemplating another co-starring play to be presented in New York in spite of the chilly reception given their "Romeo and Juliet" by the critics. Nothing ventured nothing gained is their motto!

NO MORE FISH STORIES!

Jane Withers has really fixed her father. Mr. Withers' favorite pastime is going on week-end fishing trips, from which he brings back very few fish but a good many stories about the size of the ones eaten over the camp-fire. When the pater's birthday rolled around recently, Janie presented him with scales. But most fabulous scales that not only weigh, but measure, and at the same time record all the data on the catch!

SEWING CIRCLE

You'd never have believed that the "Anne of Windy Poplars" set was in super-sophisticated Hollywood! Every single day Anne Shirley, her hair-dresser, her stand-in and every feminine member of the cast got together and sewed like mad on the layette for Anne and John Payne's prospective heir. The chief electrician rigged up a special Klieg light for the ladies so that there'd be no excuse for anything but the most infinitesimal stitches. Naturally, Anne was duly grateful for all the help she'd had from the feminine contingent, but she was absolutely overwhelmed by the present bestowed on her by the crew. The burliest electrician on the lot was the one to hand her the gift "from the boys." It turned out to be the most fragile and dainty of crêpe de chine crib covers!

LOVE IS ALSO DEAF

Sonja Henie and Dan Topping are still seeing one another exclusively, but Sonja's sticking to her story that there are no romantic feelings on either side. At a recent party at Arrowhead Springs Hotel, however, it looked like pure, unadulterated romance. Sonja and Dan were doing a tango and looking so deeply into one another's eyes they didn't notice that the music had stopped and the whole floor had cleared. It took a round of applause from the rest of the dancers to jar them out of their trance—and even then the situation didn't quite seem to register.

UNBALANCING THE BUDGET

When John Payne was having a swimming-pool built in his backyard, he decided he needed some exercise and wanted to help the workmen out. The contractor nixed the idea, however, until Johnnie could get a union card. This was obtained, and the next day he reported for work bright and early. But he was fired before the day was out. The contractor explained as nicely as possible that he just wasn't keeping up with the rest of the boys and was ruining the contracting budget.

SHORT SHOTS

Dr. Joel Pressman flew all the way from Victoria, B. C., to treat Director Wesley Ruggles' sore throat on the "Arizona" location . . . Jonathan Hale was Ceylon consul for ten months—but didn't know it was illegal until he got to Washington fifteen years later. He wasn't twenty-one at the time of his consulship . . . Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have assumed personal supervision of the film career of a six-year-old actor, Mickey Kuhn. They're convinced he'll win the hearts of movie-goers as no youngster has since Jackie Coogan . . . On the "Arizona" set, nicknames are as follows: Jean Arthur, Little Phoebe; Bill Holden, Cactus Kid; Warren William, The Cad; and Porter Hall, the Villain. Just for fun . . . Robert Young is planning a super trip to Alaska with his wife and kiddies. They'll charter an Alaskan-going yacht . . . The Don Ameches are expecting a fourth baby, and maybe it'll be a tie-up for Don's new Fox picture, "Four Sons" . . . George Brent's bought a 75-acre pineapple plantation in Hawaii . . . Jean and Mrs. Hersholt recently celebrated their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary and are happier'n (Continued on page 90)



ne more month to wait . . . one gloriously free summer month when nothing is quite as important as gay times, light thoughts and last flings at sun-tan.

Then ribbons cut . . . lids off . . . boxes opened!

Starting with the September issue, *Modern Screen* will introduce as a regular feature a complete section devoted entirely to you and your clothes . . . pages brimming with fashions that are new and news . . . pages sparkling with clothes as pretty and practical as they are penny-wise . . . pages designed around budgets and chock-full of ideas on how to stretch them . . . fashion pages with a mission and a Motto. Remember September!

CLOTHES for YOUNG HEARTS and YOUNG PURSES



EVEN IF I'M "ALL IN"
AT BEDTIME
I NEVER NEGLECT
MY **ACTIVE-
LATHER FACIAL**
WITH LUX SOAP

**CLAUDETTE
COLBERT**

PARAMOUNT
STAR

PAT **LUX SOAP'S**
CREAMY LATHER
LIGHTLY INTO
YOUR SKIN. RINSE
WITH WARM
WATER, THEN COOL

Take Hollywood's tip— try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days

HAVE YOU FOUND the right care for *your* skin? Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL** with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's a gentle, *thorough* care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has **ACTIVE** lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly* from the skin—does a *perfect* job. Try Hollywood's **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days. You'll find they really *work*—help keep skin smooth, attractive.

THEN PAT TO DRY.
SEE HOW MUCH
SMOOTHER YOUR
SKIN FEELS—HOW
FRESH IT LOOKS

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at—soft to touch. Don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin: little blemishes, coarsened pores. Use cosmetics all you like, but take regular **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** with Lux Toilet Soap.



9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



INFORMATION DESK

STARS HAVE NO SECRETS FROM US! WRITE IN, WE TELL ALL

Dot Yackum, Rochester, N. Y. No, Ruby Keeler isn't scheduled for a picture right now. We hear, however, that she is thinking of taking her ex-husband, Al Jolson's, offer of a part in his forthcoming musical show:

Steven Kaczor, New York Mills, N. Y. We've been checking up on the "horsey set" in which you are so interested and have discovered the names of ten Western stars' mounts. Here they are: Gene Autry—Champion; Roy Rogers—Trigger; Bill Boyd—Topper; Dick Foran—Smoke; Tex Ritter—White Flash; Bob Steele—Tony; Jack Randall—Rusty; Buck Jones—Silver; Bob Livingston—Silver Chief and Russell Hayden—Sultan. Russ also has a horse called Banjo, whom he rides a good deal, but Sultan is his favorite.

Rose Carrillo, Rochester, N. Y. You are far from alone in your admiration for Bobby Stack; for although he's made just one picture ("First Love"), he gets more fan mail than any other masculine star on the Universal lot, and only Deanna and Gloria Jean top him among the ladies. He's twenty-one years old and is one of the few stars to be born in Los Angeles. When he was eleven, Bob went abroad with his mother and dad. He studied in France for six years, at the end of which time his family was stunned to discover he'd forgotten most of his English. He had to converse with them through an interpreter. He wound up his education at the University of Southern California, where he had a finger in practically every campus pie. He starred in swimming and boxing; got his varsity letter in polo; was active in dramatics; kept up with his studies remarkably well, and—in his spare moments—managed to work in a feminine conquest or two. Furthermore, he won the junior skeet shooting championship and broke several auto-racing records. At nineteen he left college and entered a Los Angeles dramatic school. It was there that a talent scout ferreted him out and arranged for him to take the test which resulted in his contract. Bob is six feet, one inch tall, has blue eyes, blonde hair and weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds. No, ma'am, he's not married. Claims he's wedded to his art.

Eleanore Golembki, Chicago, Illinois. Yes, Gantry, the beautiful race horse in "Pride of the Blue Grass" was really blind. The young man in that picture, who so took your fancy, is James McCallion, and you can write to him at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.

C. Schleininger, Canton, Ohio. That chap who's painlessly teaching history to so many children and their parents these

days hasn't always been such a good example. No indeed, Don Ameche has only recently recovered from a prolonged and severe case of incorrigibility! As a child, he was in and out of a dozen scrapes a day; growing up, he found himself in and out of four colleges in as many years; then, in the business world, he had a new employer practically every week or so. However, since he's discovered the acting profession—or vice versa—he's calmed down miraculously and is fast becoming Hollywood's most solid citizen. Thirty-two-year-old Don is from Kenosha, Wisconsin, and his pre-movie jobs include mattress stuffing, ditch digging, truck loading and radio work. He couldn't bear one town or one job longer than a few days. But in acting he's discovered the variety and excitement he's always craved, yet never dreamed he'd find in a single job. Don's smile is famous all over the world and it has given him the reputation of being a devil-may-care sort of fellow. There's a serious side to him, too, however. He reads avidly and is informed on almost every subject. Don is married to his childhood sweetheart, Honore Prendergast, who never lost faith in him even when everyone else claimed he'd never amount to a row of beans. They have three sons, Donnie, Ronnie and Tommie.

Eleanor Shaw, New York, N. Y. Alan Marshal came by that slight English accent honestly. You see, he hails from Sidney, Australia, and, in spite of a partial American education, he's retained some of his broad "a's." He's not one bit affected, however, and is extremely well-liked in Hollywood. Alan's thirty-one, and won't have another birthday until January 29. Just over six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has dark hair and brown eyes. Good news! No woman in his life yet!

Beatrice Schramer, Aurora, Ill. You'll be surprised to hear that Mary Lee has attained the ripe old age of fifteen, although she looks lots younger than that. Her birthday is October 24, and she was born in Centralia, Illinois. Until two years ago, Mary led a perfectly normal, unexciting existence, of which the high spots were going to school, taking piano lessons and studying voice. However, one fine day, Ted Weems heard her singing at some local function and asked her if she'd join his orchestra as the vocalist, and come to New York. Would she! She practically had her bag packed before he'd finished the sentence. New York was wonderful, but Hollywood, where she landed after Gene Autry heard her sing—is even more thrilling, says Mary. Something's happening every minute. She goes in (Continued on page 69)



It's really a treat for a baby's relatives to hear his mother say, "Dear—dear! I just can't get him to eat his vegetables!"

At this signal, they're off, each with a screamingly good trick, guaranteed to charm a baby into eating. Usual upshot: a tantrum.

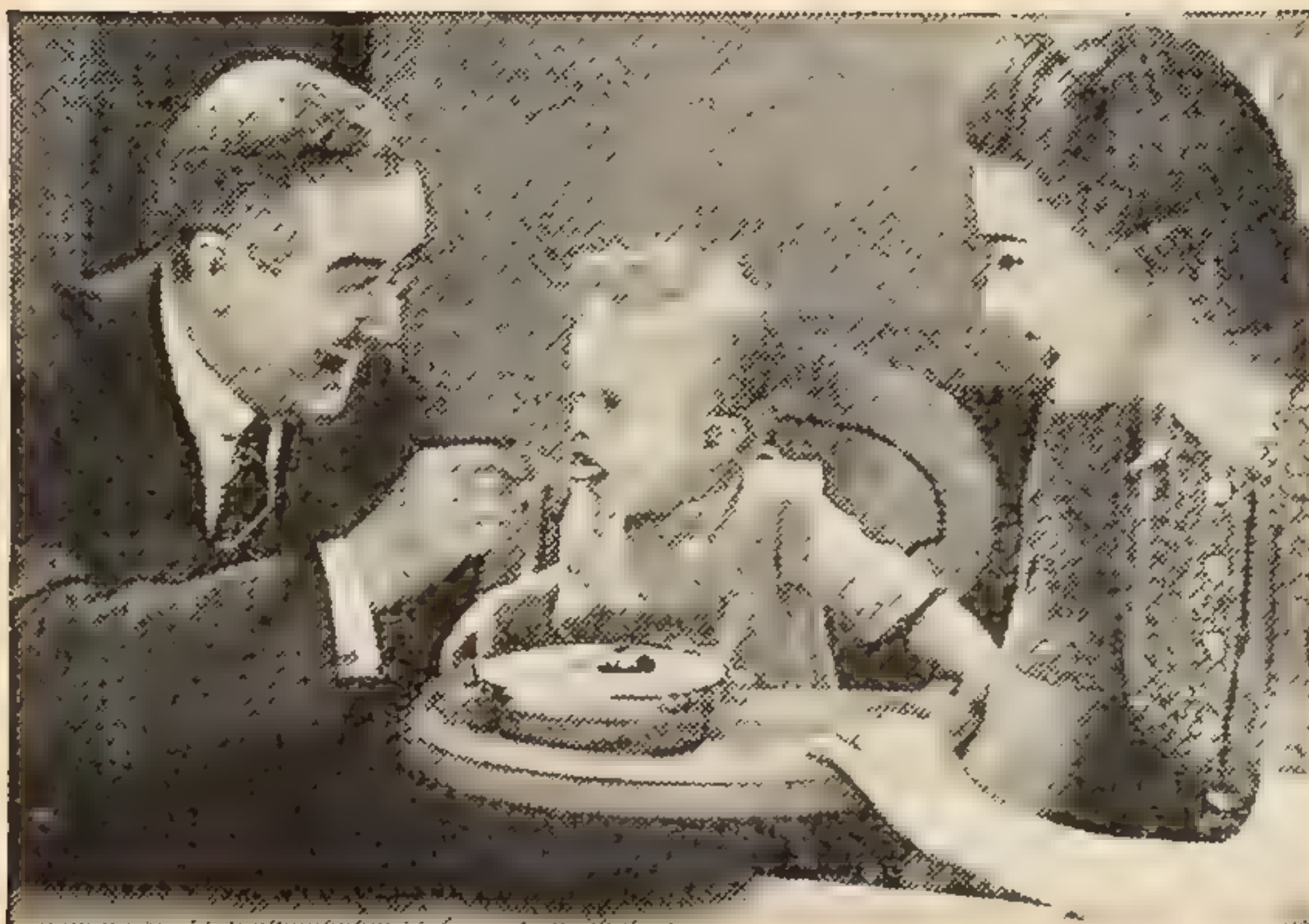
And it's so unnecessary—you *don't need tricks if he likes the taste!* Try him on the flavors and textures that have made a hit with so many babies—try him on Clapp's! Watch him eat when he gets food that he likes!

Dodge those family pow-wows . . . BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!



Get your baby's advisory council to make a taste test—they'll soon find out why babies like Clapp's so well. Vegetables are more pleasant to *anybody's* taste when they're canned at the peak of freshness and lightly salted according to doctors' directions.

And with Clapp's rich flavor goes a growth-producing supply of vitamins and minerals, too.



Yes, and it's the feel as well as the taste! Clapp's Strained Foods feel smooth—though not liquid. Clapp's Chopped Foods are uniformly cut.

For 19 years, Clapp's have been getting tips from doctors and mothers . . . you learn a lot in 19 years! Clapp's were first to make both Strained and Chopped Foods commercially, and they make nothing *but* baby foods.



17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Combination Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A



"Lovely Menace?"

What every woman yearns to be! A lovely female menace! . . . an exciting threat to the most determined bachelor . . . and bad news to every other girl at the party. Do you qualify? Don't bother to search your wishful soul for the answer—here's a little chart that Tells All!

CHECK UP ON YOUR APPEAL!		
(Mark "yes" or "no" to these 8 questions—then learn your score from the answers on the opposite page.)		
	YES	NO
1 Do busy young men hold open the doors in public buildings for you?		
2 When you buy a new hat, does the salesgirl assure you that it looks "youthful"?		
3 Do you ever have to be introduced to the same man twice?		
4 Do your "blind dates" say you're a knockout at the beginning of the date, but forget your name before the evening's out?		
5 Are you versatile? Can you play a hard game of tennis with Tom in the afternoon and be Dick's glamorous dancing partner in the evening?		
6 Does forgetting your powder compact on an important date throw you into a panic?		
7 Do you ever go to bed with stale make-up on?		
8 Do men ever tell you that you remind them of their favorite flower?		

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR

*Good
Fair
or Terrible*



NEWS

HOLLYWOOD WIVES SHOULD NOT WORK

(Continued from page 43)

Some of the males who think a wife's place is in the home—and keep their own wives there—are renowned stars like Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Gary Cooper, Don Ameche, Pat O'Brien and Fred MacMurray.

While they all have different ideas on why a female shouldn't chase a career, they all agree on one point: that a woman shouldn't be forced to remain at home; the choice must be left to the woman. It's useless, they confess, to argue with a female. The only man, they agree, who can tell a woman where to get off is the street car conductor.

On the subject of the wife and the home, Henry Fonda would be an expert. A happy husband, just returned from the East, bringing by airplane his newborn son, Fonda was anxious to reveal his thoughts.

"I don't believe in wives working," he declared, flatly. "The first few years of marriage are a period of adjustment. If the husband and wife are working, and both are tired in the evening, the adjustments are hard to make.

"True, if a wife has been working before marriage, she may miss a certain feeling of independence, of knowing that her money and her time are her own to spend as she pleases. But marriage infers partnership—a partnership with the same mutual interests, but with a division of duties.

"Women, nowadays, are not trained to be homemakers. Therefore, unless the couple can afford servants, which the average newlyweds cannot, the woman has the most difficult side of the adjustment. She learns a new job, and to have to do the new job and handle her career as well, is an imposition that should not be expected of her."

FONDA paused, studied a snapshot of his infant son which he weighed in his palm and then continued seriously:

"Aside from rare cases of a husband's illness or outsiders to support which the husband cannot afford—conditions under which a wife might work—I believe a woman makes a better wife and mother if she does not exhaust her energies by working outside the home."

For further data, a search was made for James Cagney. He was caught on the run, literally. In an effort to take off ten pounds for his next flicker, "City For Conquest," Cagney was trotting in a wide circle around his house.

Did Cagney feel his wife should hold down an outside job? No, he didn't. As he ran, legs tattooing the manicured lawn, arms flaying the ozone, the little Irishman puffed forth his theories:

"I consider my wife . . . puff, puff . . . an individual. When she married me, I expected her to remain . . . puff . . . whew . . . independent of mind. I left it up to her to decide if she wanted to continue her . . . puff . . . career. I asked her if . . . whew, didja ever try to talk while running? . . . I asked her if she wanted to be a dancer or concentrate on being Mrs. Cagney."

Cagney gulped oxygen and snorted. He slowed down.

"Billie, my better half—she's watching us from the window there—made the decision I hoped she would. When we got to Hollywood, she announced her decision. 'Jim,' she said to me, 'I think

I'll have enough to do in our home. You devote your energies to making a living and getting some place, and I'll help you save and do what I can for your career.'

"Whew! What a wife! Utterly unselfish. She's always insisted that I have the limelight. Do you think this running will help me lose weight? Geez. She has concerned herself with keeping a comfortable house for me to return to from the studios. What a relief, this house, after staggering home dog-tired. I'm glad my wife stays put. Like now, after this gallop, she'll have a big meal for me. Sure, I think a wife should work . . . at home!"

After the preceding strenuous chit-chat, Gary Cooper was most relaxing. In fact, he was entirely relaxing, as he slumped on a canvas-backed chair, in the corner of a sound stage, chewed a commissary toothpick and meditated.

HE emerged from meditation with this statement about career women:

"No, thanks. None of the women in my family ever had careers. They always had enough to do without that. And I believe the same should hold true for my wife.

"Besides, my wife, Rocky, was never really interested in a career. All her early training pointed toward being a proper wife. She had gone to finishing school and been brought up along those lines. Which suited me.

"Listen, I never in my life met a career woman of forty or more who didn't wish she'd devoted more time to her marriage than to her career. Such women have missed one of the most vital things in life—companionship. Their marriages have been only business arrangements."

Gary Cooper added strongly (being very social minded) that he had enough money and that it would be indecent if his wife earned even more for the Cooper coffers. Further, he felt his wife didn't have to work and that, if she did, she might possibly deprive someone more needy of the bread and butter.

"If my wife ever decides that she wants a career," concluded Cooper, "she doesn't have to look further than me. Because God knows, I'm a big enough career in myself!"

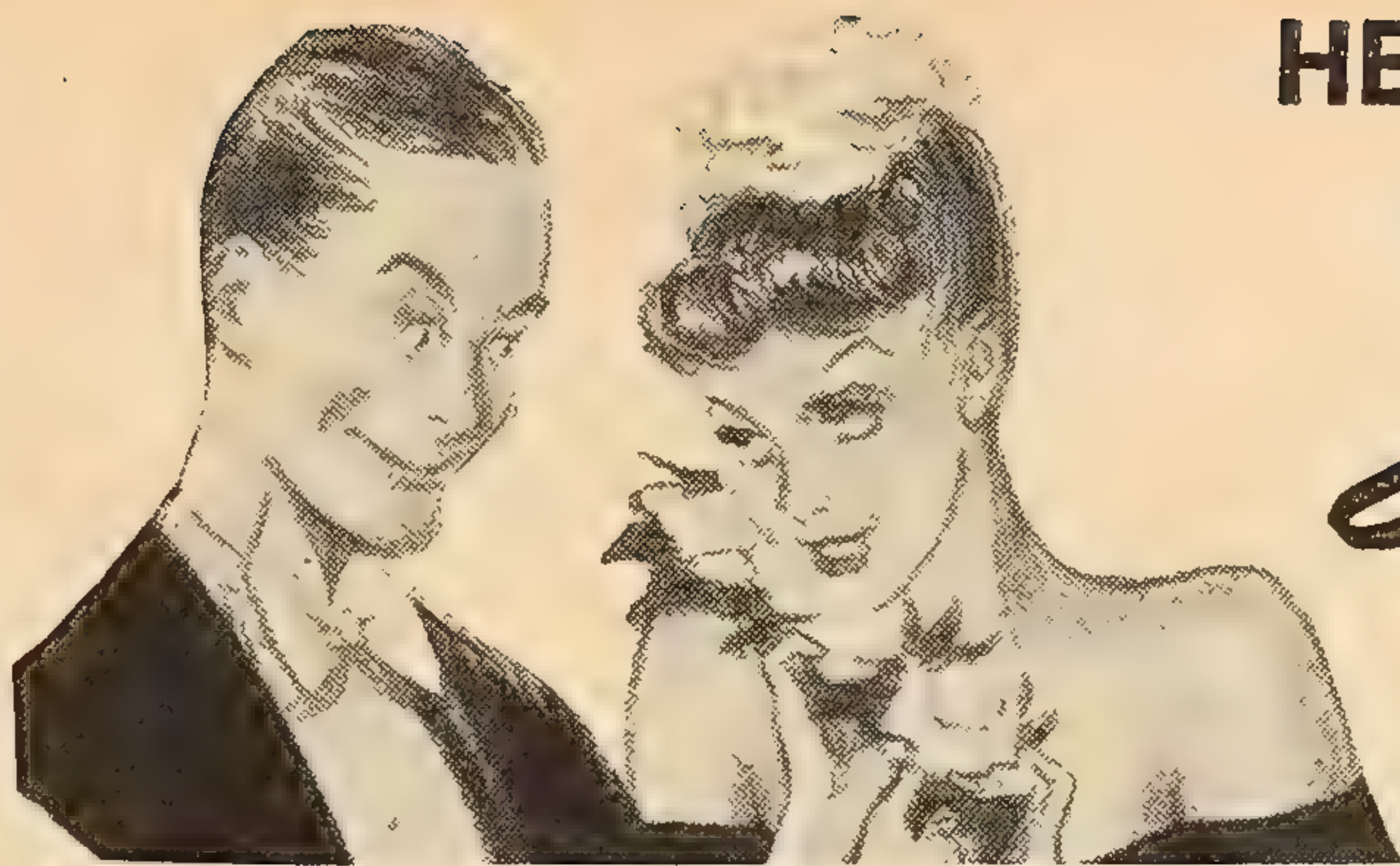
Over at Twentieth Century-Fox, Don Ameche, the poor man's Paul Muni, halted between takes of the anti-Nazi bombshell, "Four Sons," long enough to echo the question of the moment and to answer it in detail.

"Should wives work?" repeated Ameche. "Definitely not!"

"A woman has just as much responsibility and hard work in her duties as homemaker as a man has in his business and career, whatever his work may be. She should not be subjected to the double duty of being wage-earner and homekeeper, or she might become a tired drudge instead of the charming companion who inspired his love.

"A woman's responsibilities as sweetheart, wife, mother and housekeeper require more physical labor, more applied psychology, more tact, diplomacy and good management than any man's job.

"Definitely, I am against wives working outside the home, and that doesn't mean I think a woman's place is in the home. If a woman is an efficient housekeeper, she takes the leisure to cultivate herself and other interests outside the home, which make her more interesting. Naturally, there is a period when children are young, when this is not possible, since children require such constant care. But it can be done, and Mrs. Ameche is perfect proof of that fact.



HERE'S YOUR

"Lovely Menace"

RATING

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE		Your Score
1	Yes? Then you must have that radiant complexion men notice right away! If you must push your own doors, try daily Pond's treatments to soften blackheads, make pore openings less noticeable . . . give a fresh, glowing look!	20 for Yes 0 for No
2	Beware! That sales talk is used to flatter the not-so-young looking. Has dry, lined skin stolen your youthful sparkle? Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to soften skin, help postpone superficial lines.	10 for No 0 for Yes
3	We hope not! You should make such an indelible impression at the first meeting that the poor fellow can't get you out of his head. And here's a pointer—nothing about a girl makes such a thrilling, lasting impression as a lovely, fresh Pond's complexion.	10 for No 0 for Yes
4	If "yes," notice that end-of-date letdown is often the fate of the poor girl who looks "greasy" as the evening wears on. Warning: Before make-up, remove all cleansing cream and excess oiliness of skin with Pond's Tissues. They're softer, stronger, <i>more absorbent!</i>	10 for No 0 for Yes
5	You're no smarter than you <i>look!</i> While wielding the racket, protect your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before the dance this cream will "de-rough" your skin in a trice!	10 for Yes 0 for No
6	It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!	10 for No 0 for Yes
7	You're a silly girl if you do. That's the <i>worst</i> beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Pat in gobs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.	20 for No 0 for Yes
8	Only a flawlessly lovely complexion inspires such poetry in the masculine heart. If you'd <i>like</i> to be some man's ever-burning inspiration, bear down hard on your Pond's homework—night and morning—Monday through Sunday!	10 for Yes 0 for No
WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?		Your Total

If you made 80 or more—congratulations! You're a full-fledged menace to men. If you rated 60 to 80, you have possibilities—get to work and build your rating up. And if your total is under 60—you can't afford to wait another minute! Begin right now to give your skin the care that will spell SUCCESS.

Build up your Score!

CLIP THIS COUPON



POND'S, Dept. 9MS-CVH, Clinton, Conn.

Please send me—quickly—so I can begin at once to build up my "lovely-menace" rating—a Pond's Beauty Kit containing a generous 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream, special tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Liquefying Cream (quick-cleansing cream), and 7 shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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When you go out to play ... to dance ... to dine ... be sure that you embody all the glamour that he could desire. The poise of a movie queen ... the daintiness of a ballet-dancer with an aura of fragrance that would tempt a saint. Here's one lovely way to glamour and it does something for your body, too. An all-over shower of Djer-Kiss Talcum. It's smooth ... of exquisite texture with an adorable gentleness to your skin. When Kerkoff, the great perfumer, created the compelling Djer-Kiss Fragrance, he gave you his utmost—his inimitable best ... Djer-Kiss ... to glorify You, Youthfully. 75¢; 33¢; 25¢; 10¢.

DJER-KISS
(PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS")
TALCUM
by **KERKOFF**
PERFUMER

"Mrs. Ameche was a fine dietitian and intensely interested in her work. But she did not insist on continuing her career after marriage. She made her home and her family her career. We now have a lot of fun together. I'm very much in love with my wife. I look forward to going home to her and the children after a long day at the studio. We're happy. Proof that maybe our way is the right way."

Next debater to take over the platform was a football coach—or, at least, jovial Pat O'Brien, transformed by the art of the Warners' make-up department into a perfect carbon of the great Notre Dame mentor, Knute Rockne.

Having completed an important moment in his latest film, Pat O'Brien sat down heavily in a chair and screwed up his face.

THIS was, perhaps, no time to be discussing femininity and career, but Pat seemed pleased to speak of Eloise Taylor, his wife.

"Frank McHugh, you know, first introduced me to Eloise," Pat explained. "She was dancing in Frank's musical comedies. And a couple of years later, when I met her in the road company of 'Broadway,' we married. I was opposed to Eloise continuing her career, but I didn't say anything. I left it entirely up to her. And finally she was the one to suggest forsaking her dancing for the role of wife."

"I think both wife and husband participating in careers makes for a tough proposition. Especially in Hollywood. You see little enough of each other when just the husband is working, but when you're both working—why, you become strangers. I mean, if Eloise chose to enter films, I might be working morning and afternoon, and come home to learn she had been called for work at night. That wouldn't be much of a marriage."

"A woman, at home, makes it better for the kids, too. We have Mavourneen and Patrick. Fine Irish youngsters. And they're getting a swell upbringing because my wife is home to look after them. At least they see one of their parents. If my wife wanted a career, the youngsters wouldn't even know they had parents."

"Should Hollywood wives, or any wives, work? You can quote me. Pat O'Brien says 'No!'"

For final arguments, Fred MacMurray was cornered. Getting him to talk was like extracting one of his molars. The Kid from Kankakee, known to his family as Bud, paced on the "Rangers of Fortune" sound stage.

He recalled being knotted to Lillian Lamont. He had met her in "Roberta," when he was in the orchestra and she was a show girl.

But ever since their wedding, Fred hasn't allowed Lillian to work. Though it was her decision, really. Instead, she has devoted her energies to helping Fred learn Spanish, seeing that he got his favorite meal of pot roast and sauerkraut, holding his hand at previews and assuring him that he wasn't the worst actor in the world.

"She's the perfect wife for me," admitted Fred MacMurray, finding his tongue. "You know, when I leave the studio, after a long tiresome day of work, I prefer to return home to a fresh, new world. I like to be greeted by a wife who doesn't care about discussing pictures."

"Sure, maybe I'm selfish. And maybe I'm being male. But I'll be frank—I want my wife to devote all of her time to me. It's comfortable, enjoyable and great for my ego. Also, with Lillian at home instead of on the stage, I get my meals on time, I get a mate who is alive and not work-worried."

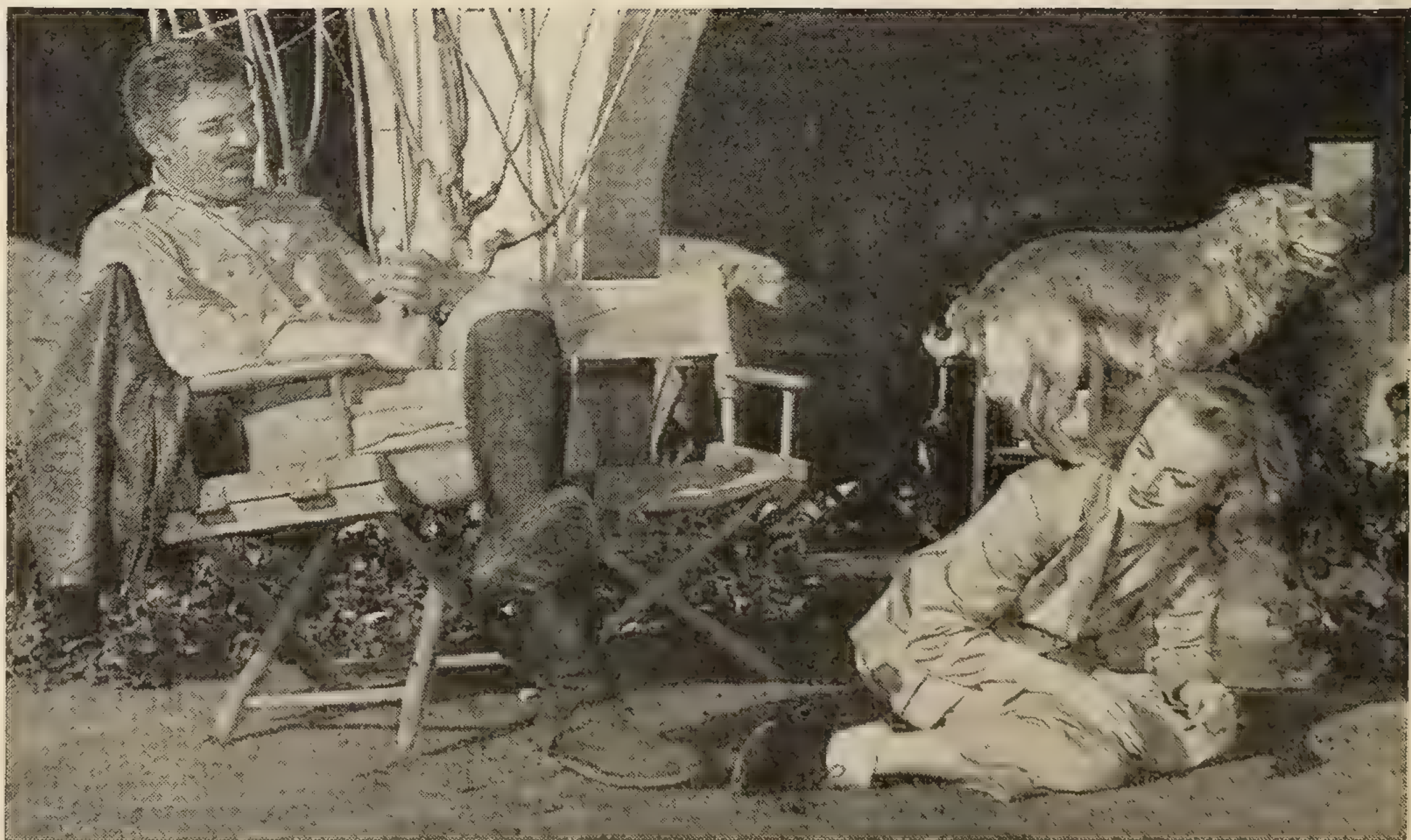
"But don't think my wife is in a gilded cage. She isn't. She has plenty to do. Why, our home is a job alone. Lillian didn't phone some fancy-priced interior decorator to furnish it. She furnished every chair, footstool and lamp herself."

At this point Fred MacMurray became confidential.

"Psst! I'll let you in on a big secret—the real reason I don't think my wife should have a career. I married her because of the hats she wears. The goofiest cockeyed collection of headgear on earth. And isn't it plain—if she were busy at a career, how in the devil would she ever have time to go shopping for those fascinating hats?"

There then—a half dozen veterans of marital bliss, insisting that a woman in that white bungalow with green shutters is more important than one in a business office.

And maybe they're right. Maybe it would be better to put down the want ads, lady, and hop right over to the free cooking school around the corner!



Clark refuses to be impressed by the not-too-wild animal act Mrs. Gable is putting on to entertain him on one of his rare days at home.

HOLLYWOOD WIVES SHOULD WORK

(Continued from page 42)

home, for his wife of three years, Anne Shirley. The Southern lad, who will inherit a half million dollars on his thirty-fifth birthday, relaxed on the "Maryland" set long enough to point out why he permits his wife to work—and why other men's wives should be given the same opportunity.

"Most men don't realize it, but it's often necessary for a woman to work," young Payne stated. "There are two kinds of necessities. The first is financial; for instance, a young couple either makes so little that it takes the earning powers of both to keep going, or they prefer to work for a few years in order to save enough to start raising a family on something more than hopes.

"The second necessity, and equally important, is the desire of the wife to continue working. If she enjoys her work, if she's of the temperament that is happier outside a domestic sphere and is capable of managing both career and domestic responsibilities, I see no reason why a wife should not work."

JOHN PAYNE leaned forward, and his voice became very earnest. "My wife, Anne, has been on the stage and in pictures since she was a baby. She enjoys it. There is no financial necessity for her continuing, but there is a temperamental necessity—she likes the work and wants to continue it.

"If I took the old-fashioned 'I'm-the-Master-of-the-House' attitude and forbade my wife to work, I believe that would be as cruel as though I beat her!

"All these career matters, I believe, should be ironed out before marriage, to prevent any quarrels later . . . Anne and I expect a baby in July. We're delighted. Naturally, the picture she is making now will be her last for a while. But, if, when the baby is old enough to be left in other competent hands, Anne wants to do a picture occasionally, there's no reason why she shouldn't.

"My wife and I are both in the motion picture business. We understand each other's problems. I know when she works all day and has early calls, that she has to rest in the evening and won't feel like gadding about. And she realizes the same thing about me. I think unhappiness and quarrels about whether wives should or should not work arise when couples refuse to try to understand each other's problems, when they selfishly fail to co-operate and to be considerate of each other.

"In brief, I feel wives are, first of all, individuals. They're not chattels. Why not let them follow a career? Why not treat them as thinking human beings who know as much as husbands do about the interests of their partnership?"

Second on the verbal firing line, accosted and barraged with question marks, was Gene Raymond, blonde-haired, hard-working husband of Jeanette MacDonald. Did he think it was all right for a wife to follow a career?

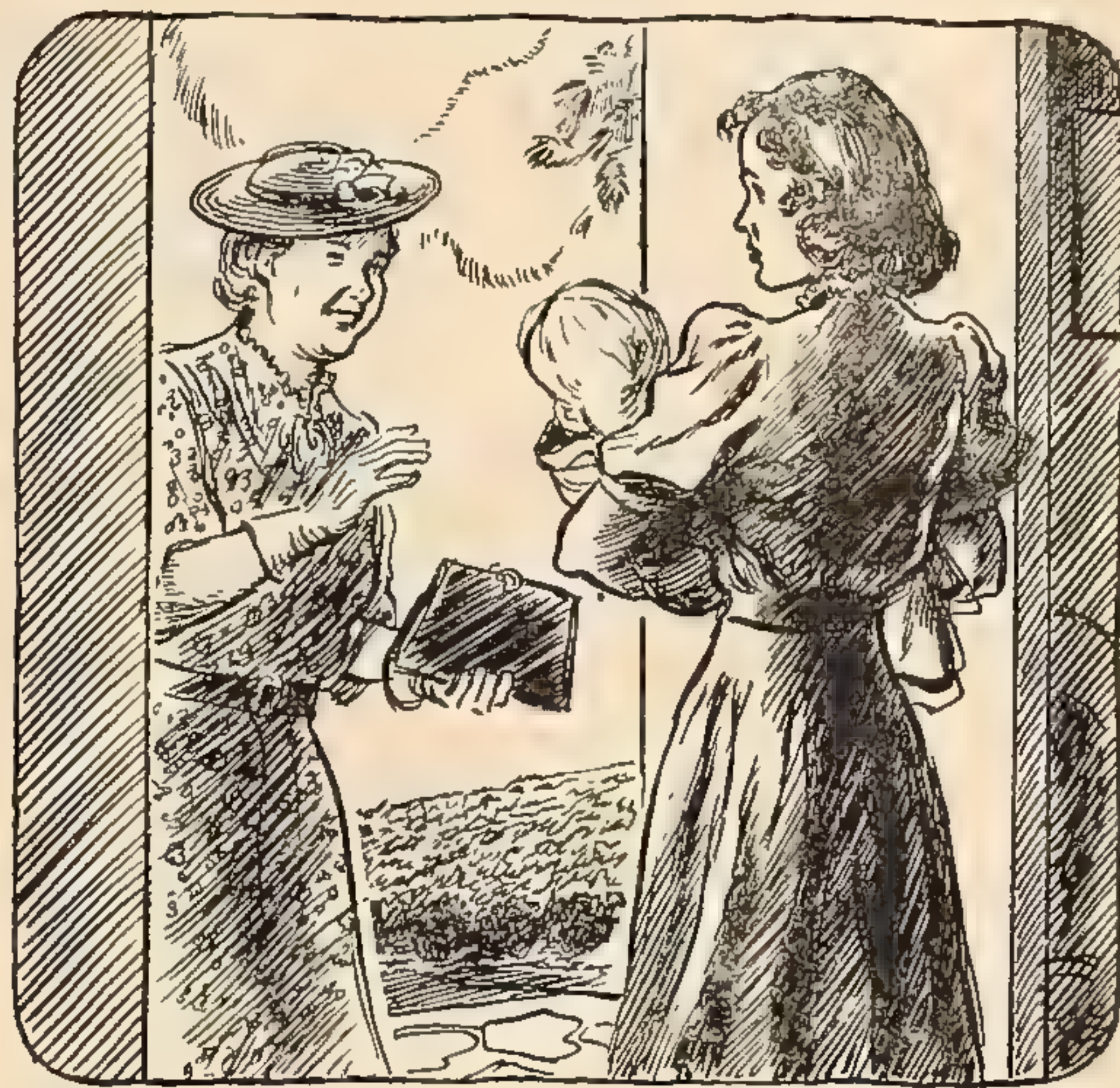
He did. "In my case, the answer is certainly 'Yes!'" he replied. "Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than my thinking an artist of Jeanette's calibre should stay home and plan meals and mend socks for a guy?"

"As to what I think of women in gen-

"An old maid showed me how to raise my baby"



1. I was unlucky, I guess. Some women go through pregnancy hardly knowing it. Mine was awful. Some mothers have babies good as "gold." Mine used to howl all night long. And was terribly constipated in the bargain.



2. One day an old friend of the family came to visit us. The house was a mess. The baby upset again. And I was on the verge of tears. My friend put her arms around me and said maybe she could help.



3. "I may be an old maid," she said, "but I work for a baby doctor. And he always asks mothers if they use *special* food . . . do they use *special* powder . . . *special* baby medicines. You see, everything a baby gets today should be made *especially* for him."



4. She looked up on the dresser and saw the laxative I was using for the baby. "Now that adult laxative up there," she pointed: "my doctor would advise against it. He would recommend one made *especially* for children . . . one like Fletcher's Castoria."



5. She told me that Fletcher's Castoria was designed especially and *only* for a baby's needs. It's gentle, as a baby's laxative *should* be. Yet very effective. It works mainly in the lower bowel—so it's not so likely to upset the stomach. And above all, she said Fletcher's Castoria is *SAFE*.



6. So I bought a bottle. It worked like a charm! But one of the pleasantest surprises was its nice taste. If your baby is a medicine-hater, as mine is, you know how important taste can be. So you can bet I keep Fletcher's Castoria always handy. (I honestly couldn't recommend a better laxative.)

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

"MODESTY" CONDEMNED ME TO AGONY!



The Embarrassing Trouble Many People Suffer!

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Simple Piles can torture you day and night with maddening pain and itching. They tax your nerves; drain your strength; make you look and feel old and worn. Millions of men and women suffer from simple Piles. Mothers particularly, during pregnancy and childbirth, are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

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eral working, well, I don't think of women in general. It's a problem to be decided strictly by the two people concerned, and it's no one's business but their own. In other words, if your husband doesn't want you to work, well, you shouldn't. Me, I think it's right for my Mrs. to work. And so she does."

For another candid opinion, I had a session with Allan Jones on a sound lot at Universal Studio, amid the antiquated temples, chariots and Roman soldiers. To hold forth on career women, Allan Jones beat a retreat from "The Boys From Syracuse" and his wife, Irene Hervey, playing opposite him in the comedy. Then, in the seclusion of a dressing-room, he spoke his piece.

"Certainly a Hollywood wife should work. Any wife anywhere should work. After all, if a woman has spent her single years as an actress, warbler or lawyer, toiling hard, trying to improve herself, getting on the road to success, she shouldn't let marriage detour her.

I HAVE always encouraged Irene to work. I wanted her to appear in this movie with me. I think it's good for her, and fortunately, she has also been able to bear a child and keep up a happy home life. Of course, there are pitfalls. It would be fatal for a wife to become more famous than her husband. I wouldn't get much kick out of being addressed as Mr. Hervey. But that pitfall is up to the woman. She should know how far to get lost in a career. She must be like Irene Hervey—the perfect working wife!"

However, for the English accented version of a hubby who thinks the little lady should work, I went to good-natured Louis Hayward. When he got rice and Ida Lupino in his hair, he also got a new problem in his head. And in that same head of his, he solved it. Here's how—

"If a man's wife wishes to work, she should," began Hayward. "I must say, though, I wouldn't have put it just that blandly a year ago.

"We had a number of intense discussions about it."

His eyes twinkled in remembrance.

"I told her I thought she had worked long enough, that she should give retirement a fling and see if she didn't like

it better than getting up at six o'clock in the morning and smearing her pretty face with grease-paint. Well, the little lady said no!

"So we worked out a compromise. She was to free-lance. In this way she could select the pictures she wanted, and if she didn't like a script—well, she could stay home and devote all her time to me. That, naturally, appealed to me."

Louis Hayward's face glowed. "It's turned out very well. Ida seems happier than she's ever been in her picture work, and I realize now it would certainly be stupidity to expect her to give up something she enjoys so much for any outdated ideas such as I may have once had. On top of that, I think she's one of the really fine young actresses on the screen, so why should I keep her from work, and why should I deny the entertainment world a person of great talent."

On the drawing-room set of Paramount's "I Want A Divorce," Dick Powell, the reformed crooner, was in the mood. He had just finished a scene opposite his wife, Joan Blondell. In the scene he had kissed her. He enjoyed getting paid for kissing her. Work was a pleasure. Indeed it was. Mellowed, and a trifle thoughtful, Dick Powell couldn't imagine his wife not working.

"Joan was born and raised in a trunk. All her early life was vaudeville. There was never a moment she wasn't supporting herself. And today, though that's no longer necessary, she still must work to remain one hundred per cent happy. I have more sense than to take a bird out of its native state.

"Moreover, in our particular case, Joan's career is no problem because it doesn't interfere with the other things in her life. Joan is one of those oddities who can follow a career and, at the same time, raise children and run a home.

"I personally think an outside job is really good for any woman. It prevents her from becoming dulled by the four walls of a home. It keeps her from being bored. It makes her interesting."

There's the encouragement five major Hollywood males can offer you, lady.

What? You say your husband objects?

Well, listen, just sic Allan Jones, Gene Raymond and John Payne on him, the narrow-minded lug! Who does he think he is anyway?



Dottie Lamour, breath-taking in a gardenia and orchid lei, goes Pirates' Denning with her agent and very good friend, Wynn Rocamora.

I HAVE SEVEN WIVES

(Continued from page 49)

days any more deeply than I admire the working girls of today. They've got what it takes," said Ty.

"So I married a Pioneer Woman, too. I know that if something happened to Annabella and me so that we could never work in pictures again, so that we would lose the money we have and have to start from scratch, we could do it. I know what is important to us and what is non-essential. I know that we could very easily do without cars, servants, a big house, expensive clothes, gadgets, wines, all the things money can buy, and be just as happy as we are today. Perhaps happier," said Tyrone, thoughtfully.

"Because, look . . . it's difficult to find fault with anything that has been as good as this movie business has been to me. I know very well that there's one thing harder than working, and that's looking for work; one thing tougher than grousing about food and houses and servants and responsibilities, and that's not having food or houses to grouse about. But I also know that money is the bane of my life. And Annabella knows that. I never had so much trouble as I've had since I began to have some of the stuff. It's a hectic round of investing this, investing that—financial gymnastics which are as boring to me as they are mysterious.

"The only way you can really enjoy anything you're doing is to have no fear of it. I have no fear of being without money. I have no fear of losing the spot I am fortunate enough to occupy on the screen today. For, of course, I can't always remain where I am. I can't be tops indefinitely; I know that and don't give a damn. I figure if I lose my place, all right, I lose it. What is more, if I should lose it and turn to the theatre in vain, I'd be the worst bum in the world. I have neither ability nor ambition in any other direction. I couldn't do anything else, not one blessed thing. But I'm a Fatalist, and I believe whatever is to happen will happen.

MY point is that a woman without stamina, a woman not a pioneer woman at heart, would try to change a man of my temperament. She'd be afraid of me. She'd be afraid of what I might do, where I might go. Annabella isn't afraid. Annabella doesn't try to change me. Annabella doesn't try to make me "safe for domesticity." She isn't afraid for precisely the same reasons as those women of the covered wagon days weren't afraid when they accompanied their men into the wilderness, braving every kind of hardship and hazard, facing the dark Unknown. Just so would Annabella, or any modern girl, follow her man. Today it's a wilderness not peopled with Indians and wild animals, perhaps, but peopled with economic depressions and fears for the future which can do quite as clean a job of scalping and torturing as hostile Indians ever did."

There was silence between us, there on top of the world. And I was thinking that if, in Annabella, Tyrone married several women, in Tyrone, Annabella, too, must find a companion for every mood and want, a friend for every hour. This slender chap with the poet's eyes and the clean, definite lines of face and body has in him the qualities of many men. He has passion, pain, pity, an understanding of women which does not come to most men until they are ripe

ANDREA LEEDS, SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR, IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE "EARTHBOUND"



ANDREA LEEDS

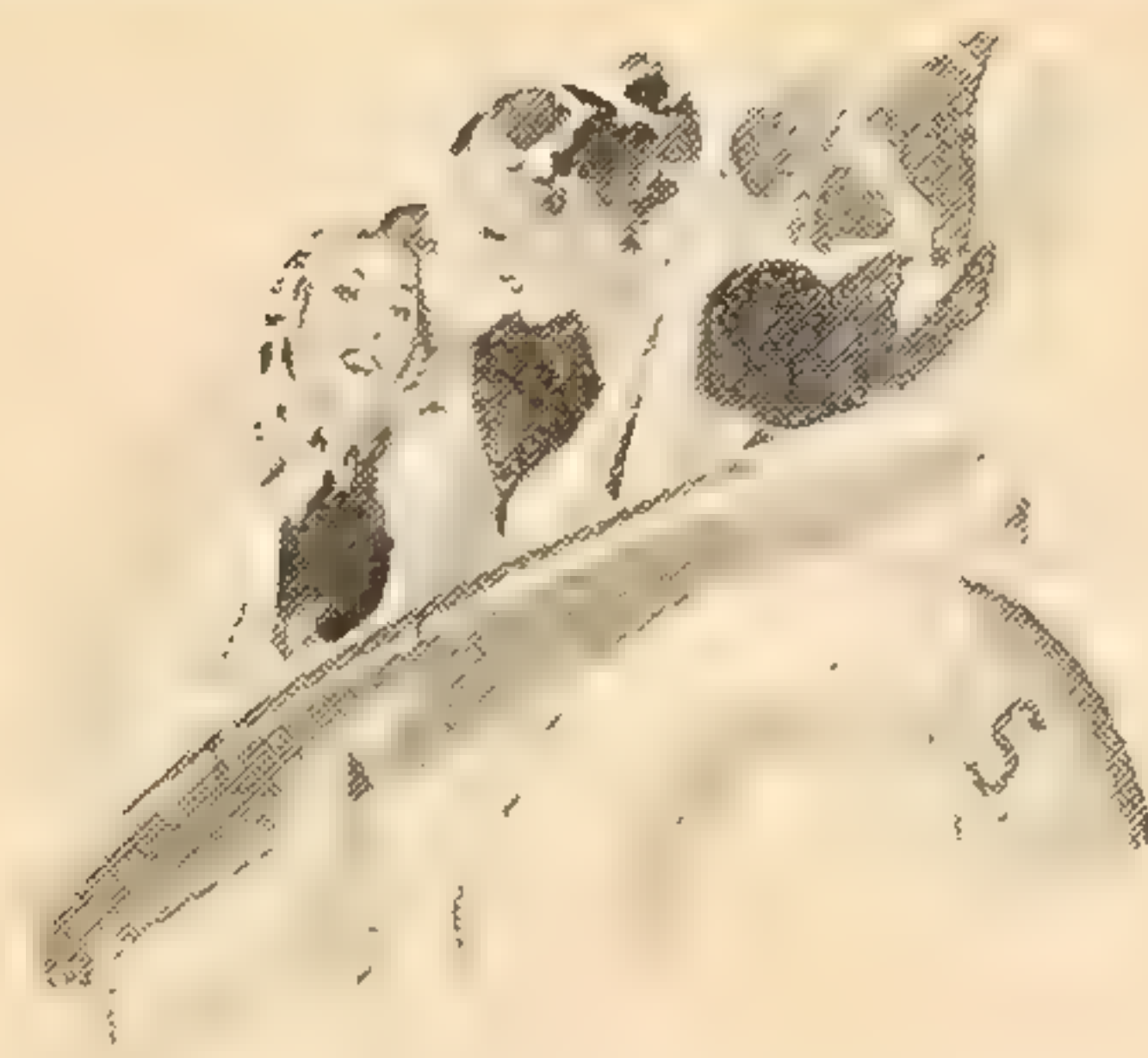
and childhood chum agree

**A Woodbury
Beauty Nightcap
revives
Skin Glamour**

Andrea exchanges beauty secrets with a friend, as told to LOUELLA PARSONS, Movie Columnist



1. Aboard ship, returning from her honeymoon, Andrea met another bride, a girl she hadn't seen since her pigtail days. "You're prettier than in pictures," said her friend. "How do you keep your skin so soft?"



2. The other bride has lovely skin, too. So when the girls compared notes, they found both take a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. Both use Woodbury Cold Cream to cleanse, soften and enliven their complexions.



3. What husbands think, counts most with brides, says lovely Andrea. So she uses 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream every night at bedtime for cleansing; leaves on a light film to invigorate her skin while she sleeps.

**Build Beauty into Your Skin at Night
with this 3-Way Cream**

At bedtime *cleanse* with Woodbury Cold Cream—its germ-free purity protects the skin. *Lubricate* with Woodbury—leave a film on overnight. Woodbury's oils melt at skin contact. Let Woodbury *invigorate* your skin—it contains a skin-invigorating Vitamin. Buy a jar of Woodbury Cold Cream today. This 3-Way beauty cream costs only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, at all beauty counters.

CLEANSES safely
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THE 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE . . . FREE!
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Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous-size tube of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. Also 8 fashion-approved shades of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder.

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What every motorist should know

When you drive, take some Beech-Nut Gum along. It's always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated) Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-town (Canajoharie, New York), famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.

Beech-Nut Gum



GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

with years. He has a reverence for life and the courage to laugh at it, too. Some of these qualities he was showing me, unconsciously, of course, as we talked. In the silence, I paid tribute to him for being wise beyond his years.

"I married the Business Girl, too," Ty went on. "Or rather I married a girl in my business, which amounts to the same thing. For with Annabella, I don't have to go home and draw a diagram of what I'm doing, and why. I don't have to be afraid, when I'm in a melancholy mood, that Annabella will be hurt or won't understand. She always understands. Being a business woman, she isn't personal about everything—that's the answer. When I am in such a mood, she doesn't immediately assume that it has something to do with her. She knows that a scene has gone wrong, that we're behind schedule, that it's something like that. When I'm in a bad mood I can't tell you what Annabella does about it, because I don't know. The mark of the clever woman is, I think, when she can fit herself to a man's moods without his knowing she is doing it. Annabella has that 'mark.'

BUSINESS women don't grumble about the demands of business. For instance, we like to take trips together. We'd planned to take a long trip this summer. Well, I didn't have to be afraid that Annabella wouldn't understand when I told her that we couldn't go, because as soon as I finish 'Brigham Young' I start on 'The Great Commandment' and then on 'The Californian.'

"Business women know how to make the best of what time they have. So, instead of taking our trip together, Annabella comes up to our location week-ends, and we make the most of it. And when she isn't with me, I don't have to have the uneasy feeling that she is languishing at home, bored, feeling sorry for herself. She is studying English every day, ridding herself of her accent, preparing to do pictures again. She is doing some radio work, too. She is as busy as I am—that's the comfort of having a business woman for a wife.

"And not only did I marry a mental companion but I married the Good Companion, in every way. We read a lot together—the essays of Montaigne at present, if you please! We read everything there is to read about the situation abroad and at home. But, also, I've often gone home on a Friday, told Annabella

I had a couple of days off, said 'Let's hop in the car and just go!' and without a glance at her hair, without a single wail of 'What shall I wear?' Annabella chucks a suitcase in the car, is in herself and, with no questions asked, we're off!

"Married to Annabella," Ty went on, liking the sound of his own voice, I could tell, because the words were framing Annabella, "riches never cease. I found I also married the Athletic Girl! Annabella swims with me, stroke for stroke. We swim almost every morning in our pool and let me tell you, I duck her at my peril! We play golf together, bowl, play tennis and badminton. We ride together, take hikes together. It's always a toss-up which one of us will tire first.

"She's a Country Girl because she knows things about gardens. She loves them with that deep, earthy love that—well, that makes things grow. And I don't mean hot-house orchids, either. I mean she knows about soils and planting things at the rise of the moon and all the rural lore. She grows pole beans and husky tomato plants and makes the young green corn to spring and the pumpkin vines to flourish. And she can take what she grows and can 'em!" Ty fetched up, triumphantly.

"Come evening, she can get into a smart gown, do things to her hair, go to Ciro's with me and be a City Gal. She's the Play Girl because she smokes a companionable cigarette with me, takes an occasional cocktail, does a nasty rhumba, enjoys a good story and has more 'chic' than all of poor Brigham's twenty-seven wives could muster up among them.

"Annabella's also the Old-fashioned Girl because she wants babies and prefers home to night clubs, and she's wise with that 'woman's intuition' we read about. For instance, she knows that I hate arguments, and will back away from anything resembling a fight. Consequently we never argue at our house. She knows my pet hate is people who drive in the middle of the road at ten miles an hour, deaf to any horn. When I cuss my pet hate, Annabella doesn't tell me not to be silly, she says a few French words, too!

"You can't be bored with the Girl of Today," said Ty. "There's no longer any excuse for polygamy because now a man marries half a dozen women when he says 'I do' to one. I did," he told me again, laughing, "and hope I've proved it!"

Even a temperature of 100° couldn't keep those sports addicts, the Ronald Reagans, away from the tennis match Bill Tilden and Lester Stoefer played for the benefit of the Red Cross abroad. Like a couple of kids at the circus, Jane and Ronald drank one lemonade after the other to keep cool!



SALAD SATISFACTION

(Continued from page 11)

'em hot!) sorrel, fennel, tarragon and sweet basil.

Surely with such a collection and with the thousand and one other ideas from which you can choose, you have advance assurance of success for your Salad Bar party. Now all you need is a good salad dressing recipe—and here it is!

SALAD BOWL DRESSING

Mix in a bowl or in a jar with a tight-fitting cover, or right in the big salad bowl itself before adding the greens, the following ingredients in the order given:

- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1/2 teaspoon black pepper
- 3/4 cup salad oil
- 1/4 cup vinegar (cider and tarragon mixed)

A touch of garlic may be added to the dressing, though our star expert prefers to rub the large salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic, instead. That's all there is to it. . . . your guests provide their own extra seasoning and they have fun doing it, while you get the reputation of being a mighty smart little hostess and a big jump ahead of your crowd!

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 60)

for every sport under the sun. She also collects phonograph records and rides at least once a day on the big double decker busses in Los Angeles, because she still gets a huge kick out of them. Mary is a fraction under five feet, weighs 100 pounds and has curly brown hair and brown eyes. She loves the color red, and her greatest ambition is to some day own a bright scarlet convertible coupé.

Lois Kinchiner, Pottstown, Pa. You can reach both of those little singing stars, Linda Ware and Susanna Foster, at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, California.

Jenevieve Hunton, Wheatland, Wyo. June Lang, who was formerly married to Vic Orsatti, was recently married to John Roselli. No, Betty Field and Jackie Cooper don't go around together. Jackie is five years younger than she is, and they each have their own group of friends. Also, Betty is now on Broadway, many miles from Hollywood. Lana Turner loves nice clothes, especially sportswear. Did you know she has seventy sweaters? Ginger Rogers is twenty-nine years old.

INFORMATION DESK MODERN SCREEN 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your newly revised chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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The New, the Thrilling Summer Shade

Flattering to both blondes and brunettes

*"Just look at DUSK ROSE!
A rich, deep summer shade.
I think it's the most flattering
thing this summer"*

*—says Miss Ridgeley Vermilye,
lovely debutante*

"Have you despaired of finding the perfect summer shade? I know I had! And then, I found Dusk Rose. And I want every one of you to discover it, too. Write in for a free sample. And when it arrives, I'm sure you'll be thrilled! It's not as dark or tan as most summer shades are... instead, it's beautifully deep and rosy," says Miss Vermilye.

DUSK ROSE gives your face a lovely smooth and even finish. It's so flattering—to both blondes

and brunettes! And more than that... it's grand at keeping your face from looking shiny under harsh lights and in brilliant sunshine. How can it do this? By being anti-shine... by absorbing harsh lights and reflecting the softer, more flattering ones from your face.

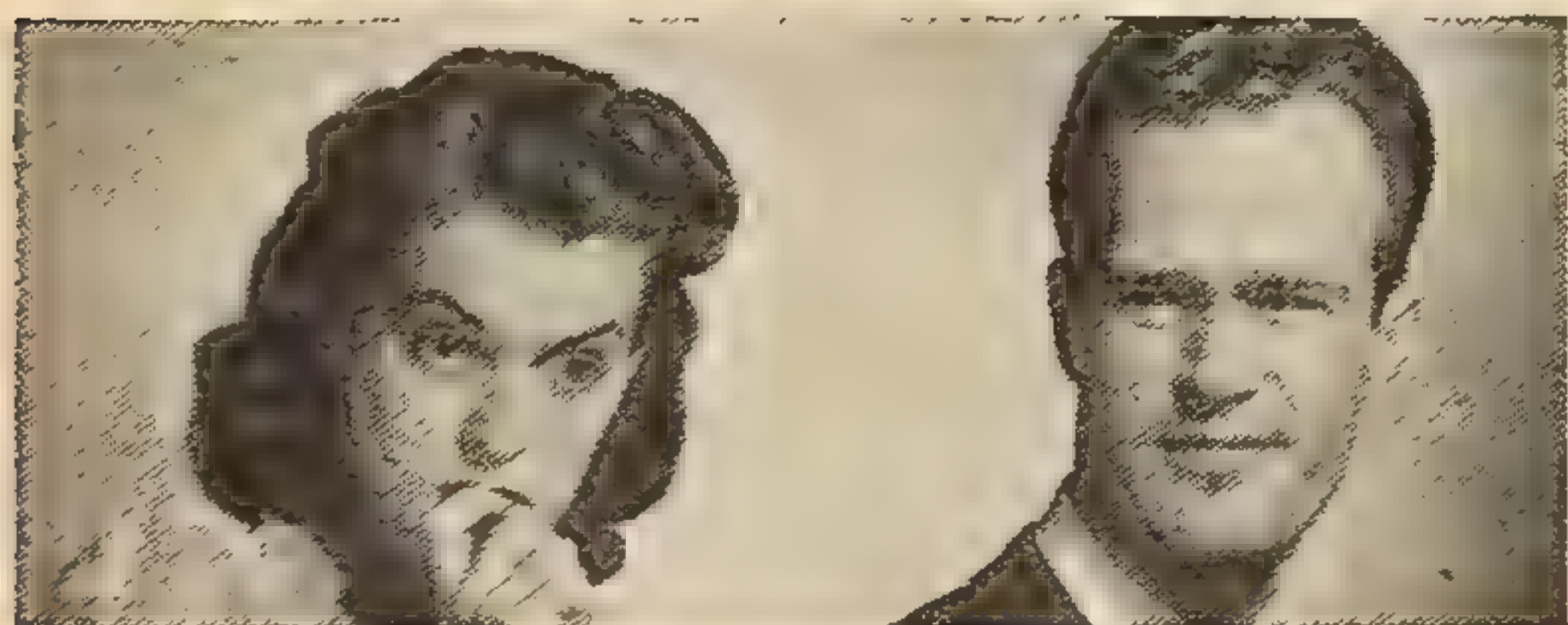
Dusk Rose comes in 10¢ and 20¢ boxes, as well as the big economical size that so many women prefer. Have a beauty treat... go out and buy a box now.

Free!

Write in for a free sample of Dusk Rose this very minute. With it will come 3 other lovely summer shades: Rose Dawn, Rose Brunette and Sunlight. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PH, Clinton, Conn.

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CHECK UGLY PERSPIRATION

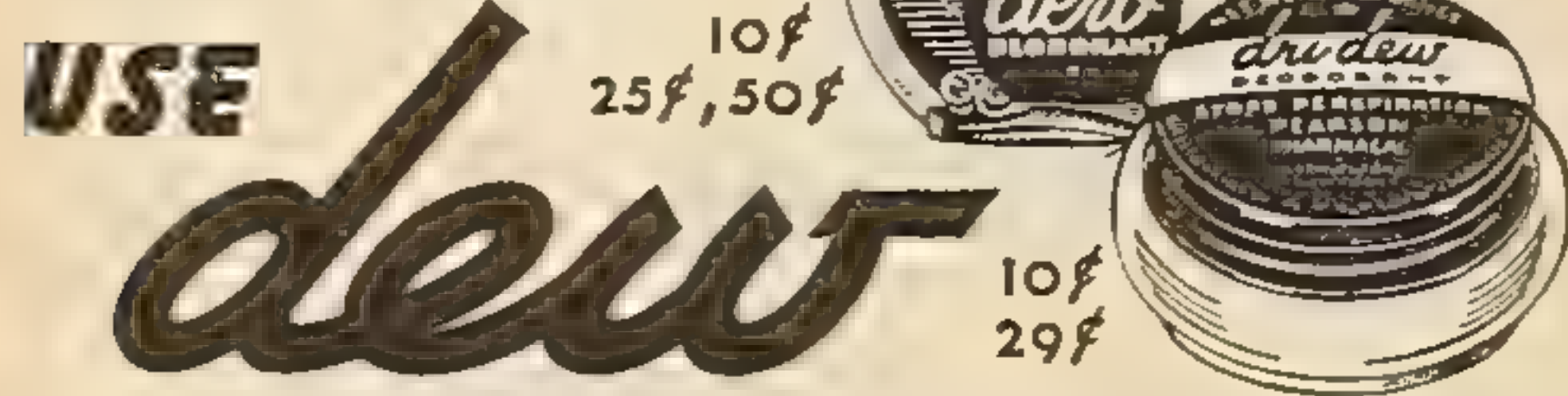


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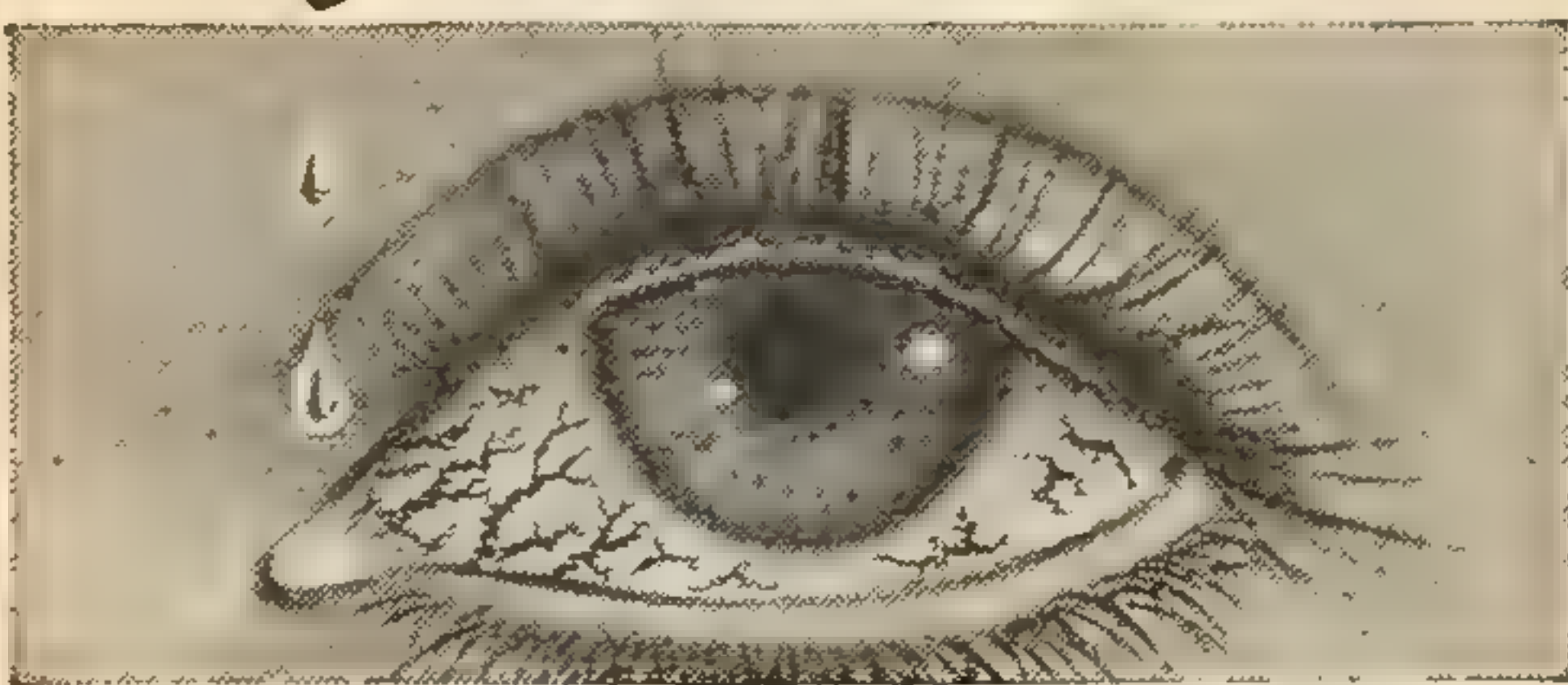


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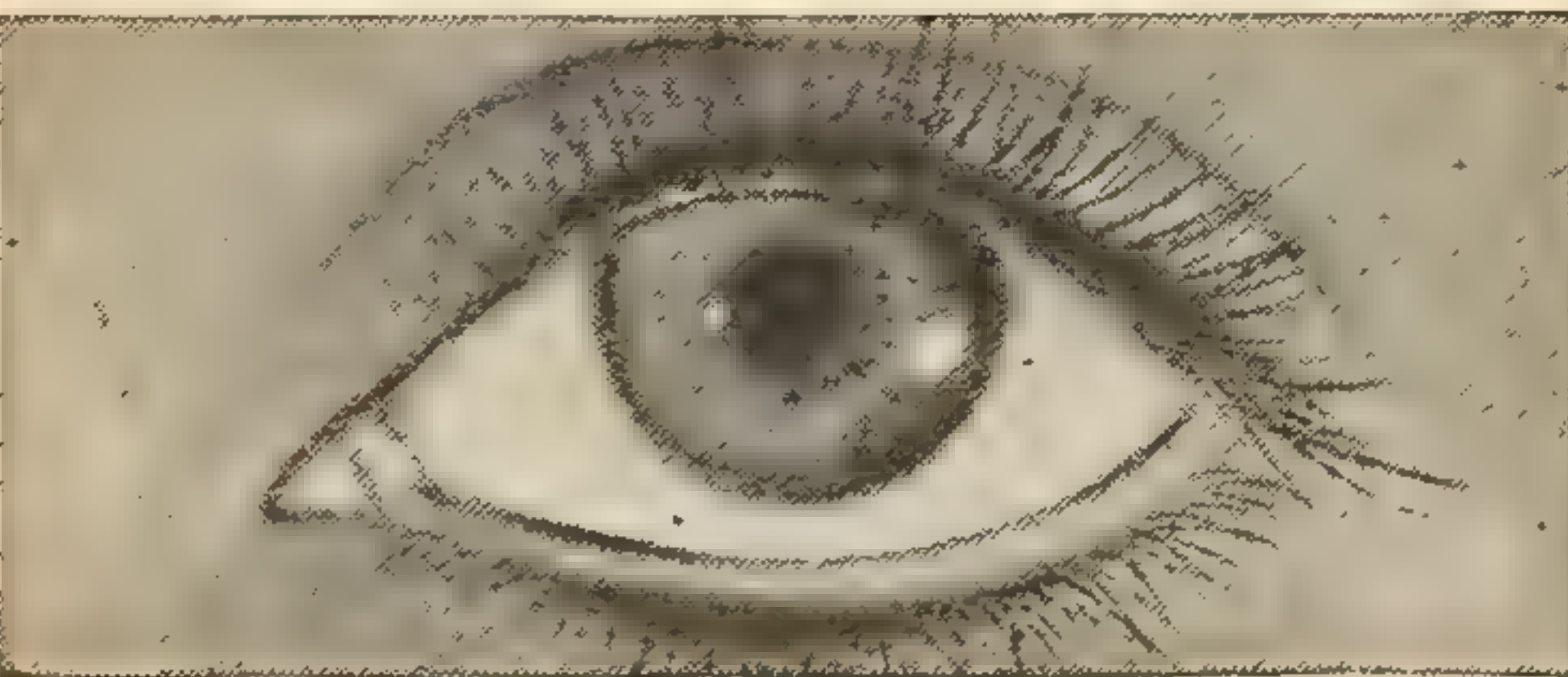


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USE



EYE-GENE



HANDLE WITH CARE

(Continued from page 29)

has as much bounce as a tennis ball, as well as plenty of what strings the racquet, too. Weakness following a serious operation wasn't nearly enough to keep her from flying East and back with Mr. A. the other day. Nor has the hospital pain wiped out the laugh wrinkles around her eyes.

In spite of her unhappy career moments in Hollywood, Joan Fontaine has maintained a flexible funny bone. And, all in all, she has managed to get more out of her young life along the way than a lot of other people, including perhaps, big sister Olivia de Havilland.

FOR instance, while Olivia still plucks daisy petals, Joan has had seven engagements—count 'em—seven from the first at sixteen till the one that took at twenty-two. The first betrothal, oddly enough, plunged Joan into all her protracted Hollywood career worries, just as the last one lifted her blissfully out.

Joan Fontaine first came to Hollywood from Saratoga to bid her sister Olivia fond farewell. She was going back to Japan, of all places, to get married. The idea of "Livy's" startling good fortune and budding dramatic career in Hollywood struck little sister Joan as something to be expected more or less. Things like that always happened to Livy. Never to Joan.

So when a Hollywood agent met her with Olivia and said, "Why don't you stay in Hollywood and act, too?" the shock was too much for her frail constitution.

"Good heavens," said Joan. "Is it as easy as that?"

"It should be for you," said the agent, explaining why. Well, Joan listened to beguiling words, and pretty soon she guessed she'd have to change her plans. Cupid took the count, as Cupid often does at sixteen, and instead of sailing for Japan, Joan had her trunk sent down to Hollywood. She should have known what she was letting herself in for. But for some reason she didn't.

Right here, it might be a good idea to dip briefly back into the *dossiers* of *les soeurs* de Havilland of Saratoga, California, during the pre-Hollywood era. Coming events sometimes cast their shadows before.

Only fifteen months separate Olivia and Joan. But that apparently was plenty of time for the Fates to huddle and whip up an entirely different personality pattern for little sister. Olivia and Joan have always been and still are as close as those two peas in a pod. But they've also always been as different as day and night.

For one thing, there was the matter of health. While Olivia was skipping serenely through childhood with nothing much more serious than hangnails, Joan was a chronic doctors' delight. She spent her first year in this life wrapped in cotton, her entire little body burning with eczema. Later on came combined measles and streptococcus infection. Then serious ear trouble, rheumatic fever and double pneumonia with pleurisy—all scattered strategically through her growing-girl years.

The result was half days at school and long play hours indoors sucking a thermometer, reading endless books and being in general a frustrated Alice-sit-by-the-fire, while Olivia and all the rest of the kids were romping around outdoors, doing big things at school and energetically

asserting their personalities. Inferiority complexes fastened on Joan like barnacles.

"You said you thought I was good in 'Rebecca,'" smiled Mrs. Aherne. "I ought to have been. I was that girl. I knew I was a plain, unattractive nobody. I was certain everyone hated me."

Olivia, on the other hand, was sure everyone loved her. Or she should have been. Scholarships, honors, fun and festivity came her way. She was a beautiful belle of the town; she was bright. Everything in school was *cum laude*. Everything nice plopped into Olivia's lap. Everything nice was usually snatched out of Joan's. Such as the time Joan was to do Alice in "Alice in Wonderland" in a Saratoga amateur production.

It was easily the biggest moment in her life to date. On the eve of the play Joan came down with pneumonia. Who played the part? Olivia.

The point is, Joan should have known that Fate wasn't going to let her get by with a comparatively easy conquest of Hollywood. Olivia, as advertised, has sailed along smoothly with steady, normal, sunny successes. For Joan it was the hard way from the start.

Of course, the heaviest handicap you can ask for in Hollywood is to be the sister of an established star. Olivia had worked in Hollywood almost two years before Joan came back from Japan, where she had sailed for her health, taking snow baths for some odd reason and getting herself betrothed to a young American consul. Once she had decided on a career instead, she knew she faced making good entirely on her own. Which suited her just fine.

THE Hollywood measures she took for a separate identity earned Joan Fontaine local accusations of resenting and determinedly rivaling Olivia's success. She adopted her stepfather's name, Fontaine, and at first, rather naively, actually believed no one would unmask her as Olivia de Havilland's sister. In her first contract at RKO she specified that no studio publicity was ever to hook her up with Olivia de Havilland. She made a point of making her own friends and keeping her business interests separate from those of her sister. For a long time she and Olivia made it a rule not to go out in public together.

There's no doubt the sister situation presented a definite challenge to Joan Fontaine. After all, she had spent most of her life being overshadowed by big sister Olivia. In Hollywood she wasn't content to fix Olivia's lunch, haul her to and from the studio, sew her frocks and act as maid in waiting, all of which she did for some months. Joan is an individualist and a spirited one. Hollywood, in a way, was her first chance to be important in her own right and she determined to take advantage of the opportunity.

The idea of jealousy, however, is pure Hollywood bosh and can be very easily exploded by scores of incidents. It was Joan, for instance, not Olivia, who first was called for a test for Melanie in "Gone With the Wind." "I can't do Melanie," she told David Selznick, "but Olivia can." In her place the next morning she sent her sister—for what resulted in the greatest part Olivia de Havilland has ever had.

This didn't start out to be a sister story, though, believe it or not. It started out

to be the story of how Joan Fontaine fought to get what she wanted in Hollywood, and then found she wasn't sure she wanted what she got. And you can chart her progress, as Joan pointed out, with little peaks of high hopes and dizzy drops of despair.

Hope number one swelled when she made a local stage hit in "Call it a Day" at Hollywood Boulevard's El Capitan Theatre. Joan was on the stage only two minutes but she walked off with the reviews. That triumph, all two minutes of it, brought a screen contract with Jesse Lasky, then part of the Pickford-Lasky studio. But the minute after Joan signed, it seemed, Pickford-Lasky split into little pieces and her hopes with it.

She started again, this time at RKO. A couple of B pictures did her no good, but while playing a small part in "Quality Street," Joan caught the eye of Katharine Hepburn, and Hepburn went to bat for her. "You ought to give that girl a lead," she told RKO big bugs. Oddly enough they did. Joan played her first real job in a little picture called "The Man Who Found Himself" and made the movie critics sit up and blink. Not enough people saw the picture to make her a star. But at RKO it had results.

The front office called an excited Joan in and told her she was terrific. "Our biggest discovery," they exulted. "We're going to build you . . . groom you for big things!" Joan tripped about on air. The long hours of dramatic training she had savagely attacked with her determined ambition seemed about to pay off at last. Then the air suddenly slipped out from under her—and for the silliest possible reason. She got in bad with her own publicity department!

It happened, Joan firmly believes to this day, because her poker education had



Another back-to-the-soiler is Baby Sandy, who preserves that figure by strenuous gardening between films. Note that she's traded in her boyish bob for an ultra-feminine hair-do!

been sadly neglected. She was on location at the Norconian Club when a bunch of the boys asked her to sit in on a red-hot game one night when shooting was over. Joan was tired in the first place and wanted to go to bed. In the second place, she didn't know a bob-tailed straight from a royal flush. She said "No." They said she was high-hat. The studio publicity chief even bawled her out when she got back to Hollywood. The press began to take cracks at her. Being sensitive anyway, new, completely bewildered and at a loss as to just what to do about it, Joan feared her career was ruined forever. When the part in "Stage Door" she had been promised went to Andrea Leeds instead, she was sure of it.

It's a pretty terrible thing to be sensitive in Hollywood where set manners are rough-and-ready and relations strictly off the cuff. Joan wasn't used to it. Nor has she ever got completely acclimated to a world where people you barely know call you "Honey" and "Darling" instead of "Miss" and "Madame" and are quite likely to put their arms about you instead of shaking hands. It terrified her even more then, and she didn't know what to do about it. "All I wanted to do was get along with people," Joan Fontaine recalled a little wistfully.

Probably the nadir of Joan Fontaine's Hollywood experience, ironically enough, was the picture hailed as her greatest break. "Damsel in Distress" was much more than a title. The damsel was Joan—and no kidding. Her tortures were not only mental, but physical as well. She made the picture in a state of high nerves, apprehension and physical exhaustion. "Damsel in Distress" was the Fred Astaire cinematic divorce from Ginger Rogers, you'll remember. Joan got in on

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LOOK AT YOUR SKIN AND
SEE IF IT'S DRY,
LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING!

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SMOOTH, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

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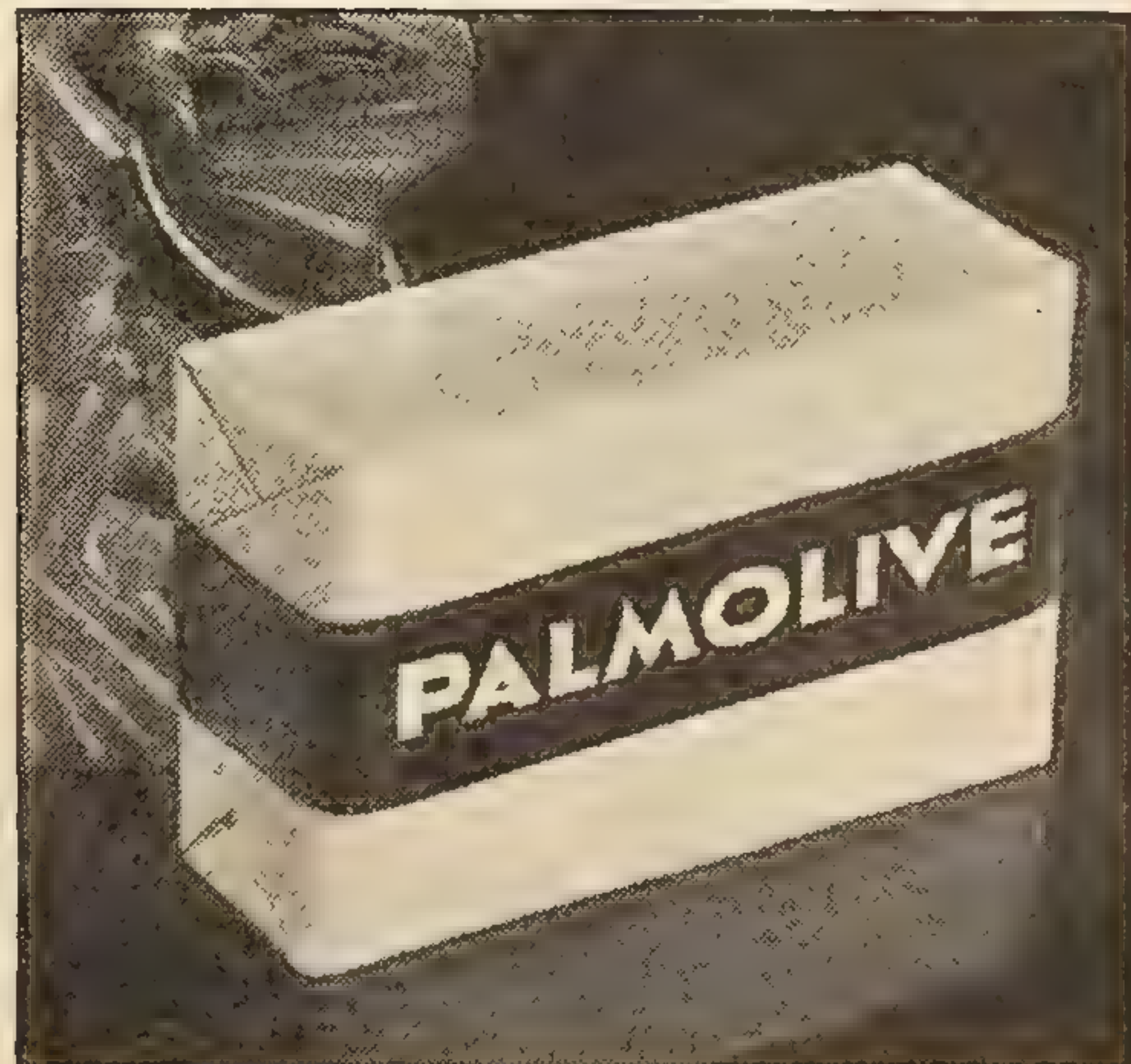


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a rain check. RKO really wanted Loretta Young but couldn't get her. Nobody particularly wanted Joan. She didn't even want herself. She hadn't danced since she was fourteen. She knew she couldn't possibly follow Ginger Rogers teamed with the best hooper of them all. But she dragged herself down to the studio at four in the morning for weeks and did the best she could about it. She limped home at night and taped the red sores worn into her heels. On the nervous side—well—Ginger liked to visit the set almost every day which didn't help Joan's composure any. And halfway through the picture the producer came up to her and heartened her by saying, "You know, I've been worried about you in this picture. But I've just seen the rushes and I think you might do!" Joan could have shot him.

ABOUT the only reward Joan Fontaine got from critics for "Damsel in Distress" was some kindly condemnation with faint praise. From her studio she got a quick return ticket to the B's. And from her public—

One night with a current fiancé Joan crept into the Hollywood Pantages Theatre to see the fiasco with her own eyes. She had been much too terrified to take in the preview. Sitting in the dark watching herself in action, Joan heard a woman sit down behind her and suddenly gasp. "My! Isn't that girl revolting!"

Joan crept out feeling like a criminal. That's when she began to wonder if this Hollywood business was worth it. She never saw herself in another picture until the "Gunga Din" mistake.

"Gunga Din" was Fontaine's Last Chance, in capital letters, at RKO. As usual there was the build-up for Joan before the letdown. You lucky girl, was the idea, after all the terrible pictures you've made, getting another chance in RKO's picture of pictures with Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and all this epic production. Well, the chance was all right with Joan. But after she had worked a few days, "Gunga Din" went on location and stayed for weeks while Joan sat around Holly-

wood biting her nails. When the company got back she went on the set one day and asked to see the script so she could find out what she was to do. There was an eloquent silence, then a few people laughed. "This is a little embarrassing, Joan," said one, "but you see, we're cutting you out!"

They called her later and said that wasn't true at all and for her to be sure to show up at the preview to see her triumph. That was when Joan got herself the new dress, the handsome young escort and the orchids. That was also when she watched the picture go on and on as her face grew redder and redder. She thinks she walked in and out of a few scenes. She knows pretty soon she was walking out of RKO for keeps with her last pay-check in her purse. She's never been back on the lot.

That was the end of Joan Fontaine versus Hollywood. There was an episode with "Man of Conquest" and her dramatic bit in "The Women," but as far as Joan was concerned, the waltz was over. "I gave up," admitted Mrs. A. "I decided the whole thing had been a bad idea."

She went up to a desert ranch at Victorville. She rode horses all day and read books after supper. One book kept her up all night, glued to its pages and scared half to death. It was Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca." And to show you how hard the Hollywood habit is to break up—"I shot the whole picture myself in that room that night," Joan recalled. "I plotted every shot, every camera angle." She never held the slightest hope of doing it, of course. It was all just a flight of fancy. Joan felt as if she was practically retired from the screen anyway.

Then the thing happened, as things often do in Hollywood. At a dinner party Joan sat next to David Selznick. She got around to that have-you-read-any-good-books-lately? stage of the conversation and mentioned "Rebecca." "It certainly should make a good picture," she said.

"I think so," said Selznick. "I've just bought it. How would you like to do it?"

It wasn't as simple as all that, of course. The offer was mainly parlor conversation

Eric Blore irons things out for Joe Penner on the set of "The Boys from Syracuse," while Alan Mowbray supervises. The picture—adapted from the play—is hilarious, with the famous "duck salesman" in a dual role—twin slaves, no less!



with Selznick, too. Joan was tested, though, off and on a dozen or so times for almost a year. But so were Vivien Leigh and Margaret Sullavan and a few others. Selznick really wanted either a very big name star or a complete newcomer. Joan Fontaine was neither one. "Better forget 'Rebecca,'" they told her at last. So she did. Something new in her life helped her—a gentleman named Brian Aherne.

Joan met Brian Aherne strictly by mistake. It happened in Palm Springs one week-end. He heard her voice and thought she was Olivia. Brian had long been a member of that chivalrous Hollywood male group at Warner Brothers, known as "The Society for the Protection of Olivia de Havilland." But Olivia, much to Joan's disgust, had never brought him to the house.

Well, they had fun in the desert sun, and, after that, it seemed they kept running into each other around town in the most romantic places. But things didn't progress at all. The reason was obvious. Joan, as usual, was already engaged, this time to Number Six.

One afternoon Brian invited Joan to a cocktail party in the garden of his home which is now their home. There was a fortune teller there. When he got around to Joan he rolled his eyes mysteriously and exclaimed, "You're going to marry your host!" Just like that.

Joan thought that was rather funny, so she called, "Oh, Mr. Aherne, listen to this. He says I'm going to marry you!"

"Maybe we'd better do something about that," replied Mr. A. gallantly. "When can I see you?"

"Wednesday or Thursday," suggested Joan.

"Wednesday and Thursday," corrected Mr. A., completely master of the situation.

Of course all that swami stuff sounds to me like Mr. A. was a pretty smooth operator. Anyway, Number Six was out of luck right then and there, and Number Seven was telling Joan he needed a wife. He wanted someone, Brian said, who wasn't in the movies. "That certainly sounded like me!" recalled Joan with a grin. Four days after their first date they were engaged.

And two days before the wedding, with all the trimmings which Joan had planned at Del Monte, her telephone rang. "You're going to play 'Rebecca,'" the Selznick office informed her. "Come on over for a make-up test."

"I am going to play myself in my own wedding," Joan replied. It was much too late to consider, she continued. She had decided to quit pictures anyway. In other words, the answer was "No."

"A seven-year contract goes with the part," they told her.

JOAN said she had a contract for life. She just wasn't interested.

Well, of course, she did play "Rebecca" in the end, with all her heart, because she was wrapped up in the part. She showed her courage fighting an illness which made her faint on the set twice and finally resulted in a serious operation. But, remember, she didn't consent until she'd had her wedding and her honeymoon. And even then only when Brian, knowing how much she had wanted to do it, said he thought she might as well, inasmuch as he would be tied up with "Vigil in the Night" and "My Son, My Son" for the next few months anyway.

But the fame that has at last come to Joan Fontaine is nothing to her compared with the happiness she has found outside of her career. Brian Aherne is her major

career, her sun, moon and stars, too. And if Hollywood even faintly threatens her marriage—it is just too bad for Hollywood! Joan has made that plain.

Her contract with Selznick is the only one in Hollywood which stipulates she can follow her husband wherever he goes, regardless of Selznick's wishes or production plans. Right now "Mr. and Mrs. A." are blissfully flying all over the skies in Brian Aherne's new plane, and no studio is going to ground them either—or their happiness.

"The truth is," stated Joan Fontaine, "that now I don't particularly care about being a star. I don't even know that I'll keep on acting after awhile."

"I've suddenly found everything I could ask for in my husband. I'm so divinely happy being his wife. I'm going to see that this one thing I really care about is never taken away. Any career I might have is secondary in my life. What amazes me now is that I ever worried about one."

All of which makes Joan Fontaine's trail of Hollywood heartbreaks well worth-while at last, I should think. It takes a lot of other Hollywood career girls I could name a lifetime to arrive at any such sage conclusion—and then sometimes they're never quite sure they're right about it.

Joan will do "Jane Eyre" next for Selznick, but not until fall, when she's fully recovered from the surgery and fat and sassy again. As for "Rebecca," I said I thought it was high time she took a look at herself and learned what all the shouting was about.

"Maybe some afternoon," conceded Joan Fontaine, "I'll sneak off and see it. But I don't know. I've got a million things to keep me busy here at home."



SISTER CALLS ME CUPID!

ON ACCOUNT OF A WHILE AGO...

LOOKIT, SIS! WHAT YOU WANT TO GO AND HANG ICICLES ON A GOOD GUY LIKE GEORGE FOR?

TOMMIE, CUPID HASN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST BAD BREATH!



COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...

I GOT THE DOPE ALL RIGHT, GEORGE-- AND IT'S A CINC! ALL YOU GOTTA DO TO RATE WITH SIS IS SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

MY BREATH!



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TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



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L.B. & Scalp Conditioner
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

JACKIE OF ALL TRADES

(Continued from page 39)

though, and sometimes my mother serves it at my parties.”

Parties at the Cooper home on Crescent Drive in Beverly Hills are noisily enjoyable affairs—for everyone but neighbors Marlene Dietrich and George Brent, who find themselves wavering between a decision to call out the riot squad or shut the windows on the Cooper side.

It's not “women” but his band that's Jackie's favorite topic of conversation. Eight years ago on a steamer to Panama, he heard a drummer who handled the sticks and the wire brushes like Ray Bauduc. And his mother and stepfather, a producer at Monogram Studios, have never heard the last of it.

“I saved my pennies and bought a set of drums,” he explains. “Then I took some lessons, but they slowed me up. I guess I had tom-toms in the soul. While in the East, I met Gene Krupa when he was still with Benny Goodman. Gosh, that man's good! He's by far the best technical man in the business and reads music perfectly! I learned a lot from him. Krupa can get more results with less effort than anybody I know of.”

GENE KRUPA, busy with sticks and the one-two-three-four, may not be aware of it, but he gave Jackie Cooper the push that started him organizing his own swing band.

“Maybe you'll laugh when I tell you our combination of instruments,” continued Jackie, “'cause it sounds crazy. We have two trumpets, one trombone, two clarinets (the clarinetists double on saxes) and a full rhythm section of piano, drums, guitar, bass fiddle and vibraharp. But actually it sounds good—at least to me—especially when the clarinets take melody an octave above the trumpets. I love that.

“You see, this isn't a regular jazz band. We're not copying the style or arrangements of any name orchestras. We can't. It would sound too thin with ten players. Most orchestras have at least thirteen men in them. We play Dixieland style—not quite on the order of Bob Crosby. That is, not as corny or New Orleansy. It's more modern Dixie stuff.

“Although we've had bookings at private parties and at a few night spots, we don't want to play dances,” Jackie confided. “That's one reason we have such a peculiar combination of instruments. Right now it looks as if we'll be signed by a sponsor to play regularly on a national hook-up.

“I really organized the band because every year I like to tour vaudeville. When you make personal appearances, you can't just stand there and smile and talk. You gotta give the audience its money's worth.”

The only thing Jackie doesn't like about his band is the name “Clambake Cats” that a publicity man pinned on it. “The name has stuck to us—like a burr on the seat of our pants,” he says.

Another thing Jackie doesn't like is the constant buzz of rumors about himself and Mickey Rooney.

Jackie is precocious. There's no doubt about that. He is four or five years older than his physical age. He's as tactful as a two-in-one version of Milton Wright and Dale Carnegie. He's a husky kid with big hands and a handshake like the Village Blacksmith. He's not the kind who says one thing and means two others. And his Achilles heel is a sen-

sitivity about being misrepresented in regard to Mickey Rooney.

Recently a national magazine, touting the ability of Mickey Rooney and his fists, implied that Mickey and he never meet each other without a new chip on their shoulders. This hits Jackie square in the heart. He knows they have never exchanged lefts or rights, nor even been near it.

Everything considered, such a match would be a mismatch. Discounting Fitzsimmons' statement, “The bigger they are the harder they fall,” one must remember that Mickey is five feet and one half inches tall; Jackie is five feet, nine. Mickey Rooney is light as a jockey. Jackie weighs 156. Jackie has been taking boxing lessons since he was five—exactly 12 years.

Comparing them bicep for bicep in anticipation is actually silly, for Jackie has never had real trouble with Mickey Rooney and doesn't expect any.

“A lot of articles say that I'm jealous of Mickey! Gosh, but I'm not. Why do writers have to say those things? Naturally it burns me up. Whatever success he's achieved—and that is plenty—he deserves. That's the way I feel about it!

“Some people say, ‘Why doesn't he go around with Mickey if they are such good friends?’” Jackie snorted exasperatedly. “Now that's kinda silly, isn't it? We're friends. Just because we don't go with the same groups doesn't prove a thing. Because we both happen to be actors, doesn't mean we must be bosom companions. In the younger set, Deanna Durbin doesn't pal around with Judy Garland, but does that mean they are enemies? People are friends because they find recreations, hobbies and other friends in common,” he said.

JACKIE feels a great deal of personal interest in Mickey's success in comedy roles.

“Four or five years ago, I told Mickey I thought he should try comedy parts. Look what he's done recently! Every Andy Hardy picture is a smash. So far as competition in acting goes, I don't feel that any such thing exists between us. In comedy roles, he and I differ entirely. To use an example, you might say Mickey and I go along the style of Bob Hope and Jack Benny. Like Hope, Mickey delivers the gags straight out. Like Benny, I pull the dumb sort of stuff and get laughs from being the butt of the gags.

“Nope. We're distinctly different types. Frankly, I like Mickey. And I'm not saying this as a sort of handshake in words. That isn't at all necessary. He's been pretty nice to me, and I respect him a great deal,” he said.

As Jackie Cooper sat there on the studio bench on Sound Stage 11, he puffed thoughtfully on his black carbon-caked pipe—permission of his mother and step-dad.

He's an odd combination of youth and maturity—this Jackie Cooper. And for a young fellow whose salary spreads into three zeros, his taste is surprisingly simple compared with that of most youthful Hollywood professionals. Most of them, for instance, have warehouses full of suits that get most of their wearing from hangers. Jackie is practical, however.

“Lemme see now how many suits I have. I really don't go around in gunny sacks, but I haven't got 365 suits and one

for leap year day. There's the blue pin stripe, the plain blue, the dull green, the brown, the tux and a couple of others—seven in all. They cost between \$50 and \$60. One reason I don't stock up on suits is that I'm still growing. And I don't want to buy them to keep the moths busy.

"Sports coats are my weakness. I have a million of them"—discounting youthful enthusiasm, 10 or 12—"and I pay \$35 apiece for them. I like loud socks and solid colors in slack socks. I never have enough shoes or socks. It's the truth," he insisted, tapping ashes from his pipe.

What with pipe, adult clothing, perfect social adjustment, external symbols of a ripening personality, the Cooper of today is different in a thousand ways from the scared six-year-old who lisped a popular ditty in the Fox "Movietone Follies" in 1929. "Now my voice is too gravelly for singing," he laughs.

JACKIE, who gets along on a \$15 a week allowance, long ago graduated from Cooganish roles to boyish problem child roles and, finally—with plenty of growing pains—into adolescence.

It was at the in-between age—when knees are knobby and bodies awkward and voices crack into a fluty falsetto without warning—that Jackie Cooper left M-G-M. In 1934 executives feared that his acting days were numbered. So Jackie got an offer to study in the studio's dramatic school at a salary till he was 21 years old.

He and his mother said "no" simultaneously. And it turned out to be the wise thing, because later Jackie wowed them on a personal appearance tour. Then he spent a year at Beverly Hills High School, followed by a small-budget picture, "Boy of the Streets," as a warm-up with Monogram. "That Certain Age," with Deanna Durbin, cinched things. Today you can't stop him.

If he isn't acting, he's drumming like

Krupa or rehearsing his band. And if he's not doing that, he's bowling, dancing—he can waltz or jitterbug with equal ability—or seeing a show with Forrest Tucker, Helen Parrish and whatever girl he dates. He has no steady and doesn't want one for six or eight years.

Jackie, who reads Pearl S. Buck avidly, shows horses yearly at Palm Springs, takes swell 16 mm. movies as a hobby, likes hiking in the hills, collecting guns, wrestling with his two dogs, "Champ" and "Schlepperman," and enjoys telling stories, revealed a bit of his romantic past the other day.

"Do you know Helen Parrish could sue me for breach of promise if she wanted to?" He chuckled. "I had a crush that was a crush on her when we were eleven. One day I kissed her, and the next minute we were very practical about the whole affair. 'We'll get married as soon as we're twenty-one,' I said, and Helen agreed. Well, that was long ago, and times have changed. So have Helen and I. She's more beautiful than ever, and if you don't believe it ask my friend, Forrest Tucker."

Jackie is not so free with proposals today. He tries to keep his heart where it belongs—off his sleeve—and that is where acting technique comes in handy even if, as he remarks, "it's no great help on moonlight nights." And when blonde Leila Ernst, his new bubbling gal in "The Aldrich Family in Life With Henry," comes near the set, he tries to comment casually—"She's a sweet kid, isn't she?"—but his eyes show him to be a master of understatement.

It may be that elusive thing that Tin Pan Alley lyricists call "a strange madness," or what full-fledged adults call love, or it may be nuthin' but a "crush"—if Jackie Cooper will go so far as to admit that. But words being tricky things and young men's fancies being even trickier, perhaps we'd better do the sensible thing—drop the subject.

A DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 13)

much by its passage through the movie mill. Summed up, one might say that to be immortalized, modern literature *must be screened*.—E. A. Loucks, Vancouver, Canada.

Change of Heart

I waited until "Broadway Melody of 1940" played at third run houses before I saw it. I did want to see Fred Astaire, but frankly, I was afraid Eleanor Powell would spoil the picture for me. After hearing good reports of the film generally, I finally gritted my teeth and went.

Well, I was pleasantly surprised. In fact, I liked Eleanor Powell so well, I sat through the picture twice and I'd certainly like to see her co-starred with Astaire again. That, coming from me, sounds odd because I never thought I would want to see Fred dance with anyone but Ginger Rogers. Here's hoping this letter helps bring the two of them together again. —Josephine Crutcher, Tampa, Florida.

No More Sour Grapes

Why must women act offended when their husbands rave about the beauty of feminine stars? Wives have their favorites, too!

When men remark upon the beauty of

Joan Bennett or Jean Arthur, must we always snap back, "I'd like to see her sans make-up," or "I've heard she's positively unglamorous off-screen." Ten to one, men are waiting for some jealous rejoinder and think it's very childish. Why not just say, "Yes, she is beautiful and so talented one lives through the part with her." Then, when you mention the good looks of Richard Greene, he'll probably say, "Yes, he is a handsome devil."

Try it sometime, ladies, and remember, we'd look worse without our make-up, too!—Leona Brock, Fairfield, Ill.

Tribute to Bette

Years ago, across the screens of the world, there flashed a doll-faced, insensitive, terrifying soulless girl. Her name was Mildred. The film was "Of Human Bondage," and in it Bette Davis first revealed the acting genius that sets her apart from every other living actress.

"Fury," "Bordertown," "Marked Woman" and "Kid Galahad" followed, and in each of them Bette Davis revealed new depths of emotion, new heights of artistry, of beauty and passion. "That Certain Woman" was a welter of sentimental nonsense, but out of it she created moving drama and tragedy. In "Dark Victory" she gave us a portrait so rich in emotion,

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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, etc., indicate and tone
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
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so moving in its poignancy and beauty that it seemed she had set herself a standard she could never again equal.

Then came "Elizabeth and Essex," and again one is humbled by the genius of Bette Davis. Her Elizabeth is violent, cruel, passionate—but withal possessing an obscure beauty. This is her triumph and, because of it, I again salute Bette Davis—screen immortal.—Jan Howard, South Island, New Zealand.

Glamour vs. Oomph

I know some folks clamor
For the thing they call glamour
Which is sold by Lamarr and Lamour,
But Lamarr leaves me cold;
On Lamour I'm not sold—
Their acting is pretty but poor.
It's for the oomph girls I yearner.
(See Annie and Turner.)
They're the ones that can make me say
"Ah!"

They don't have to pose
In long slinky clothes
Or sarongs, like Lamour and Lamarr.
Though they have sex-appeal,
It's the kind that is real;
Ann's wrestling with Garfield's enjoyed.
But would Lamarr still allure
Tumbling 'round on the floor
With her beautiful po(i)se all destroyed?
Lorraine King
Hampton, New Hampshire

Let Lloyd Go Straight

Haven't they enough villains, running around loose in Hollywood, without miscasting Lloyd Nolan as one? He plays them well because he is a good actor, but it's such a waste of oomph!

He'd be much bigger box-office rescuing maidens in distress or making love in the moonlight. Even a layman can see that. He may not be the pretty boy, matinee idol type, but he has a very potent brand of appeal all his own. Even when he's portraying an out and out rat, you find yourself liking him!

Why not leave the leering and sneering to George Raft, Chester Morris, Cesar Romero or George Sanders—all past masters in the art, as well as implausible heroes—and let Lloyd go straight?

Give him a doctor role—that always does an actor good, somehow—and then cast him as father. (They seem to be popular on the screen, lately.) After that watch somebody "discover" him!—Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.

More Tracy, Please

Matinee idols are all right once in a while, as long as we have a generous slice of Tracy for every dash of Greene and Taylor. Who said Spencer Tracy wouldn't make a good lover? Have you seen "I Take This Woman?" That certainly ought to change your mind, for who could have played that role with more ardor or enthusiasm than "our" Tracy? Who, in fact, could have made anything out of that picture but Spence? He can breathe life into any role he's given.

And while you're about it, Hollywood, when do we get a sequel to "Northwest Passage?" Just as I was getting set for more adventures—bingo! "The End." That's the red-blooded, no-punches-pulled sort of adventure story that gives movie-goers an exhilarating lift!

Spencer Tracy may not be handsome but he's certainly got something—call it sincerity, kindness or a real gift for acting. Please hurry to our theatre with more of his pictures!—Merelyn Hughes, Greensburg, Penn.

Memory Chest

Once in a great while, we see a scene that will live forever in our memories. I have stored these away in my "memory chest."

The scene in "Rose Marie" where Nelson Eddy faced Jeanette MacDonald, and their melodious voices blended into the "Indian Love Call."

The poignant scene where Rhett bade Scarlett farewell on the road to Tara in "Gone With The Wind."

In "Boys' Town," when Father Flanagan returned to his small group of boys at Christmas, with merely a handful of broken toys.

The soul-stirring scene in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" where the small boy reads the last few lines of the Gettysburg address at the Lincoln Memorial.

The Technicolor beauty of "The Adventures of Robin Hood" when Robin Hood and his Merry Men swung through the trees of Sherwood Forest to stop Prince John's party of friends.

The end of "San Francisco," when the group of people on the hill sang "San Francisco," and we saw the great city of today rise from the ruins of the city of yesterday.

The side-splitting scene in "The Awful Truth," where Cary Grant tried on the derby, assisted by the only too-willing Irene Dunne.

Yes, Hollywood, like all of us, makes blunders, but as long as she gives us scenes like these to remember, movies are our best entertainment.—Bette Harner, Columbus, Ohio.

Encouragement for Youth

In this chaotic age of youth movements and youth training in foreign countries, let us give thought to the youth of our own land. Let us give them encouragement, instead of criticism and fault-finding.

In every boy's life, there comes a time when he feels discouraged and unwanted and pictures like "Young Tom Edison," are just the tonic and inspiration he needs. He feels less alone in his misery when he sees that even as great a person as Thomas Edison was at one time misunderstood.

My heart was very full when young Tom was laughed at by his townsfolk and when he was stumbling through the rain looking for a job. How often I have seen boys lost in the fog of a world they cannot yet understand! Let us let them know that we can forgive them their mistakes as long as their attitude is right.

If the civic organizations of every community would give free tickets to its boys to see "Young Tom Edison," they would be doing both the town and the boys a truly great service. Think it over, won't you, city Dads—Mrs. Lewis Allen, Gainesville, Tex.

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WHAT LOVE HAS DONE TO BARRYMORE

(Continued from page 27)

wondered how he'd behave. He began by filling the show with the most bawdy of references, mostly ad lib, and designed to embarrass the customers who, curiously, loved it. When a lady in full evening regalia swept in importantly and late one night he turned and asked: "Where the hell have you been?" When a stage door Jenny sneered and cried: "So you're the Great Lover, are you! You're not so hot!" he replied with a lot of eyebrow work, "Just when did I spend the night with you?"

He also led his cast a terrible life. One night when his butler in the play appeared in a green doublet and jerkin (as per script) he said: "You know, you look like a slightly pregnant string bean!" One night, when kissing Doris Dudley who took Elaine's place in the cast, he suddenly looked down her back and cried: "You know, you have a nice fanny!"

His drinking gags became the talk of the nation. When his stage butler brought him a glass of water, he'd grimace and yell: "Not enough gin in this water." When served a stage highball made of weak tea, he'd say: "God, I wish this were real!"

Then he'd put on a drunk act that would shame a souse walking a penthouse roof edge. He'd stagger about hitting the scenery, upset tables, lurch, grab himself, have the words freeze on his lips while his eyes rolled horribly—all the time emitting belches that sounded like distant bombing. Whether he was stinking or not was, of course, problematical—many

doubted the sincerity of these gestures, but it was true that offstage he was not putting on an act when he hit the bottle.

After the show he'd disappear. Nobody knew where he went, but he'd usually manage to appear by performance time. Sometimes he was so weary and ill he could hardly stand. One night he ad libbed: "Get me a wheelchair and I'll do a Lionel!" Nobody obliged, thinking it a gag, and gallantly he stood up throughout the show, collapsing just as the final curtain fell. They started to rush him to a hospital, but he came to and said: "The hell you will! That's where Elaine hooked me!"

LIVING thusly between the bottle and the grave, John deteriorated steadily. His appearance, tending always to extremely unstudied sloppiness, became even more careless. In time he had only one suit and had even lost his overcoat! He lived in a cheap rented house and was always broke. They gave him a male nurse to take Elaine's place, a likable young Oklahoman named Carl Stiever who had wanted to be a doctor. Stiever had his hands full trying to keep Barrymore from toppling off the wagon. The Barrymore personality in time conquered him—for who can resist it? Together the pair would disappear till four in the morning, and neither could ever explain their itinerary. Carl did manage to wean Barrymore from the bottle by getting him to agree to two weak highballs a night. But John couldn't even take these without getting somewhat spiffy-eyed.

His finances at this time were at their lowest ebb, though he was earning wads of money. Out of his 10%, which fluctuated between \$1,000 a week and \$2,200, John had a steady retinue outgo. Take a typical \$1,000 week. He would have to shell out as follows:

Elaine's salary	\$250 a week
Doctor	100 a week
Chicago lawyers	125 a week
Dolores Costello, for two kids	200 a week
Michael Strange's child	125 a week
Rent	25 a week
Nurse	56 a week
Entertaining his daughter Diana who turned up to guard him	25 a week

This left about \$100 a week out of which to buy food and cigarettes, and keep off the Hollywood creditors who had shifted their scene of operations. These unhappy bill-hawks snatched off the surpluses of better weeks at the box office—if they were lucky. For the Barrymore habit has always been to spend it as it rolls in—be it five bucks or five million.

Meanwhile women kept storming his citadel, climbing fire escapes to peek in on him in hotel and hospital. One even sent him a box inclosing rag and a bone and a hank o'hair. But one night, when Elaine called up as he lay under an oxygen tent, he miraculously came to and cried violently: "Bring that phone here. I want to rip it out!" He was back at the old stand next night, thoroughly recovered.

This state of extremely doubtful para-



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dise wasn't doomed to last. After a triumphal season in Chicago, playing right through the hottest months, "My Dear Children" moved into New York with more horns blowing than in Sunday traffic. New York gave it a front page reception—thanks to Elaine.

You may remember the occasion. After the opening night performance, John was sitting around at Fefe's Monte Carlo, a swank New York nightspot, with his daughter, Diana Barrymore Blythe. Suddenly, Elaine, flanked by mama in the background, and terribly fetching in a slinky, gold lamé low-cut evening gown (the gal can dress), marched up to John and in pear-shaped tones that sounded like a muffled but passionate firebell (she has a nice low voice) cried: "All I want is twenty-four hours with you. I cannot go on without you. I do not want you for keeps. Please let me have this night, this day, these twenty-four hours. Oh, I know I have done a lot of things that I shouldn't have, but I entreat you to relent!"

TO her credit, even though it sounded like a well-rehearsed part of a radio soap program, Elaine gave a wonderful performance. But as John wilted, young Diana drew herself up and said: "This is my father. We are Barrymores, and you have nothing in common with us. Please go."

"I'm staying," Elaine shot back as John murmured something to Diana about "Don't be a Barrymore." Elaine added: "I'm his wife."

"Then I'm going," cried Diana and swept off. Immediately John and Elaine were in each other's arms, weeping and kissing and uttering strange noises like "Sweetsie! You are like a breath of Spring!"

The story raged around the newspapers for some days, one paper finally printing: "This edition positively guaranteed to contain no news about John Barrymore!"

Immediately Elaine started to pull what remained of John together, and in turn John dropped an impending \$300,000 suit against her for alleged moneys she had extracted from him. Elaine's divorce suit went into the legal ash-cans (to the chagrin of the lawyers and the reporters), and Elaine went back into the cast of "My Dear Children" on which her eyes, though blinded by passion, still were focused.

This, alas, did no good to anybody ex-

cept Barrymore. The instant Elaine entered the cast the show began to fall off at the box office. Women, having enjoyed the front page reunion, grew war-like again. When Elaine appeared on the stage, she was hissed. When John spanked her she was hissed some more. Her panties, however, remained in one piece. The greater the hiss, the lighter his hand fell.

Stubbornly he took Elaine's part, defended her, refusing to remove her from the cast. Weaned almost completely from the bottle, and living a normal, routine, married man's life (a good married man, that is) his ad libbing became almost non-existent. His occasional references to the human posterior were uttered without conviction. As far as he was concerned, it no longer existed. He caught himself saying, "I beg your pardon" when he belched by accident; never once did he pull his usual "spontaneous" ad lib about celebrities out front: "That stinker so-and-so is out there, the louse!" One night the play's authors stood in the back of the theatre and actually squirmed. "My God," they moaned, "he's playing the part straight!"

The cast itself became estranged from Barrymore. Despite their suffering at his expense, they had stuck by him. Barrymore is a hard man to dislike till you know him well. Now, with his listless performances and almost deliberate sabotage of the lines of the play, eleven hard-trying friends became eleven enemies.

Despite the raspberrying, Elaine stuck it out. When David Selznick tried to buy "My Dear Children," she insisted upon equal billing with Barrymore. "It was to be a package deal or no deal at all," she contended. Selznick didn't exactly see her in the picture and, in time, thumbs-downed the deal. Barrymore again stood by her.

In time the Bronx cheers began to get under Elaine's skin and several times during the spring run of the show, Barrymore announced to his producers on Wednesday he was leaving the cast Saturday night. Conferences like the ensuing one were typical.

The producers, flanked by their lawyers, met Elaine, flanked by no lawyer and fought it out, reminding Barrymore through Elaine that he had signed a run-of-the-play contract and that there was such a thing as Equity. In the end Elaine had to capitulate.



A good reason why the film version of Thorne Smith's "Turnabout" is worth anybody's money! She's Elinor Riley, who takes the part of one of the models.



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TRIMAL

Last May Elaine and John finally had their way. Business had fallen off somewhat at the box office and John had a contract, reputedly engineered by Elaine and a theatrical agent, to go to Hollywood and make "The Great Profile," a story written by Darryl Zanuck himself (under the assumed name of Monte Crosman) and ingredients for which had been furnished by the shenanigans surrounding "My Dear Children!" John signed for \$37,500—a terrific comedown from the \$9,000 a week he received in his heyday, and considerably less than the \$250,000 the performance is actually worth. It is said that Elaine, so anxious was she to get out of the play with dignity, engineered the whole poorish deal. On the understanding that John would open the show again around August 15th and go on tour, the producers finally consented to the vacation.

And the paradox goes on. Barrymore's health improves, but his attitude toward the world grows less picturesque. Who knows, he may yet wind up a domesticated duck—quietly married, devoted to his pipe and dogs and yachts (his favorite madness) and the payment of his debts.

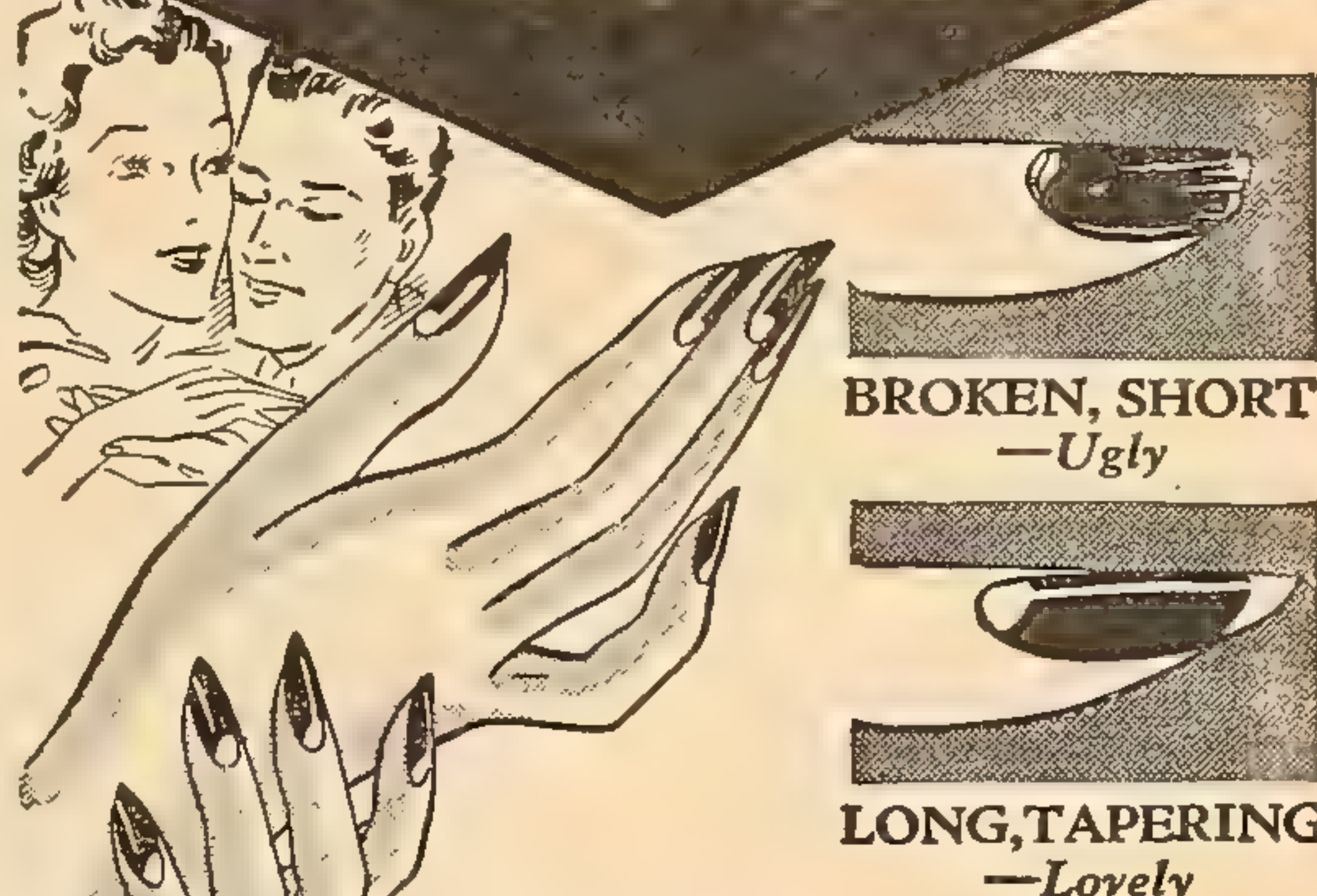
The latter, of course, seems most unlikely. Though he has made millions, nobody, including himself, knows how much he is in debt. "If I only had a West Indies island," he mourns, "I could throw it to those (slightly unprintable) so and sos (very unprintable)!" Nor does he know whom he owes. "I can't think of anybody," he sighs. It is true that anybody with a pen can make Barrymore sign anything.

ELAINE is trying to straighten out these complicated finances, but even she finds herself stumped. She is reputedly saving her money, has it somewhere in a hole in the ground. If John suspects this, it is doubtful that he cares, for he has no regard for money whatever. He is aware, however, that Elaine is spending a lot of his earnings—what's left after the alimony and the process servers are paid—on clothes, fur coats especially. "Everytime she passes Jaekels (one of New York's most expensive furriers) her nostrils quiver," John snorts. "No mink in New York is safe from her clutches!"

But he really doesn't care. Possibly it's because John Barrymore's getting old. He's a definite fifty-nine. Elaine's young and dynamic and full of a sirenish allure. Possibly the thought occurs that someday women will no longer crowd the stage door exits as they still do. So he doesn't mind when Elaine rudely elbows a path for him through the mobs of excited, gaping gals.

Furthermore, he realizes he needs money to batter down those heavy debts. He knows his appearance and health must be maintained to earn it. He knows one of those attacks might dent his enormous vitality and powers of recuperation if he isn't prepared to meet them. He realizes all this—and that Elaine with all her shrewdness, her attractiveness, her fierce proprietorship and her motherliness—is a buffer between him and a rapidly closing-in world. He has begun to feel he needs someone badly. His life, a constant mad merry-go-round from his very teens, has never provided a moment of relaxation. It has been a hell of a life, filled with terrific adventures—mostly escaping from women and creditors in order to fall into their clutches again. He is beginning to realize he can't take it much longer. That he is aware of this, I understood all too well when he looked at me suddenly and said during a moment in our interview: "You know, I'm nothing but an old man who wants to go fishing!"

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BEAUTY UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from page 45)

Freckles, of course, are tiny patches of tan which appear on skin which has little or uneven pigmentation. They frequently disappear or at least fade at the end of the summer, but the permanent kind are quite difficult to remove safely. The best way to cure freckles is prevention, so protect yourself with brimmed hats, visors, parasols, creams and lotions and spend most of your time in the shade. If freckles don't worry you, forget them.

Immediately after sunning, creams will be your safest cleansers. Go a little light on water and friction for a day or two, until your skin has lost its first burning sensation. Talcum powder is fine to relieve a very mild burn. And there are any number of good ointments and lotions to take the sting out of the hide of overzealous sun worshipers.

NOW, how shall we make up our summer faces—whether or not we tan? Summer make-up should be much softer, more glowing and also more casual than that worn in winter weather.

Your skin should be kept petal smooth with plenty of light creams, both cleansing and foundation. Not only will these protect it against sun, wind and water, but a satin-textured skin will hold make-up ever so much longer and better than one roughened by the elements. Never try to apply make-up over a soiled, sticky complexion. If you can't wash with soap and water, you can always use cream and a facial tissue, cotton wrung out in a refreshing skin lotion or some of those handy little specially prepared pads all ready packed in moisture-proof containers. If you are home, keep a bottle of skin freshener on ice for special make-up occasions. It will be as stimulating as a quick facial.

If you are young and unlined, you may want to try a "shining countenance" make-up. Apply a skin-matching foundation in either cream, stick or liquid form, then "set" it by patting lightly with a cube of ice wrapped in a layer of waxed paper. Powder may be added and also patted down with the wrapped ice. That dewy look can be further enhanced by a patting of cotton wrung out nearly dry in icy skin freshener.

The new tendency in Hollywood—and therefore everywhere else—is toward that natural, freshly-scrubbed look that Vivien Leigh so charmingly typifies, as does Brenda Joyce, the lovely Twentieth Century-Fox starlet whose figure strides so jauntily across page 45. Helen Parrish, Judy Garland, Paulette Goddard, Jean Arthur, Priscilla Lane, Maureen O'Hara and Judith Barrett are just a few of the other cinema charmers who are shining examples of this refreshing trend that is sweeping the country. Make-up is an artifice, a means to an end—the achievement of a lovely, natural appearance. Any kind which detracts from that end defeats its only purpose. Never forget that.

In general, the creams and powders you use in summer should be of a light, fluffy texture if your skin is normal or oily. In case it's dry, as it may be if you do much sun bathing, the heavier, richer creams will do more for you. Your powders should be fine and fluffy.

Summer powder should always match the lightest, brightest tone of your freshly scrubbed facial skin. You tanned or naturally dark-complexioned damsels should choose powder rich in golden,

bronze or faintly orange shades. You blondes and red-heads will look luscious in creamy petal pinks and soft, blushing, faintly rosy powders.

Lip and cheek rouge should be bright and gay looking. Leave the dark, rich, more brilliantly vivid shades for cooler days and nights. The smartest girls this year match their nail polish, rouge and lipstick, and the effect is perfectly stunning. No more clashing, vari-colored reds to mar an otherwise beautiful make-up ensemble. Why didn't we think of that simple improvement ages ago! Summer eye make-up should, by all means, be simple, clean and fresh looking.

Rouge for you who tan should contain warm orange or coppery red undertones. Your lipstick should match or harmonize, as we mentioned before. You unsullied fair ones can go in for the lighter orange-reds which are always fresh looking.

Brownettes who may be in a quandary can usually determine their best rouge colors by taking a good long, searching look at their mirrors with an explorer's weather eye out for hitherto undiscovered highlights in hair and eyes. You in-betweens may need to do a little experimenting, for you are a mixed type and what suits one of you may not suit another. However, if you'll pinch your cheeks until some color rises, then match or accent that very shade, you'll find a rouge and lipstick color that will really give you a big lift.

DID you ever have to turn yourself from Cinderella into a glamour girl in half an hour flat, when an unexpected phone call changed the schedule of what had started out to be a well-ordered evening at home? It's bad enough to meet up with such emergencies in the cool, clear atmosphere of winter but, when the heat of summer complicates things, disaster may be the result if you're not foresighted enough to plan some sort of a cool-headed working plan. Here is our suggestion:

Get into your negligee and for the first five minutes, roll up any straggling locks on quick curlers. Get out a set of fresh, clean lingerie, remove old nail polish and cold cream your face, neck, hands and arms.

Now, turn on the water for your bath. (Whatever else you miss, don't skip that.) Whether it's tub, shower or sponge, give yourself a thorough scrubbing. Out of the tub, with a quick, brisk rub-down with a clean towel, topped off with a dash of cologne and your favorite dusting powder. Ten minutes are up!

Whisk on some facial cream and sit down to apply your fresh nail polish. That job can't be hurried. Now sit or lie down and relax completely for two minutes while the polish dries. (You can't do anything else anyway.) Fifteen minutes are up.

All right, now to a well-lighted mirror and the old faithful make-up box. Over a film of foundation cream, apply rouge, powder, lipstick and eye make-up. Twenty minutes!

Take down the curlers, comb out your hair and aim the atomizer where it will do the most good. Twenty-five minutes! Step into your clothes, not forgetting to transfer comb, compact, clean hankie, key and lipstick to the right pocketbook, and out you go!

Half an hour with not a second to spare. But, if you plan it right, you'll

be able to step out as sweet and crisp and fresh as apple blossoms after rain. The man in your life will be so impressed he wouldn't trade you in for Ann Sheridan, Hedy Lamarr and Betty Grable all rolled into one!

So go now, step out into the sunshine, have yourself a prodigious summer and always keep your make-up looking crisp, cool, clean and caressable.

* * *

What kind of soap do you use? There are so many excellent ones nowadays that we think it's fun to change about frequently. One fine, white soap we like has recently been improved three ways: first, it has been made milder; second, it has been given a delightful new fragrance, and third, its lathering qualities have been greatly improved so that it gives a quick creamy lather even in water that's as hard as nails! Cleansing with soap and water is so important to beauty that you can't be too careful in your own choice. Send us your name on a post card, and we'll be glad to tell you the name of this aid to loveliness.

* * *

Your face should always be protected against summer sun, wind and water by a light film of foundation cream. One such excellent cream is being made by a famous cosmetic house whose products are widely used by the movie stars. We particularly like it because it is available in four luscious, flattering skin shades that really do something for your beauty while protecting your skin. This foundation cream stays on remarkably well, too. It will look nice for hours under trying summer conditions and will even last through a vigorous swim or strenuous game of tennis. This grand adherent quality helps a lot to preserve your skin's natural moisture and to prevent drying. Shall we send you the name of this popular foundation cream?

* * *

Many girls—and women, too—have such fine, sensitive skins that they can't use even the average powders without a sensation of prickly dryness. If you happen to be one of these people, let us recommend a soft, fine powder we know about, made of extremely high quality talc with the daintiest scent you ever came across. It was made for the fine, delicate skin of babies—but some of the most fastidious women we know wouldn't think of using anything else. So, if you've ever had any difficulty in this respect, by all means write us for the name of this pure, silken smooth talcum.

* * *

Have you ever compared the beauty of a girl whose eyes were properly made-up with the unattractiveness of another whose eyes were unaided by the glamorizing magic of mascara, shadow and brow pencil? Then you know that there just is no comparison. It is the difference between blankness and beauty, dullness and sparkle, hidden loveliness and instant attraction, for these three simple little aids to eye beauty make a girl's eyes appear not only larger but deeper in both color and brilliance. One prominent maker of just such aids to eye loveliness is now featuring perfectly stunning gold colored vanity cases containing solid mascara. They also make a cunning little zipper case containing a smooth cream form mascara that you can apply without water. Their brow pencils in various colors and their eye shadow in any one of six flattering shades are all priced within the reach of the most thrifty budgeteers. If their name interests you just drop us a card. We'll be delighted to share the good news with you.

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Definite rules for the suntan season. How to tan but not burn.
- VACATION WARDROBE
A two weeks' fashion supply for fun, frolics and festivity.
- LOOK PRETTY, PLEASE!
How to appear your best on those vacation snapshots.
- THIS IS THE WAY TO WASH YOUR CLOTHES
Tips to keep your summer apparel fresh and new looking.
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OVER 12,000,000 TUBES SOLD, IT MUST BE GOOD



THE STRANGE CASE OF JEAN ARTHUR

(Continued from page 41)

name in the papers, and the way she refused to be photographed except during working hours.

The Jean Arthur-is-difficult legend grows and grows. It was helped along the other day when a writer heard that Jean had given a helping hand to a studio worker who had had a terrific run of bad luck. He tried to ferret out the details. He couldn't get to Jean, so he went to the worker. The worker wouldn't talk. "I'd like to tell you what she did," he said, "but if I told, she'd cross me right off her list of friends. She's like that. She doesn't trust anybody who talks about her."

That writer had figured that Jean was finally doing things to counteract her reputation for being cold and unapproachable, but he came away convinced that she didn't care about that reputation.

He didn't know that periodically Jean makes up her mind to simplify her life and give interviews and then, just as periodically, she weakens at the last moment, gets chills and jitters and can't carry through.

IN the past five years of her stardom, she has given perhaps ten interviews. Each of them has been an unmitigated ordeal for her. Honest writers who have actually interviewed her will admit that and testify that they didn't have much fun, themselves.

Consider the experience of one writer, assigned to do a "personality portrait" of Jean Arthur, whom he had never met. He asked for an interview. He was promised one "within the next few days." Six weeks later he was still waiting for an appointment. When he showed no signs of giving up his vigil, he was asked to write out his questions in advance. She was wary of a writer she didn't know—that was understandable. He wrote out his questions. This evidence of his good faith went unacknowledged. Still undeterred, he persisted in trying to get to her. Finally, after two more weeks, he was told that she would talk to him during her lunch hour—on location, forty miles away.

So he drove the forty miles, on a sweltering day, only to learn on his arrival at the location site that Miss Arthur "couldn't see him." She had had a sleepless night and a hard morning, and she was literally in tears at the thought of an interview. She didn't send her regrets for wasting his time with a wild-goose chase. She only sent word that she "had to rest" during her lunch hour.

Curious to gaze upon this star who was so unapproachable, he stayed around to watch her at work. He saw her, bareheaded under a broiling sun and wearing a heavy costume, do a scene over and over, for an hour. Not once did she show signs of regal temperament, of resenting the director's demands, of insisting on a rest. She was the spirit of co-operation.

Without knowing it, she persuaded the writer that people who knew her might have reason to like her. He renewed his efforts to meet her, talk with her. And, when the picture was finished, he finally managed it.

He saw her in her own home where, if anywhere, she should have been comfortable. She wasn't. She appeared, when he was announced, with tear-reddened eyes. She said she had been crying about her kitten, which (she said) had been hit by a car. Throughout the interview, she

sat nervously fingering a handkerchief. When she smiled, it was a nervous smile. Frank was present, apparently for protection. Frank left no doubt that the interview was to be confined to the questions written out in advance. The writer began at the beginning and went down the list. Sometimes Jean answered, hesitantly. Sometimes Frank did the answering, especially when a question called for a little personal revelation by Jean about herself. Several times Frank interposed, "Jean doesn't want to answer that."

The writer came away with the baffling impression that he had just met a movie star's husband who wasn't painfully self-conscious, and a movie star who was.

It seems incredible that anyone could become a movie star, have years of acting experience and still be painfully self-conscious as a person. Yet that is the answer to the enigma of Jean Arthur, the girl who seems so warm on the screen and so cold off it.

It's a strange case—the reverse of the story of every other star in Hollywood. Here is a girl who has become more self-conscious as a person, the more successful she has become as an actress.

Scoff and say: "How could anyone be self-conscious and act?" Psychologists say it is possible. One psychologist cites the case of a girl who, attractive and intelligent, had no reason for an inferiority complex, but she had one. She was probably the most sensitive girl in her town. Most people misunderstood her, they mistook her natural shyness for unnatural aloofness. At any party, she always stayed in the background, helplessly watching the other girls getting all the attention, simply because she could never get up the courage to express herself and show off as they did. Yet every year, when the local drama club put on a play, there she was; acting the feminine lead—and very well, too, without a hint of self-consciousness. She wasn't herself in the play, she was somebody else. And, as somebody else, she wasn't embarrassed, having people watch her. When the play was over, she was herself again and more self-conscious than ever until the next play came along.

JEAN ARTHUR is like that. As a young girl in high school in New York, she was shy and sensitive. She dreaded getting out into the world, where a girl had to be aggressive to amount to anything. She didn't stop to analyze it then, but that was why her only ambition was to be a teacher of foreign languages. People didn't expect a teacher to be aggressive. They expected a teacher to be a quiet, serious person like Jean.

She discovered acting by accident. One afternoon she went to a photographer's studio with a girl friend who was looking for work as a model. The photographer was overloaded with assignments. He said, "I could use your friend, too." So Jean, who had never fancied herself as a photographic subject, was drafted as a model. She was scared stiff that he would discover, in the first sitting, that she was too self-conscious to look natural in front of a camera.

The photographer said, "Relax. Forget you're Gladys Greene." (That was her name then.) "Pretend you're a college girl about to have a date with the football hero. Look as she would look." She tried that and succeeded and made the

amazing discovery that she lost her self-consciousness, when she pretended she was someone else.

She didn't have to model many times before she gave up the teaching idea completely. Modeling was more fun than teaching could ever be. She could look forward to doing different things, in different settings, every day. More important, she could look forward to being different people every day and escaping from her self-conscious self.

Movie scouts became model-minded. She received a movie offer. She grabbed at the chance to go to Hollywood. She had hardly arrived, a starry-eyed Cinderella, when she was given the feminine lead in a picture called "The Temple of Venus." A few days later, it was taken away from her. Acting for a movie camera was more complicated than acting for a still camera, and she didn't have the experience necessary. To give her some experience, the studio made her an ingénue in two-reel comedies. Then, after a year, they let her go.

When that happened, she seriously considered finishing school and carrying out her original idea of becoming a teacher. She shuddered at the thought of being just Gladys Greene or Jean Arthur, as she was now known, for the rest of her life. She had had a taste of playing at make-believe and the unself-consciousness that it brought. Desperately, she wanted to keep on acting.

SHE was desperate enough to work for nothing in the Encino Country Club movie. She was desperate enough to play silly ingénues and vapid Western heroines for years, on the gamble that some day someone would see her as a possibility for an important role. Finally, she was desperate enough to go to New York and get on the stage to prove to Hollywood that the girl it-had-known-when could act.

She has suppressed most of the details of her struggle. She doesn't like to recall the humiliations she had to suffer during the years she was slighted, ignored and pushed aside while she watched other girls get the big roles and the publicity build-ups.

Instead of looking on her long fight as a saga of determination, Jean is self-consciously afraid that people will think it took so long for recognition because she lacked something.

She has let people think that she and Frank met where they married—in the East. (The wedding date was June 11, 1932.) Actually, they met on the Paramount lot. Both of them were under contract, and neither of them seemed to be getting anywhere. Their mutual discouragement drew them together. Frank was dropped by the studio and went east to go into the real estate business. When Jean, too, departed from Hollywood and went back to New York, they simply took up where they had left off.

Jean's return to Hollywood was triumphal. Every studio in town clamored for her. One big role followed another. She did "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and became the most-talked-about girl on the screen. Every magazine wanted a Jean Arthur interview. It was sweet, getting all this attention, even belatedly, but it was also frightening. She didn't know what people expected her to be like in person. She was afraid they might be disillusioned. She wasn't changed from what she had been before. She lived just as simply, dressed just as simply, was just as unsensational a person. In self-defense, she sought seclusion.

She didn't dodge interviewers because she wanted to get even with them for

ignoring her so long. She didn't suddenly take to avoiding places where she would run into candid-cameramen because she wanted to get even with them for not having taken her picture years before. She climbed into a large clam-shell and pulled down the lid because public curiosity made her self-conscious.

She is still that way. She is still dodging interviewers and public places. Recently, for the first time, she posed for pictures "at home"—but only after months of persuasion. She still objects when press agents want to print anything about her as a person, not an actress. If people like her as an actress, she wants to leave well enough alone.

There is no reason why people wouldn't like her equally well as a person, if she would let them know her. She is refreshing because she is not a dazzling Glamour Girl, but a simple, everyday person—on the quiet side. She has money, but she doesn't show it off. She and Frank live in a rented house of nine rooms—small for Hollywood—tucked away in the hills. She has a mongrel dog without a sniff of a pedigree. She spends most of her spare time in slacks, which are notoriously unglamorous on the female form but comfortable. She putters in the garden. She reads a great deal. She talks well among friends—but is a better listener. She isn't a good mixer.

She can't be too difficult to live with. Frank has been getting along all right with her for eight years. They recently went on a long holiday together. Now there is talk of their having formed an independent movie company together—Frank to be the producer, Jean the star.

A friend recently asked her if she had ever thought of adopting a child. "No," said Jean, "I want to have my own." That sounds as if, before too long, she intends to take time off for a Blessed Event.

When she will stop acting permanently, she doesn't know. Before she stops, she would like to play "one role in which people will remember me." For a while, she thought that Scarlett O'Hara might be it, but that deal fell through at the eleventh hour. For a while, too, she thought that she and Frank might some day produce "Joan of Arc." But David Selznick has announced plans to produce "Joan of Arc," starring Ingrid Bergman. So she's still looking for "the one role."

Meanwhile, she and Frank are talking of buying or building in the Valley. Wonder if she has considered Encino as a home site? There couldn't be a more fitting climax to her strange story than to settle down, famous and financially independent, in the spot where she once worked for nothing, in the hope of landing a job as an actress.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

FRANK	MORGAN	TOLER	
COOPER	AHERNE	IRENE	
ANGEL	ARS	ANITA	TAP
IDE	LAST	IV	LORETTA
NARD	WEIDLER	MASSEY	
	ABA	NELSON	SC
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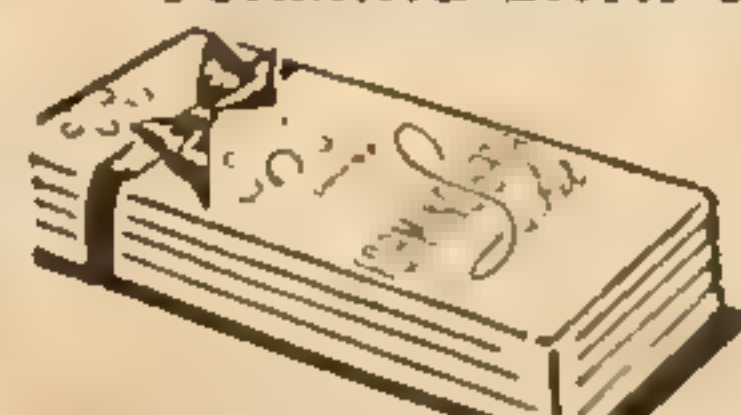
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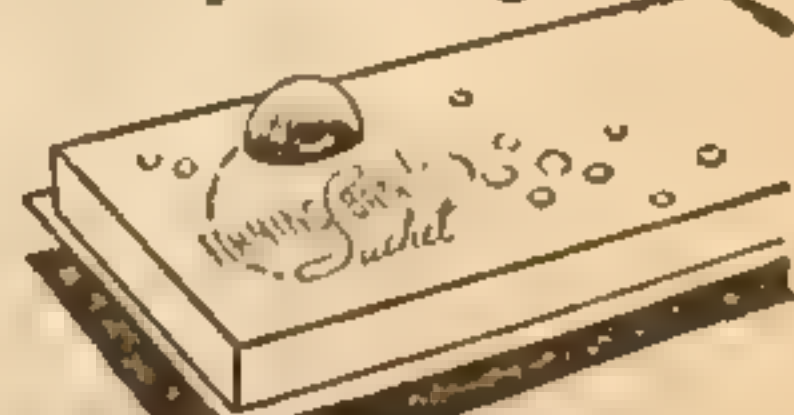
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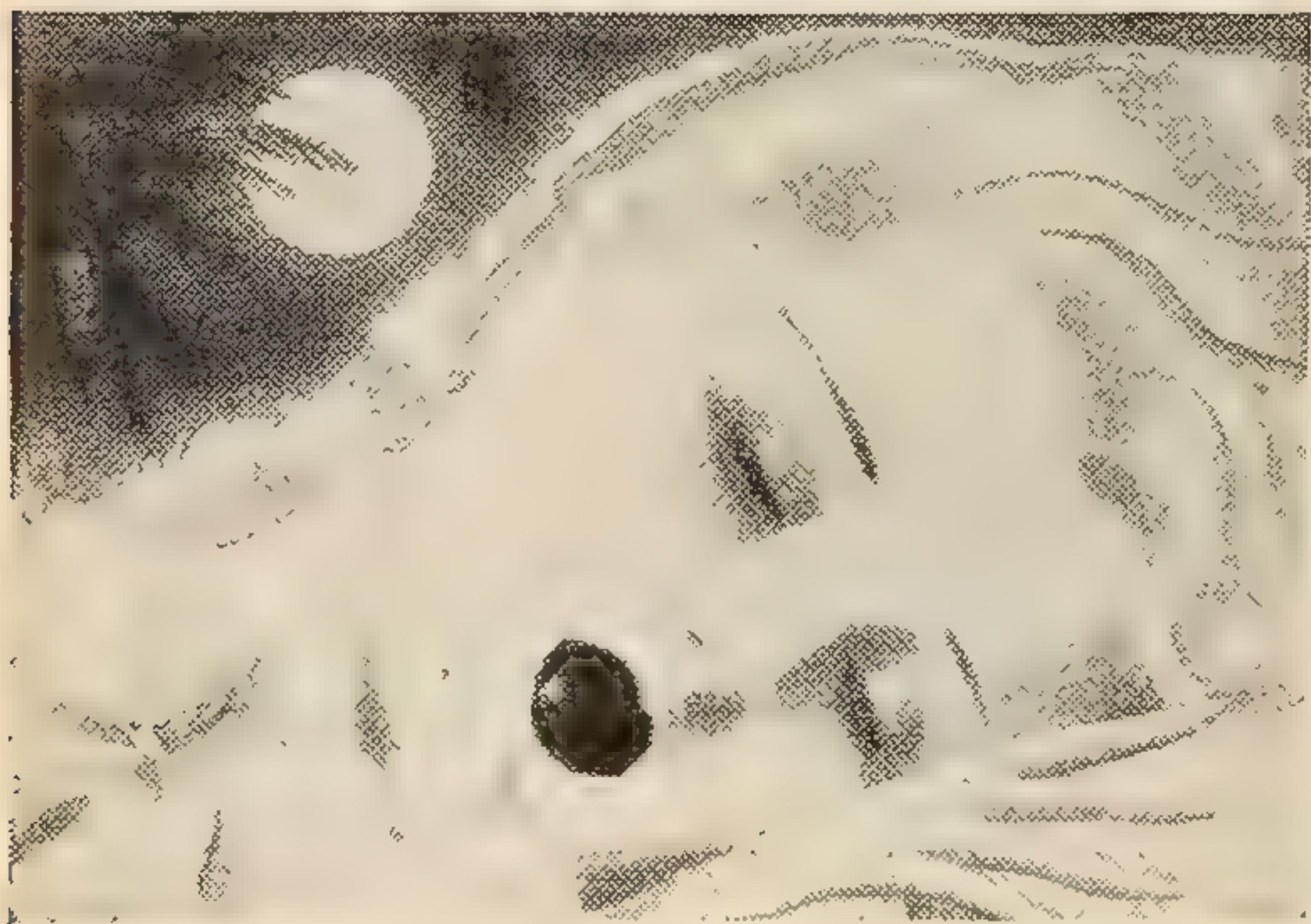
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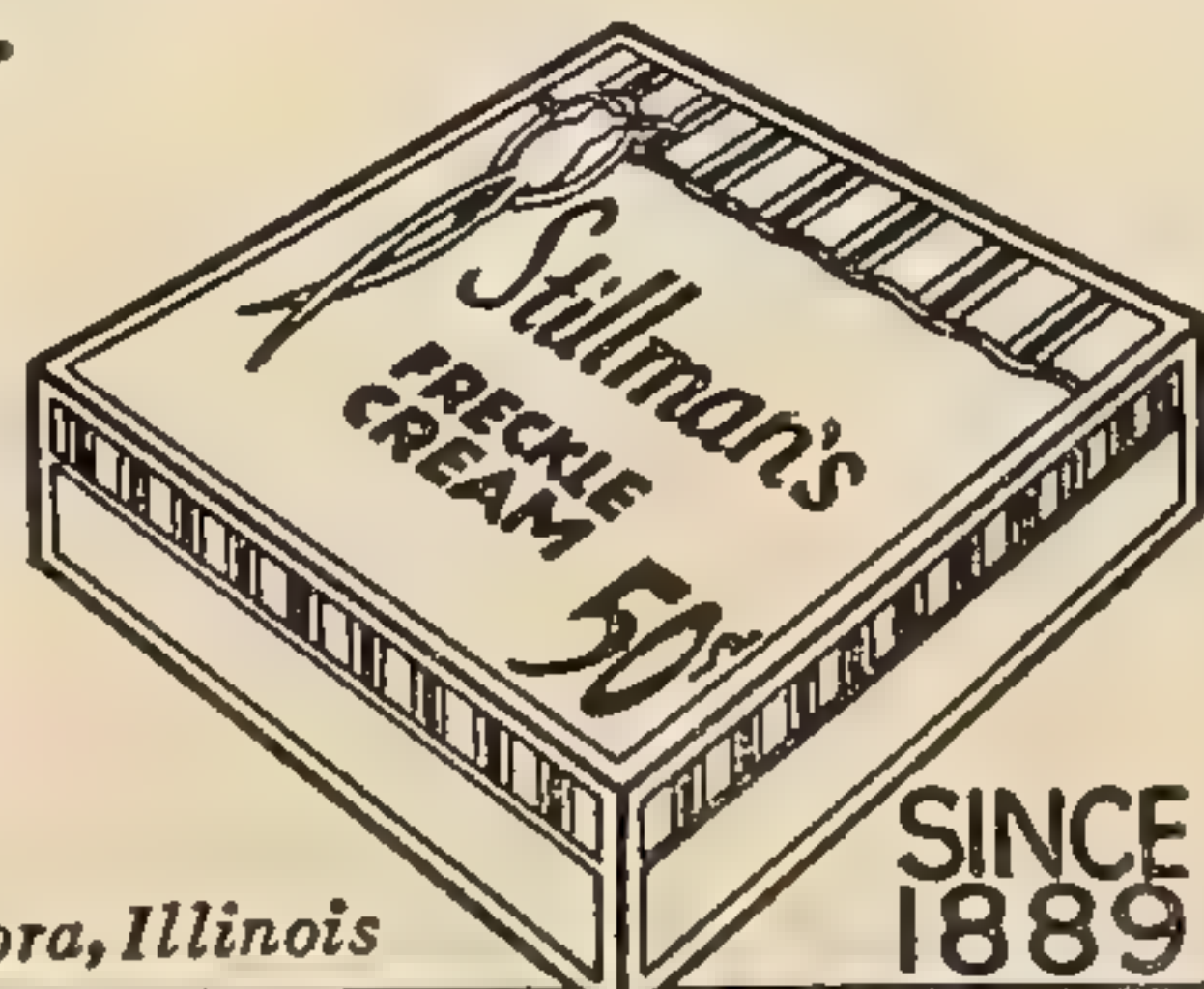
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DON'T GET HIM WRONG!

(Continued from page 35)

sense his good health from his tan, his vitality and his ability to concentrate forcefully. He is far more colorful than you anticipate. The records show that he is an exceptionally successful man from all angles, but Joel definitely is no stuffed-shirt. All his reactions are normal, yet he is the first to say that he is crazy about Hollywood, and he relies on his impulses.

"I have never lived on a budget," he said, referring to his reputation as a shrewd business man. "I couldn't be bothered with figuring closely. I don't have any sort of a desk at home; I don't suppose we even have a pen in the place! But I have Scotch blood in me, and I believe it's every man's primary duty to support himself and save for the future. I think you should seriously consider the cash possibilities of whatever line of work you take up; if you maneuver towards what's profitable, you aren't so liable to pick a dead-end career. The reason I got into pictures was that I wanted adventure on an exciting scale. That's exactly what Hollywood has given me. But," he grinned, "I also foresaw that there was good money to be made here.

"I just hired my first business manager a month ago and he attends to all my bills, bookkeeping and mail. I persuaded Paramount to give me one of the rooms in the men's dressing-room building for his office, and I go in there about once a week to see him. Frankly, though, it is my opinion that you can get rich quicker in other businesses. An actor may hit big money, but it is for a comparatively brief spell and the income tax gets most of it. A man who is concentrating on wealth would aim at an income spread over a long period of years; it would not be so highly taxed and he'd probably have investments which would bring him in considerable dividends.

I HAVE one financial secret, and it's the trick that has helped me. I don't budget; I simply take half of what I earn, before anything happens, and invest it. I started this system when I was a kid delivering newspapers on Hollywood Boulevard. When I got my first movie contract with Metro, I made myself get by on half salary, and I've stuck to the policy ever since.

"The present little theory that I have walked a blueprint is absurd. I can understand how you have to fight through discouraging periods, because I have had my own share of struggles. I have made plenty of mistakes. I made one very embarrassing one shortly after I got my first chance to be an actor. I'd gone to school with Cecil B. DeMille's daughter, and he ordered Mitchel Leisen, then his assistant and art director, to test me for the lead in 'Dynamite.' You can imagine how thrilled I was! I didn't get it, but I was happy enough to play a bit and to be under long-term contract to M-G-M. It looked as though I was going to be a star in double time, so when the studio sent out some interviewers I didn't hesitate to describe my limited past dramatically. I was elated with the publicity, especially when it was tied up with 'A Woman Of Affairs,' in which I was to be Garbo's dashing lover. Miss Garbo was quite polite to me the first day. There never was a second. Clarence Brown didn't fire me, himself; he sent his assistant to tell me to report to the casting office. The casting director was out and his assistant

—life in Hollywood is full of assistants—told me to take off their palm beach suit, because I was too tall for the part.

"While I was sitting feeling sorry for myself in my dressing-room, I saw John Mack Brown going by in the same suit. I lost that opportunity because it was too important a part for me in too big a picture. My second break was a bad one, too. Eventually, I was assigned to another role and we rehearsed the whole day before we were to start shooting. That night my telephone rang. I wasn't experienced enough; the director had no confidence in me, and I was being replaced by Conrad Nagel. I know what it is like to be out on your ear when all you need is someone's faith and training. Metro didn't take up my option, and for the next six months I couldn't get a job at any studio. The publicity I had leaped at was a boomerang. 'What's the matter?' I was asked everywhere. 'Why wouldn't Metro keep you?'

JOEL was smart enough to remain his own clean-cut self. He doesn't smoke; he doesn't drink. He was such a handsome exception to the rule that the most glamorous reigning stars began inviting him to be their escort to the most exclusive social events. Joel is not given to reminiscing about any notable social splash he made as the colony's most-rushed bachelor. He said, "I don't want to discuss those dates. Frances might go, 'Hm!'" Joel can hardly forget, however, the night he was supposed to go to Pickfair to meet the present King of England. The Fairbankses and Charlie Chaplin were entertaining for the illustrious guests, and Gloria Swanson had invited Joel to take her to the formal dinner. Came the great day, and Joel was thunderstruck. Miss Swanson's secretary phoned that the gentlemen were wearing white ties. Joel didn't know what on earth that meant, and after he found out she meant tails he was still in a pickle, because he had only a poorly-fitted tuxedo. Characteristically, he was not awed into doing anything rash. He obviously didn't have time to have a full-dress suit tailor-made, so he 'phoned Gloria that he was ill. Incidentally, he never owned tails until a role required them, and a studio got them for him.

After his semi-romance with Swanson, he dated Constance Bennett quite a bit. She didn't humble his hunches, either. He didn't buy a snappy convertible; he couldn't out of his half salary. He purchased a second-hand Dodge roadster and arrived at all Beverly Hills mansions in it. The ladies invariably had their own limousine for further transportation. "I was the backward type," smiled Joel. "I didn't force myself on them."

The McCrea marriage is now in its seventh year, and Joel and Frances have two husky young sons. But it is foolish to be saccharine about this pair. It wasn't a cut-and-dried set-up. Neither of them fell in love at first sight. They were introduced on the beach at Santa Monica when Joel was being candid-camera'd in the surf, and Frances, who was going through the sophisticated stage, dismissed him as probably one more of those overgrown boy athletes. When they were cast together in "The Silver Chord," she gave him her best aloof treatment. He drove past her on the street a few days after the film had begun and shouted hello at her. She didn't answer, where-

upon he automatically took a violent dislike to her. He went through the who-does-she-think-she-is phase; after all, he was bigger in pictures than she was. For three weeks they didn't get along. It was the only time he has ever encountered such an impasse. Frances, off-guard, found that he was no boor. He thereupon realized that her ingénue looks were deceiving, that there was a fire and a sweeping punch to her that made her fascinating.

Joel is a combination of contradictions. He is sure to do the common-sense thing, but prepare for him to behave in his individual way. He plays safe and will be apt to confound you if you blandly assume you have him catalogued. He utilizes ultra-modern advantages ordinarily, for instance, but he won't fly. He just doesn't like airplanes. But when Frances was in the East on location he missed her so much that he flew back to marry her. He'd never flown before and hasn't since.

"Before I married I was certain I never would. I thought men could live alone. I invested my money in a ranch, one that is now self-supporting." This is phrasing it mildly. Joel's one thousand acres, forty-five minutes north of Hollywood, have made him the third largest corn grower in California, and he raises Hereford cattle. "I built a ranch house which I thought could always be headquarters. Frances preferred to live in town, but we have never bought a town house, because we didn't want to be tied down to it. Anyway, those tremendous places are only for millionaires. At first we rented a big house and laughed because we got it at a bargain. Before the year was out, the joke was on us; we hadn't counted on the upkeep."

Nearly once a year the McCreas move. They never seem to know where they'll be residing next, and fortunately both of them enjoy this uncertainty. There's always the ranch to fall back upon. And just because they're no longer 'patsies' about home up-keep, don't conclude that their domesticity is dull. "We rented our present home last winter, and I didn't try out the swimming pool then. It was full. But in two weeks it was empty. 'Why did you do that?' I asked Frances. 'I didn't do anything!' she retorted. We discovered

it leaks. There are no cracks; it just takes two weeks for a good drain job!"

There is very little routine in Joel's days, considering the efficiency with which he functions. He wakes up early every morning from habit, but from then on, if he isn't working, he's never positive what will happen. If he has enough time, he'll go out to the ranch. While it is no plaything, it didn't become profitable right away. "Yes," exclaimed Joel, "I pulled quite a boner out there! I decided that it would be more economical to pay a foreman a small salary and give him an interest in the crop. That was psychologically bad, and I ruined a good farmer. It made him my partner, and there was too much controversy. I'm all for harmony. I'll argue my head off to gain a point, but I steer clear of wrangling. It was my fault for I made the deal. I had to call it off. Now I pay a good salary and if I say 'Do it wrong!' at least there is no long-winded debate.

THE McCrea social activities are not planned ahead. When Joel's working, he proceeds on the principle that he won't go out at all evenings. Should he feel like dinner with the director or with someone in the cast, he will telephone Frances, and she will join them for an early supper. Getting Frances places on time is currently one of Joel's little problems. She has honorable intentions, but ignores clocks with a fine flare. "I shouldn't brag myself, because until a year or so ago I was always late for appointments. Frank Lloyd cured me. He was never once a minute late, and when I saw that a director and producer with his tremendous interests could be that considerate, I swore to get over that bad habit."

Joel has served his apprenticeship under confining long-term contracts. For years he never knew what he would appear in, until he read the title in the papers. A year ago, Joel had nerve enough to request a release from his Samuel Goldwyn deal. In his contract he'd had a clause stating that he was to be in two of Goldwyn's important productions each season. He discovered he was getting the lesser films and was being loaned out for what he pithily termed "tomatoes." The legendary Sam didn't want Joel to leave him, even though Mr. McCrea had upset



Bill Lundigan pins one of the orchids Warners gave away to publicize "Brother Orchid" on his lovely light o' life, Margaret Lindsay.

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him a number of times by trying to sell him various other actors. Barbara Stanwyck secured the lead in "Stella Dallas," only because Joel kept insisting she was the one for it. Like all of Joel's casting efforts, this was a purely philanthropic deed. Goldwyn invariably spluttered "No!" to each of Joel's discriminating suggestions; he roused Joel in the middle of the night to come up and tell him again why Barbara was right for that break. Jon Hall owes his stardom to Joel's intercession.

As a free-lance, Joel, in his early thirties, is varying his roles admirably. "This one has taught me I'd better stop wearing cheap clothes. I hate fittings, but now I am going to a top tailor on the Strip, because when I took a look at the first rushes and saw how I looked in com-

parison with Herbert Marshall, I knew that my wardrobe would have to be vastly improved." He is not fond of New York City, other than for its stage plays. His idea of a vacation is to train East with Frances, pick up a car and then drive around the country. They don't travel as movie stars, and so they get in a lot of spontaneous fun. He is anxious for her to continue her career, believing that any woman who has a talent should have the privilege of exercising it. Emphatically head of his own household, Joel is smart enough not to be selfish.

If you are curious about some of Hollywood's muchly touted players, you bump into a strange barrier when you try to know them as they honestly are, but you don't need to get Joel McCrea wrong. He's perfectly willing to set you right!

LADIES' MAN

(Continued from page 31)

romantic. Grant you, it's flattering, though."

Sitting, listening to Charles Boyer, we tried to analyze his charm. Wearing soft brown moccasins, he seemed shorter than we'd imagined. His clothes were rumpled; his movements, slow; his face, tired. But listening to him, we became aware of his manner—of his slow glance and quick smile, of his continental *savoir faire*, of his disarming accent. But we realized that these physical items weren't his secret. We could go home and practice making our eyes look dreamy, acquire an accent and learn to be nonchalant, but we still wouldn't be Boyer, and girls would still avoid us like a plague.

NO, Charles Boyer's secret wasn't tied up with appearance and manner. It was something else, certainly, that made him a Ladies' Man. It was, perhaps, that he understood ladies. It was, maybe, that he recognized in women intangible qualities, good and bad, that the average man couldn't see.

We wondered if Monsieur Boyer would be prone to discuss such matters. We had heard he was as gabby as a clam on the subject of women in general. But no harm trying—

"You want to know what criticism I have to make of women?" echoed Boyer.

He rose from his chair, paced nervously across the room, debating whether or not to involve himself in the question. Finally, as he walked, he talked:

"I am much too fond of women and respect their underlying charm too much to criticize them. For example, reporters always want me to compare French girls with American girls. But such generalities are difficult. Oh, I could say French girls have more warmth than American girls, that they wear inexpensive clothes better and that they are not quite as good looking. I could say, also, that American girls are much more attractive and vital. But both statements would be only half true—because French and American ladies both have good points and bad points. It is possible to criticize individuals, but not nationalities."

Boyer paused, came to roost on the arm of the low-slung sofa, then began speaking again in his throaty accent.

"But this I think I can tell you—the thing I personally do not like in ladies. I do not like a woman to keep reminding me that she is a woman. Do you understand? I will illustrate. I am on a date. My lady drops her handkerchief.

I like to rush and pick it up for her. I want to be gentlemanly and do her that favor. But I do not like her to tell me to pick it up or to expect me to. That is to say, I do not care for the attitude of women who expect things done for them because they are feminine. You see, there is just no kick in being gallant if it's in the contract that you have to be so."

Charles Boyer's wisdom concerning the feminine sex has stood him in good stead with Pat Paterson, his blonde English wife. Boyer went with Actress Pat only twelve weeks. Then suddenly, one night at a preview, he broke an early resolution to remain a bachelor, proposed to her—and five minutes later they were on their way to a spectacular and successful elopement.

Boyer's matrimonial wisdom extends to the knowledge that only one word is necessary to wedded bliss—"compromise." He and Pat have both compromised: She, in giving up her acting career because he thinks careers and matrimony a poor mixture; and he, in confining his bass warbling to the bathroom because she doesn't think him a Caruso.

We wondered if his love scenes had ever been a matrimonial issue. We wondered what Pat Paterson thought of her handsome husband holding Glamour Girls in his arms.

BOYER shrugged. "Pat has never watched me make love in the studio. Though, if she were ever on hand, she wouldn't object, because she knows it is all nonsense and silly. In fact, the only time she comes to the studio is to have lunch with me. She prefers not to watch my pictures in production, so that when she sees them on the screen, they will be fresh to her, and she will be better able to judge them. Pat is very critical of my work and, in her opinions, is always very sincere, very frank, and very right!"

We asked Monsieur Boyer, since it was a point under discussion, whether he himself was extremely critical of his own work on the screen. Indeed he was!

"My work is always a great disappointment to me. What I see is so far from what I hoped for. Naturally, it's difficult to perfect a movie scene. Every shot is a first night. There's never time to sleep on it or permit it to grow in your mind. The work is usually hasty and superficial.

"When I observe myself, I see error after error, and I say to myself, ah!—that scene—it should have been done this way or that way. I immediately

spend an hour thinking of ten ways in which I could have improved the scene. That's my biggest fault. I can't forget my mistakes and persist in enacting them over and over again in my mind. Very futile and a bad habit, because it keeps me in the past, instead of looking ahead.

"However, of late, I have stopped viewing rushes of myself on the screen. I fall prey to the habit of discovering an effective smile of mine, or a gesture or posture or glance which appeals, and unconsciously, adopting the mannerism as a trick, and repeating it until it becomes a cliché. Today, I know it is bad to look at oneself too long."

DURING the course of the conversation, as Charles Boyer unburdened himself and informed us of his tastes and habits, we became aware that he was an intellectual and an introvert. His word picture of his personal preferences did not add up to the usual idea of a Ladies' Man, and as such, his personal preferences were news.

"My idea of an excellent evening," he admitted, "is a nice little gathering at home or at a friend's home. Not that I am a recluse or that I try to avoid people, because I don't. And sometimes I do enjoy going out in public and mixing. But my peace exists with a small friendly group, indulging in sensible talk for a quiet evening."

"In my group, my best friend is Ronald Colman. We see each other three times a week. His wife, Benita Hume, is an old friend of mine, too. Ronald is the best company possible. As an actor, he isn't a ham but an artist and, as a man, he is cultured and doesn't have to confine his conversation to films."

"Incidentally, I see in Colman much that I believe. For I believe the perfect actor should know everything. That is, he should have a super background, because a real actor is constantly called upon to play roles varying from physicians and murderers to politicians, and he must understand them all. Toward this end, I read books like mad—and I enjoy chatting about everything under the sun. However, I'm not one of those who claim they never talk shop because, since movies are my profession, I enjoy talking about them."

Speaking of drawing-room conversation, Monsieur Boyer stated that along with Ronald Colman, he appreciated the company of his friends Maurice Chevalier, Philip Heriat, the French novelist, and Anatole Litvak, who was directing him at Warner Brothers.

Intellectually, there were four women, besides his wife, he looked forward to spending an evening with. These four women, their collective brain adding up to some synonym for genius, were: Eve Curie, lecturer, writer and daughter of the discoverer of radium; Natalie Paley, part-time actress; Mrs. Rubenstein, wife of the concert pianist; and Colette, the French novelist, about whom Boyer remarked, "I have known her over twenty years, and she's always been exciting and intelligent."

Up on his feet again, striding back and forth within the confines of the small room, smoking incessantly, Charles Boyer expounded on one of his pet topics—Hollywood.

"Whenever I am in Paris, I frankly raise hell with the French press for picturing Hollywood as a home of unspeakable orgies, wild parties, irresponsible inhabitants and marble palaces. Hollywood, I inform them, is badly misjudged. The people I know in the film colony work hard, are up at six in the morning and not through with work until ten at

night. And, unless they wish to die early, they prefer sleep to excessive play.

"Off and on, I have been in Hollywood for ten years. I have seen the intellectual level rise and the town's standards grow. Eventually, every great talent comes to Hollywood. It's a fine place."

From Hollywood itself, Boyer launched into a discussion of the movies and his own movie ambitions. He spoke of his anxiety for good scripts and his desire to portray important personalities such as Molière. He spoke further of the kind of movies he wanted to participate in during his tomorrows.

"The more I observe of war, of labor troubles, of suffering and intolerance, the more I want to do motion pictures with a message. Of course, I still believe entertainment is the most important factor, and I believe light comedies are essential and necessary, though I'm not the type to play them."

Disclosing the hidden workings of his system, Boyer revealed he had learned most of his histrionic technique from Lucien Guitry. "Lucien, the father of Sacha Guitry, was my favorite actor. He was a genius. There aren't sufficient adjectives to describe his genius. Once, when he opened in a new play, I saw him in that play for thirty nights in succession! And I learned more from watching him perform than from all my fifteen years' experience on the legitimate stage!"

ANATIVE of Figeac, France, Charles made love to his school teacher when he was twelve. Told by her to save his talents for the stage, he took the teacher's advice and went on the boards at the age of nineteen.

"Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six most humans are molded and greatly influenced," said Boyer, "and it was during that period that I read the stirring novels, philosophy in fiction, of François Mauriac. His works did the most toward influencing my future."

From his initial footlight success in Bernstein's "Melo" to his first great Hollywood film, "Private Worlds," Boyer retained one bit of advice his mother had given him. "The advice? Very simple. That I should never get a swelled head, that I should keep my sense of proportion—especially in the business of acting, where there is so much fan mail praising one for appearance and talent."

Unbuttoning his costume, to change into the plain gray type of suit he likes to wear, Charles Boyer admitted that his recent service with the army in France had affected his sensitive nature. "The war made me more serious," he said.

He talked of music. His favorite song is "Lover" by Cole Porter. His favorite popular composer is Irving Berlin. He enjoys watching and hearing Toscanini conduct. He thinks Chaliapin the best singer he has ever heard.

He mentioned, also, enjoying Del Monte, California as a vacation spot, preferring the tango as a dance, abhorring tails and top hat, desiring to one day become a producer, liking to stay up late nights and loving a good game of poker.

Before we left, Charles Boyer rose to his full five feet nine and stood opposite us. He explained that he wanted one thing, above all others, made clear. His brown eyes were sincere and his manner convincing. He emphasized one thing: "Remember, that whatever I am, well, I am certainly not a Ladies' Man!"

We weren't sure. Maybe he was right about himself. Maybe, after all, he was just quiet, serious, very married and domestic—but, say! listen! We still wouldn't trust our girl friend to get within ten feet of him! No sirree!



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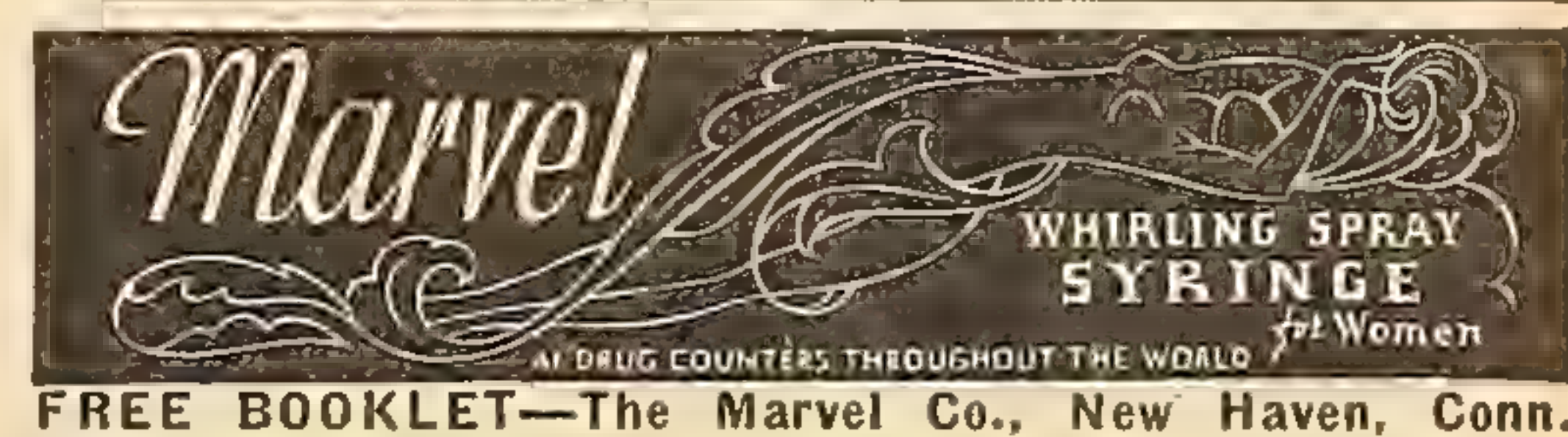
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STRICTLY PERSONAL

(Continued from page 37)

Deanna Durbin's face is a headache to the make-up man. It's too healthy—her complexion is too smooth, her pores too fine and her skin too taut—which causes grease-paint to slide off her forehead and cheeks.

Her severest critic is her brother-in-law. But her favorite critic is sister, Edith—"though she's a trifle tender with me." Recently, Deanna sang a song at a house-party, and a week later sang it twice as well on the radio. Her brother-in-law bawled her out for that. He insisted she should have been as good at the party as on the air.

She doesn't see Vaughn Paul at the studio. Before they were in love, he worked on her first five pictures as second assistant director. After they fell in love, he was promoted to first assistant—and out of her pictures!

Her cameraman claims she photographs 75% better than the average star. One of the main reasons is because she has good ears! Honestly! Her ears lay back, small, flat and perfectly shaped—enabling her to be shot sideways and from over the shoulders without her ears looking like the arms of a loving cup.

The only make-up corrections necessary to her countenance are shadows to make her round face appear thinner, and more shadows to make her chin sharper. Also, her lips are cut down by paint, because they are too full and sensuous for the youthful roles she plays.

She sighs when watching Spencer Tracy on the screen. And she is at the opening of all Margaret Sullavan pictures. Her stage preferences go to Helen Hayes and Gertrude Lawrence, though she wishes she had seen Katharine Cornell.

Deanna doesn't take a weekly allowance. "I'm not methodical enough," she says. She goes around without a penny in her purse and puts all meals and purchases on credit. "But someday, on the way to the studio, I'll run out of gas, and then I'll be sorry."

Blue is her pet clothes color, because her eyes are blue. Six different shades of blue will change the color of her eyes six times.

Singing does to Deanna what physical exercise does to the layman. It makes her hungry. She developed an enormous appetite while recording three numbers for her next picture, the nineteenth century costume piece, "Spring Parade."

Deanna still takes three-hour singing lessons from her first teacher, André de Segurola. She goes to his home every day for the lessons.

The two men in the world she would like most to meet are Toscanini, the great Italian conductor who can study a score once and know every note from memory, and Franklin D. Roosevelt of Washington, D. C.

She claims she has never met a boy she couldn't get along with. There are no male traits that annoy her, and she never fights with fellows.

She doesn't care for an early breakfast. If she could, she would like to skip it altogether and get up in time for a big lunch—and she does, during vacations.

If she weren't a singer, Deanna might be a music teacher. And if she couldn't be that, "Why, I'd be nothing. I'd just be flopping around."

She owns miniature prints of her last eight movies. She also owns a small 8 mm. camera, and takes amateur motion pictures of other players at work on the lot.

When a picture is in shooting, she expects Joe Valentine, her cameraman, to bring her a package of gum after every lunch hour. If he doesn't, she's unhappy. And whenever she's unhappy, Joe Valentine will shout, "Give us the big eyes! The Durbin smile!" Then she will grin.

At home, she sings all day long, and anything that comes to her mind, even swing numbers. She never sings anything too high when fooling around.

On a date, Deanna Durbin likes to do something different. She likes the boy friend to take her to the movies!

She has her screen and private clothes made at the studio. She favors plain tailored suits and sports dresses. The average dress she wears before the camera costs \$25, and after the picture is over, Deanna buys it from the studio for \$12.50.

The biggest crisis in Deanna's career was keeping her young for the public, even though she was maturing. Vera West, Universal's expert clothes designer, managed this illusion by giving her high-waisted dresses, full sexless skirts—and by using bolero jackets to cover her bust.

She still remembers the best piece of advice ever given her. It was at the beginning of her second picture, when Adolphe Menjou remarked, "Deanna, always remember, it takes as much effort to make a bad picture as it does to make a good one, so why not always make good ones!"

Upon losing her temper, she never swears. She merely exclaims, "Aw, bugs!" Or, when she really gets sore, she shouts, "Phooey!"

Her church is Baptist. She can do the Lambeth Walk. She laughs constantly, but never giggles. She hasn't ever been late for a dress fitting. Her favorite author is W. Somerset Maugham.

Over a hundred pedigreed dogs have been offered her. She has refused them all, remaining loyal to her black-haired mongrel, Tippy. She purchased Tippy some years ago in a pet shop for \$2, choosing him because he liked the salted peanuts she was eating.

No rituals have attached themselves to Deanna's singing. Where the average opera star avoids starches and gulps hot wine before tackling the high notes, Deanna will calmly consume a five course lunch and then toss off her favorite operatic selection, "One Fine Day," from "Madame Butterfly."



This high-crowned charmer will get around, for it's one hat the men in your life will heartily approve.



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On the sophisticated side is the one of lacquered black crêpe paper with bright red streamer

SO YOU'VE always fancied your frustrated Lilly Daché! Well, here very opportunity you've been dying for. Not only can you now whip up an able crêpe paper hat in a few hours you can indulge in all manner of : of fancy in the trimming line. Does it sound like your dream come true?

And that's only the beginning! output is virtually non-existent, a whole hat will come to only twenty cents plus the cost of your trim. just couldn't spend more than a dollar on one if you went hog-wild in the trimming department in town. When you see the luscious colors the crêpe paper comes in. Why, even if the making were a gruelling task, wouldn't be able to resist, but believe

HARDY TAR

The Pirates' Den" is the most popular spot in town these summer nights. Its array of owners—among them Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Fred MacMurray, Johnny Weissmuller and Ken Murray—was bound to attract the public. But once there, it's the fun that holds them. Chief attraction—with all due credit to the aforementioned lads—is the iron sailor, in which customers can throw all the bottles they want at a mere nickel apiece.

GOOD THINGS IN SMALL PACKAGES!

Let those who will scoff at the Howard Hughes-Ginger Rogers intentions. But we predict it's wedding bells for sure—particularly after seeing Howard's fifty-two birthday presents delivered to Ginger on the set the other day. They were small boxes of various shapes, and each one was done up in a different color scheme. Ginger was trembling with excitement from the moment she opened the first box and found a beautiful pearl, until she opened the last little box and found a fifty-second beautiful pearl. Seems that Ginger's mother had told Howard just how her daughter feels about presents—she's mad about opening packages, and it really doesn't matter to her what's inside. She values her quantity to quality every time. However, she's not objecting a bit to Howard's ingenious way of combining both elements, and don't think she's not proud of the elegant pearl necklace she's had made!

EXPENSIVE HOBBY

Virginia Bruce is turning into one of Hollywood's most avid art collectors. No less authority than Edward G. Robinson says the beautiful blonde has an appreciation for fine paintings that should mean an able collection in the future. And J. Edgar Hoover has faithfully promised not to give her as much as one star sapphire for Virginia—but to put those extra pennies toward her cause."

THE SE AQUATIC MacMURRAYS

Anybody who wanders into a theatre one of these summer nights and is surprised to see Fred MacMurray grinning at you from a sports short, taken on extra-curricular activity lately, has made several short features for general release. It all came about because he is so good at water polo that various studios begged him to show on the screen what really should be done. What they know is that lovely Mrs. MacMurray is more of a champ at the sport than her husband!

SO FASTIDIOUS AFTER ALL

Benny makes a point of boasting about his fastidious tastes in cigars, whenever an occasion arises. But his secretary at the office knows the boss pretty well and, in answer to a query about what kind of smoke he really prefers, she said airily, "Oh, El Gato, Sub Rosa, or any other kind that you like as a gift." So he's choosy, eh?

The Summer Edition of **SCREEN ALBUM**

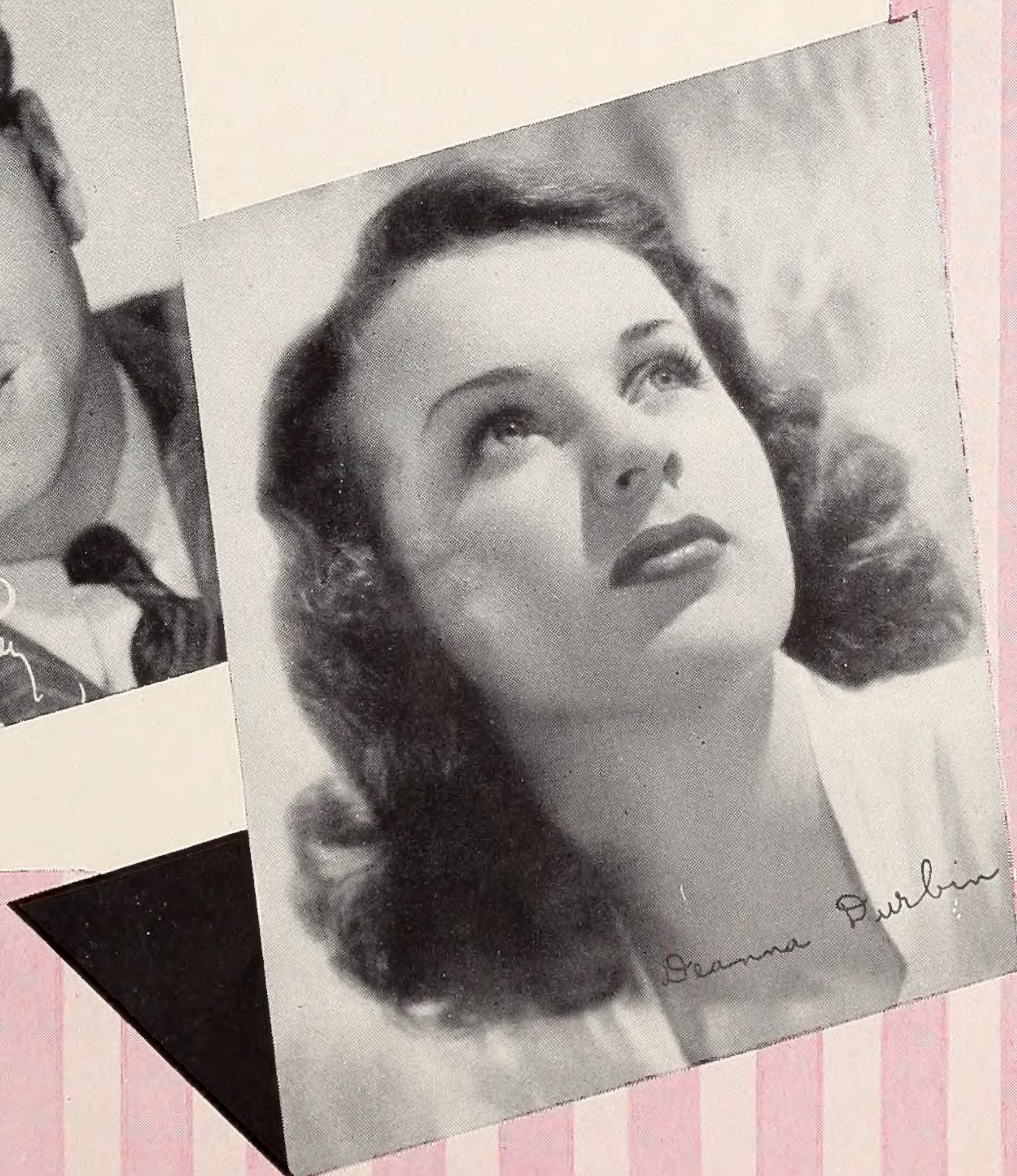


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